

July 14, 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 14, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 7

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WORTH REPORTING

FOR a long time you have seen a line on our cover: Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week. This week, the figure is changed to 830,000.

Our circulation has been phenomenal, even at 800,000. In relation to population it is higher than any other magazine's in the world.

Many of our readers tell us they have taken the paper since the first edition. Such letters always give us pleasure.

It is an added pleasure to us that another generation has joined the ranks.

★ ★ ★
THERE'S music all round us this week. But this is logical in an issue that's dominated by the Sutherland opera book (centre of paper).

While sifting through files to get illustrations for the book, we came across the picture below.

It is pianist Richard Bonynghe exactly 15 years ago, just before he left Aus-



● In 1950 . . . pianist with brilliant future.

tralia to take up a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London.

It is difficult to recognise immediately in the 19-year-old boy the assured, established musician who is back in Australia to direct the Sutherland-Williamson opera season.

The picture, stamped "June 21, 1950," was used in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph." The accompanying story mentioned that among the prizes he had won the previous year was The Australian Women's Weekly Scholarship.



● Spanish singer Victoria de los Angeles.

A BRILLIANT and world-famous singer who is in Australia, but NOT for the opera season, is the petite and lovely Spanish soprano Victoria de los Angeles. It is her second ABC concert tour.

"When I was here nine years ago I couldn't speak any English," she told us. "All I would have to say was 'Thank you very much' and 'I'm happy to be here.' But now I do speak a little, and I have interviews, speeches, anything. But the worst, that is television."

Looking super - Spanish, wearing a black lace cocktail dress, Victoria de los Angeles discussed Spanish haute couture.

"Balenciaga, he is, of course, the most famous," she said.

"I like and wear Rodriques; his clothes have a drama, an excitement about them."

After her Australian tour, she and her lawyer-husband will holiday for three months at their home in Barcelona with their 22-month-old son, who is now being cared for by a nurse.

Notes from Queensland

MUSIC-MINDED young Queenslanders will audition for inclusion in the State's first music camp next month.

The five-day camp will be held at All Hallows Convent, Brisbane.

"We have only just started the ball rolling," said director Mr. Basil Jones, "so we can't tell what the response will be. Similar camps in other States have had up to 100 students, and we estimate to have from 75 to 100."

OUR COVER

● Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands with her fiancé, West German diplomat Claus von Amsberg, 38. Announcing the engagement, Queen Juliana said she and Prince Bernhard were very happy their 27-year-old daughter had made "the choice of her heart."

The news had a mixed reception in Holland, where there was criticism of Amsberg for his membership in the Hitler Youth and German Army service.

Largely because of their regal position in Protestant Holland, Juliana and Bernhard have had a series of crises with their four daughters.

Irene, their second girl, stirred the nation when she became a Roman Catholic to marry Spanish Prince Carlos. Christina, the youngest, has also indicated a leaning to Roman Catholicism. Margriet, the third girl, is engaged to a commoner.

Perhaps the nation hopes that, with Beatrix, history will repeat itself. Her mother's marriage to a German prince some 30 years ago wasn't popular, yet Prince Bernhard has won the liking and respect of Dutch political and business leaders.

Beatrix gave up her first love, a commoner fellow-student at Leyden University.

The cover picture was taken by Ray Bellisario in the grounds of Soestdijk Palace, near The Hague.

Aspiring no more

THE stonework in the spires of King's Chapel was just too dangerous, complained three undergraduates to the Dean of King's College, Cambridge.

They were the climbers who scaled the 140ft. heights by night to string up a protest banner. "The journey was terrifying," they wrote.

With the tolerance acquired from years of enduring student check, the bursar of King's ignored the fact that they shouldn't have climbed the spires.

He considers it too dangerous to ask his staff to take down the "Peace in Vietnam" banner. He said he would probably get "the lightning-conductor people."



● King's Chapel, with banner.

A grand old lady

UNTIL a few weeks ago a straight-backed old lady with a firm mind and a firm step travelled daily by bus, train, and on foot (she preferred walking) in the southern suburbs of Sydney to teach young people the piano in their homes.

Miss Margaret A. Parker was born in New Zealand and was a girlhood friend of famous writer Katherine Mansfield, who was also an accomplished cellist. They made music together.

Katherine Mansfield went to London and made her friends among radical-minded people like the novelist D. H. Lawrence.

Miss Parker followed her to London, but worked in the office of an organisation set up in opposition to the Suffragettes.

In Australia Miss Parker lived alone, but with a sharp eye on current cultural and political affairs.

She wrote articles for magazines and letters to editors, and travelled about the suburbs to teach the piano to many children, until within a fortnight of her death on her 83rd birthday.

Maggi's favorite clothes

Lovely Australian ex-model in
some of the best-liked outfits
from her five trunks full



MAGGI ECKARDT has retired from modelling since she married French Commercial Attache Herve Hutter and settled in Melbourne.

At 27, she had an established position as one of the world's top 20 photographic models. But Maggi is "divinely happy."

She and Herve Hutter married in Paris after a three-month courtship which began in Sydney last December when she was holidaying at home with her parents at French's Forest, N.S.W.

On March 1, their wedding day, "Vogue" hit the Paris bookstands. Maggi was on the cover wearing Courreges' chinstrap hat.

"It was most uncomfortable," Maggi said, "and impossible to talk while wearing it."

In their Toorak home, Herve Hutter produced a copy of the magazine.

"Just look at these wonderful pictures of her," he said, joy all over his face, as he flipped the pages.

Maggie is an accomplished dressmaker and loves to sew. But there is little need — her clothes and shoes fill five trunks!

● Mr. and Mrs. Herve Hutter at their Toorak home. Maggi's suit is one he likes best — tweed, with suede patches on the elbows.



● Her husband's favorite — a red Italian knitted sleeveless dress and lynx-lined raincoat and hood. "He likes the dress because of the color and because it's one I wore soon after we met," said Maggi, smiling. Herve Hutter hasn't yet seen all of his beautiful bride's wardrobe, but considers that casual wear suits her best.

● Dior nightgown and negligee (left). Maggi doesn't own the bed, but hopes to find one like it for herself one day. She got the llama rug in Paris. She is wearing one of her three wigs. As well as the raincoat pictured above, Maggi has one with a detachable mink hood and lining. The lining is itself a coat.

• The best and friendliest company of all have infected Melbourne with their . . .

OPERA FEVER

THESE last few weeks before the Sutherland Williamson Grand Opera Company opens its Australian season on July 10 have been rather like the start of a wonderful love affair, with singers no less than audiences eager to make it an affair to remember.

There's opera fever in the wintry air of Melbourne, affecting equally the patrons who have paid big first-night prices and the kids who have queued all night outside Her Majesty's Theatre on the off-chance of getting one of the few remaining seats.

On the other side of the footlights are the singers, some of the world's finest, ready and willing to give their best.

While for Joan Sutherland, her husband, Richard Bonyng, and other returning Australians Margreta Elkins, Robert Altman, and Joy Mammen this is a sentimental journey home of triumphal proportions, it is affording a lot of pleasure to others in the company.

It is not just another opera season to

any of them. They are all delighted to be seeing Australia, and delighted to be singing with Sutherland.

The company has already set a new standard of friendliness and lack of temperament — in keeping, perhaps, with Sutherland's well-known unfussed approach to her work.

These are a hand-picked bunch of singers, all of them at the peak of their powers.

This time Australia won't be seeing also-rans or one-time greats. They are young, vital, good-looking.

There will be almost three complete casts for the seven operas.

Sutherland nights will, without a doubt, be nights to remember, but the performances in which she does not appear will also be musical events of a high standard.

During the weeks of rehearsal the visitors have all been digging themselves comfortably into niches in Melbourne. They can be found in private hotels, houses, and flats — some are married, some are single, some have their families with them, some have left their families behind.

By MARGARET BERKELEY
and BERENICE CRAIG



SUTHERLAND and Richard Bonyng on their arrival in Australia.

LONG after establishing themselves in a two-storey six-bedroom house in Toorak, the Bonyngs were having difficulty in adjusting their time of rising.

While Melbourne happily sleeps till late these dark mornings, Mr. Bonyng has been known to wake at 4.30 a.m., as if it were the English summer.

"And he picks up a score and gets on with some work," said Miss Anne Roughley, Sutherland's secretary.

It's primarily a working household with few distractions and, at the moment, not much time for private relaxation. The six people — the Bonyngs, Miss Roughley, Mr. Bonyng's secretary and his assistant, and a housekeeper — are all devoted to the production of an opera season.

Even dinner-times combine work and pleasure. There are usually members

of the company present. And the grand piano in the sitting-room is not there for decoration.

With Adam, the Bonyngs' young son, still at school in England, family affairs, too, take second place to work. He will join his parents in Melbourne soon.

Mr. Bonyng's parents will be coming to Melbourne from Sydney for the opening night of the tour. "But other members of their families will probably wait until the company goes to Sydney," Miss Roughley said.

Although Miss Sutherland's presence in Melbourne is a source of enormous interest to the locals, she is not being troubled by undue attention. People are recognising her in the street, but "it's not like New York, where she daren't put her foot outside the door without being mobbed," Miss Roughley said.



BASS AND SOPRANO Richard Cross and Doris Yarick with their family, Catherine and baby Dylan, in their rented Melbourne home.

GETTING to grips with Melbourne's cost of living are the American bass Richard Cross and his wife, soprano Doris Yarick. They have taken over a modern bungalow (with car thrown in) at East Brighton.

They seem to be taking in their stride the change from the heart of New York City, where they have their permanent home, to a Melbourne suburb, the reason for their choice here being the two children, nine-year-old Catherine (Mrs. Cross's daughter by her first marriage) and five-month-old Dylan, and their nursemaid.

As to the cost of living, Mr. and Mrs. Cross vow and declare that Melbourne and New York are about even, and that for housing costs Melbourne is much worse.

They met in "The Marriage of Figaro" and have been married two years.

Doris Yarick is as blonde and petite as her husband is tall and dark. He tops 6ft. 4in. and, as someone said, "beside him even an upstanding woman like Joan Sutherland looks quite frail."

He is singing Mephistopheles in "Faust," the name role in "Eugene Onegin," and Assur in "Semiramide." This last role he sang with Sutherland in America.

Doris Yarick is singing Marguerite in "Faust," Lisa in "Sonnambula," and Tatyana in "Eugene Onegin."

While Mr. and Mrs. Cross had no Australian friends in Melbourne with whom to be reunited, by one of those small-world coincidences young Catherine had.

She met her dear friend Helen Thomas, of Ascot Vale, who was in the third grade with her at school in New York before returning to Melbourne.



SPIRO and MARLENA

THE American bass Spiro Malas and his attractive wife, Marlena, are both from the New York City Opera Company, but mezzo-soprano Marlena is not singing in Australia.

"I'm just along this time to look after my husband," she said. "We've been married two years."

Mr. Malas, six-foot tall and powerfully built, with dark hair and eyes inherited from his Greek parents, admits he fights a bitter battle with his weight owing to a delight in cooking, which is shared by his wife.

"And having parents who own a seafood restaurant in Baltimore doesn't help," he said ruefully.

However, he has lost 50lb. in the past two years, and his wife, a 10BX exercise addict, takes some credit.

"We are not good to each other when it comes to food. We love to break out every so often, and then he says, 'Honey, don't do this to me, and I have to put both of us on a diet to make up,' she laughed.

A DOUBLE-SIDED folder of family snapshots goes everywhere with vivacious blonde soprano Elizabeth Harwood, who comes from a big stone house by Ilkley Moor in Yorkshire.

There she loves to join in jam sessions with a brother who's a good jazz pianist (she plays piano, violin, and double bass herself).

Now Miss Harwood is thrilled because her father, Mr. Sydney Harwood, who has never taken such a long trip before, is coming to Melbourne by ship for her opening night in "Lucia di Lammermoor." She shares the lead with Sutherland, and is the second soprano on the tour.



HARWOOD



DOROTHY COLE

ALTHOUGH her career demands that she should be a city-dweller, warm-hearted American contralto Dorothy Cole insists that at heart she is a "wide-open-spaces girl."

So there was double frustration in the fall at Sydney airport which put her into world headlines and broke a bone in her foot just as she was about to step into Australia.

Miss Cole keeps a permanent apartment in New York, but maintains that her idea of heaven would be to own a homestead in Alaska.

A keen walker, mountain climber, skier, and nature student, she lived for some years on a houseboat on Portage Bay in Seattle.

"Also at that time I had a cabin high up in the woods outside the city, and when I wasn't by the water I was among the mountains. It was wonderful," she said.

FIRST THING Margreta Elkins did when she moved into her Melbourne flat was to cook herself a meal of bacon, eggs, and those "wonderful Australian sausages I hadn't tasted for nine years."

TALL, blonde Queensland soprano Margreta Elkins, home in Australia for the first time in nine years, went house-hunting as soon as she arrived in Melbourne.

"But I had to settle for a furnished flat in Toorak. What I really wanted was a house with a housekeeper, but even Joan Sutherland and her husband found that hard to get," she said.

"However, I'm very happy and comfortable."

The flat is within walking distance of the house taken by Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonyng in Toorak. In London she and her Australian husband, Mr. Henry Elkins, who has an import-export business in England, have an apartment in Joan Sutherland's house in Kensington.

An only child, she is disappointed that her mother is not well enough to come south and keep her company on the first part of this tour.

"But once the performances begin I might just manage time to fly up and say 'hello'," she said.

Mr. Elkins (known to everyone as Ike) will arrive when the company is in Adelaide.

When they go to Queensland the Elkinses want to look round and perhaps buy a country property. This is part of a long-range plan, because eventually they want to come back here to live.

"But when I do this I will give up singing. The country life has always appealed to me," said Miss Elkins.

Until not long ago Margreta Elkins was a mezzo-soprano. Now, after study with Richard Bonyng, who also extended his wife's vocal range, she is a soprano.



MONICA SINCLAIR

SENDING letters to her husband in London and picture postcards to their six children is almost a daily event for mezzo-soprano Monica Sinclair.

Miss Sinclair is the wife of Anthony Tunstall, first horn player in the Covent Garden Orchestra, and their children's ages range from three to twelve.

"I find everything so quiet without the family," she confessed. However, her husband is coming out to Australia for a holiday soon.

ONE of the last singers to arrive was Italian tenor Luciano Pavarotti. He was singing with Joan Sutherland at Covent Garden in "Lucia" and "La Sonnambula," rushed home to Italy to collect his wife, and flew on to Melbourne, going straight into full-time rehearsals.

Poor Mrs. Pavarotti could be excused for complaining of the rush. She speaks no English, had never been out of Italy, and had never travelled by plane.



MORAG BEATON, better known in Germany.



JOY MAMMEN plays mah-jong with her nephew and niece, Paul (9) and Jackie (6) Simmons, watched by her brother-in-law, Jack Simmons, her mother, Mrs. Sarah Mammen, and sister, Mrs. Simmons.

IF the performances of "La Traviata," "Eugene Onegin," "La Sonnambula," and "L'Elisir d'Amore" are not booked out on the nights Australian soprano Joy Mammen is singing the roles of Violetta, Tatyana, Lisa, and Adina, her family and friends won't be at fault.

They aim to see her as many times as possible.

Miss Mammen's mother, brother-in-law and sister, and small nephew and niece, with whom she is staying at Beaumaris, are just a handful of her faithful followers.

It's really not possible to imagine a more satisfying way for a local opera singer to return home than with a company of the calibre of the Sutherland Williamson Company, and Miss Mammen is getting a tremendous kick out of it.

The tall attractive soprano has worked in Europe, mainly Germany, since she left Melbourne in 1959, and has been married for five years to Dutch opera singer Peter Van der Stolk.

"Peter will be coming out here to meet me at the end of September," she said, "and when the season is over we will come to Melbourne for a holiday with the family."



OPTHOF with his two Natalies and Tamara.

DETERMINED to make the most of their Australian visit are Dutch-born Canadian baritone Cornelius Opthof and his wife, Natalie, who have brought their two small daughters, Natalie, 4, and Tamara, five months, from Toronto.

They have all settled happily into a private hotel at St. Kilda, have bought a little car in which to go exploring, and have plans to make their three months here as much of a holiday adventure as they can.

A big-framed, cheerful man who admits that he sings all the time, Cornelius Opthof calls Canadian-born Natalie a "real singer's wife." She used to be a professional violinist.

"Singers' wives are a special breed," he explained. "They have to know when to be silent and learn to put up with their husbands, especially before an opening, when singers always get keyed up."

The family are used to driving for seven days across Canada with the children in the back of the car when Mr. Opthof goes for a long season to the Vancouver Opera House, so they see no problems in driving from Melbourne to Sydney and from Sydney to Brisbane, as the company moves north.

"We want to see as much of Australia as we can," Mr. Opthof said. "If you fly you don't get any sense of distance. We flew here from Canada, but we'll be going home by boat."

MEZZO-SOPRANO Morag Beaton comes from Skye in the New Hebrides, a part of the world where, she says, "there is always music in the air."

She is a tiny, gentle charmer with sparkling black-brown eyes to match her hair, and even her speaking voice with its soft burr makes music. She is staying at a private hotel in East Melbourne.

Miss Beaton said her career had made her into a sort of gipsy—"or one of those crabs that love tucking themselves away into nooks and crannies and making a home, even if only for a short while."

So she has some small treasures which she takes wherever she goes. One such talisman is a small modern sculpture, reminiscent of an ikon, fashioned for her by Jupp Dernbach in London. "He calls it 'Suffering' and it is really a Christ figure," she said.

Miss Beaton loves to cook when she finds herself mistress of a stove, and delights in turning on pancake suppers for her friends. "The last time I did this I made pancakes for 60 people and we had pink champagne from Munich," she said.

"But truly, my main hobby is collecting friends, and I know Australia is going to be a wonderful place for this."

Miss Beaton counts this tour as one of the pleasantest events in her career.

"I am much better known in Germany and Belgium than in England and it will be a tremendous experience," she said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 14, 1965

Six daughters (all blondes)

American family migrates to Australia

By KERRY YATES

● When the captain of the Cap Roca called the passengers together for lifeboat drill on the ship's recent trip from America to Australia, only the Mills family, of Virginia, U.S.A., scrambled on deck.

FOR Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills and their children — six delightful blonde daughters — were the only passengers aboard the German freighter.

They took up all four passenger cabins.

They were migrating to Australia, where they hope to make a new home and a new life.

"We don't know if we're courageous or just plain foolish," said Mr. Mills, eating breakfast aboard the Cap Roca about half an hour after it docked in Sydney.

He was sitting at the head of the ship's only dining-room table with his wife, Nancy, and daughters, Adele (14), Laura (13), Anita (11), Nancy (9), Christine (8), and Stacey (5). They filled every place at the table.

"Most of our friends thought we were crazy to pack up and leave everything we had in America," he said.

"But one day we just decided that Australia seemed to have a lot to offer our young family, and here we are.

"We don't know a single soul in Australia, but we consider that's rather exciting. Just think of all the people we're going to meet."

The Millses, who lived on a small farm in Fairfax County, Virginia, hope to buy a station in Australia someday.

Hopeful

"Ranches (as we call stations) cost the world in America, and we knew we'd never be able to own our dream ranch," said Mrs. Mills.

"But we hope to find it here."

Mr. Mills, who had his own small contracting business in the States, first decided to bring his family to Australia when he read an article on the country in the "National Geographic."

"We talked and talked about the idea between our-

selves and with a travel agency," he said. "But until we were actually at sea, we never really believed we'd make it."

"It certainly was a major operation to pack up six daughters and bring them to the other side of the world."

"Even when we finally got all our passports and papers ready, we couldn't be sure someone wouldn't have a sudden appendicitis attack or something at the last minute, and then the whole trip would have been off."

"And as we got cancellation passages on the Cap Roca only about two months before the ship sailed we had to finalise the sale of everything in that time so we could pay the fares."

For although the Millses came to Australia as assisted migrants and will get about one-third of their fare refunded, they had to pay out about 3500 dollars (£A1800) before they left.

In two frantic months Mr. Mills had to wind up his business, Mrs. Mills had to give up her job as driver of the local school bus, and they both had the job of selling their house, farm, two cars, 13 dogs ("the kids had a Siberian huskie kennel," said Mrs. Mills), and three horses, including Pepe, which Adele had raised from a foal.

Baby grand

"Of course, there were great upsets when the dogs and horses had to go—the kids wanted to bring everything and everyone," said Mrs. Mills.

"But we had to be firm. Besides clothes, we brought three crates of household goods."

"But remember," Mr. Mills teased his wife, "one of those crates is taken up with your baby grand piano. She was given the piano by her mother and I'm sure she'd rather part with me than that thing."

The Millses boarded the Cap Roca (which, incident-

GOODBYE: Waving farewell to the crew of the Cap Roca, the Mills family, of Virginia, America, leave the ship for a new life in Australia. The family took up all four passenger cabins on the ship.



HELLO! The Mills family, Stacey, Nancy, and Chrissie (from left to right at front), Mrs. Mills and Laura (centre), and Anita, Adele, and Mr. Mills (back), take their first look at Australia out of their cabin window aboard the Cap Roca after they arrived in Sydney. They hope finally to buy a station.

ally, was freighting 300 tons of dynamite to Australia) in New York early in May for the six-week trip to Sydney via Panama.

"It was the perfect way to travel for a large family," said Mr. Mills. "The whole trip was so casual and informal."

"We lazed around the decks in jeans, jumpers, and sneakers all day, and wore casual clothes to dinner."

As the only passengers on board, the Millses received VIP treatment.

"We were really spoilt," said Mrs. Mills. "The crew so spoilt our youngest girl, Stacey, it'll probably take us months to get her unspoilt again."

"I'm afraid my daughters took over the ship. I guess the crew will be glad to get some peace and quiet again."

"I'm sure the little ones never stopped asking questions."

But judging from the grins and waves from the girls every time a member of the crew walked by I'd say they were popular passengers.

Little Stacey told me, "Manfred used to always push me on the swing, and I used to help Hans and Gunther paint the deck sometimes."

"That's right," said Mrs. Mills. "Quite a few times I found Stacey, Chrissie, and Nancy covered in paint 'helping' the crew."

"The men were gorgeous babysitters and used to teach the girls songs and card games."

Sometimes Mr. Mills and the older girls played competition table tennis or deck quoits while Mrs. Mills sunbaked in a hammock her husband had rigged on deck.

The younger girls had a case of games and toys to play with, but Stacey, the youngest and the "character" of the Mills family, spent most of her days dressing up as a clown in her mother's clothes.

While we were talking she appeared on deck rigged out in her mother's dressing-gown and beach hat, announced she was "the greatest clown on earth," and did hand-stands and cartwheels.

"Great fun"

At night after dinner, the Millses often had a sing-song on deck with members of the crew. Adele, who plays the flute, Laura (clarinet), and Anita (guitar) provided the music.

"We had great fun," said Nancy. "The best part was that we didn't have to go to school."

"Daddy thinks the trip will be education in itself, and we did read a lot of books."

The shark-fishing day was voted the most exciting day at sea by the Mills girls.

One of the bearings in

the ship burnt out three days out of Tahiti and the captain announced that they'd do a bit of shark fishing while it was being repaired.

"The crew used huge hooks and hunks of beef, and within a few minutes about a dozen sharks appeared at the side of the ship," said Adele.

"They hooked five and caught two and we had gorgeous shark's fin soup for supper that night."

Although the girls weren't really missing America, Anita admitted she was missing something about home.

"I'm just longing for some lollipops," she said. "Do they have nice sweets in Australia?"

"See what I mean?" Mr. Mills asked me.

"Apart from Stacey, who has made me promise to buy her a baby kangaroo like the one she saw in a photo once, we don't know much about Australia at all."

"We just feel we're going to like your country. One thing's for sure, as we don't know anything about it, we won't be disappointed in anything for a start."

"My first plans are to get a little house for my family, a job for myself, and send the children back to school. Then we plan to sit back and see how Australia ticks."

"And if we all like it — Australia will be our home."



SYBIL IS HAPPY AGAIN

At 36, the former Mrs. Burton dances in the discotheques with her guitarist husband, aged 24

Story and picture by Robert Feldman

● The swingiest couple on the dance floor at "Arthur," this year's "in" discotheque, in New York, are newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Zankoff. (That's their real name.)



FORMERLY Sybil Burton, newly re-wed Mrs. Jordan Christopher sees her husband off to Florida three days after their wedding in New York on June 13. She wore a red wool coat and red stockings, and several times fought back tears as she said goodbye at Kennedy Airport. Six days later she left her New York dance club to join her husband.

SHE'S 36, he's only 24, and everybody knows it. Yet, while such goings-on might stir Mr. Zankoff's hometown of Akron, Ohio, blase New Yorkers are used to May and December—or May and September, to be more accurate.

As second marriages go in this mecca of the divorced, that's the way the cookies frequently crumble. The older partner, male or female, has the money. *Mais, c'est la vie.*

Before this marriage, Mrs. Zankoff was Sybil Burton, the famous "scorned woman" of 1962, who lost her first husband, Richard Burton, to that Empress of the Nile, Elizabeth Taylor.

Mr. Zankoff's professional name is Jordan Christopher. He leads the band that plays at "Arthur" (Sybil's place), and he has longer hair than she has, which is entirely appropriate once you realise that "Arthur" derives its name from Paul McCartney's legendary haircut in the Beatles' film "A Hard Day's Night."

On Sunday morning, June 13, as dawn brushed the treetops in Central Park far below her penthouse, Sybil and Jordan were united in marriage before 25 close friends and no Press.

The bride wore a white cotton lace dress and the groom his "working clothes."

They had just come from the club, where they'd put in a hard day's night, as they have every night, bar Monday, since "Arthur" opened with a splash five weeks earlier.

Congratulated

Sybil's children by Burton, Kathy, 8, and Jessica, 6, were wakened and dressed to attend the five-minute ceremony.

That night they went to work as usual, but news had got round and everybody dropped in to congratulate the pair and do a celebratory Watusi.

On the bandstand, as usual, was the bridegroom leading his high-decibel combo, "The Wild Ones," on the electric guitar. That was where Sybil first set eyes on him seven weeks earlier when "The Wild Ones" auditioned for her.

The romance blossomed to the tune of a strident guitar

and Jordan's quiet off-stage personality.

On Monday nights, when "Arthur" was closed, they would do the busman's holiday bit, dropping in at other discotheques to hold hands, dance a Frug or two (Sybil's dance-style is restrained and ladylike) and indirectly drum up trade for their own place.

East side, West side, at discotheques from "Ondine," near Sutton Place, to "The Scene," on the fringe of Hell's Kitchen, Sybil's white mane and good looks, added to her sympathetic history, have earned instant admiration from New York.

And she has grown equally attached to the city. Only three weeks before her marriage she had announced her intention to make her permanent home in the U.S.

With columnist Sheila Graham she discussed the prospect of remarriage.

"I have no plans now," she told the columnist. "It would be easy to make a mistake at this time in my life."

"Housewife" Liz

Wrote the columnist:

"Sybil has kept all the friends she ever had. And added some. Instead of voicing complaints she has made a new, fascinating life for herself as the gayest, most fashionable bachelor girl in New York, dancing till dawn, 'with it' day and night.

"On the other side of the wedding band," Miss Graham went on, "Elizabeth Taylor has become more and more *hausfrau*. She doesn't care a hoot about her figure, or how she looks, she never dances, never goes to parties, she can't wait to leave the spotlight and her career."

Out in Akron, Ohio, Eli Zankoff, a 55-year-old saloon-keeper, thought his son had done quite well.

"I don't know what Sybil saw in Jordan," he told reporters. "It must have been something. Whatever it is, I'd like to know."

Jordan Eli Zankoff embarked on a rock-n-roll career after his graduation in 1959 from high school.

After some disappointing early struggles, he eventually worked his way to Manhattan's "Peppermint Lounge" with a five-man group.

In 1962 he married an Akron girl, Mary DiGildo, but the marriage broke up.

They have one child, Jodi Ann, 3.

Sybil Burton spent her wedding night greeting customers at the door of "Arthur," while her husband was on stage playing.

The place, normally crowded, was jammed with well-wishers, including Warren Beatty, Natalie Wood, Liza Minelli, and Danny Kaye.

The next day's newspapers reported that Sybil, in remarrying, had given up more than one million dollars (£A500,000) in future alimony. There was no comment from the principals or Sybil's lawyer, Aaron Frosch.

"Mobbed"

However, Burton was reported to have set up three trust funds, for Sybil and for the children, and each was "in six figures."

These would not be affected by her re-marriage.

Sybil was appointed by 75 celebrity investors to run "Arthur." One of the bigger backers, it is reported, is Burton himself.

She organised the biggest opening night in years for a new club in New York.

The place was so mobbed that the beleaguered commissioner had to turn away filmstar Rock Hudson and an unidentified man waving a 100-dollar bill. There wasn't even standing room inside.

Sybil danced the Frug with Rudolph Nureyev while photographers went wild. She presided regally over a glittering potpourri of society and show-business personalities.

Three days after their wedding, Jordan and "The Wild Ones" flew to Florida, where Jordan was to act in his first movie—he has the romantic lead in something called "The Fat Spy," with comedian Jack E. Leonard.

Shooting would take three weeks.

Sybil went to the airport to farewell him, wearing dark glasses and a bereft expression.

But six days later Mrs. Zankoff turned "Arthur" over to an assistant manager, made her friends promise to keep an eye on the place, and flew to her husband's side in Florida.

On their return they'll move back into Sybil's spacious apartment and resume their respective jobs in "Arthur."



JANE'S FAMILY AT WEDDING

**—And the organist
played "Tenderly"**

—Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow

JANE POWELL and her husband, Hollywood public relations man James Fitzgerald, with three of Jane's children, Lindsay, 9, Susanne, 12, and Mona, 18, and best man, Mr. John Brennan, after their wedding in the Wayside Chapel, Kings Cross, N.S.W. Jane's son, Gary, 14, also was at the wedding. Mona, Jane's step-daughter, carried a bouquet as her mother's bridesmaid. During the signing of the register, the organist played "As Long As He Needs Me" and "Tenderly," songs that helped make 36-year-old Jane famous. Jane and James plan a world-tour honeymoon when they return to the United States after Jane completes a singing engagement at a Sydney hotel.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: What of 1966?

By MARY BROKER

● Since the share market is so closely linked with the state of the economy in general, you will be interested in last week's Treasury White Paper.

ENTITLED "Economic Survey of Australia, 1965," it is a concise and reasoned summary of economic happenings. But, as well as looking backward at the financial year just ended, it also probes prospects for the current year.

This year, in addition, it discusses at length the role of overseas investment in Australia, which has lately been causing some concern to the financial community at large. (I shall talk about this next week.)

Main points

For those who did not see the full text, I propose this week to note down some of the principal points made in this White Paper.

First, what exactly did happen in 1964/65? As is pointed out, a true comparison with the preceding year cannot be made now, since statistics have not been taken yet up to the end of June.

However, indicators for the first three quarters of the year point to an increase in gross national product (i.e., consumption + investment + government expenditure + depreciation for the economy as a whole) similar to the buoyant rate of the preceding year.

This, notwithstanding the gloomy views being propounded in July, 1964!

Industrial production was well up; farm production, despite the drought, is expected to be at a fifth successive peak; building activity showed a greater increase, and so on.

The reason for this steady rate of growth is put down by the Treasury experts to "the strong growth in the numbers at work."

In figures, the increase for 1964/65 should be about 140,000, compared to the record rise of 149,000 in 1963/64 (remember the high unemployment figures at the beginning of that year?).

Plant capacity, too, rose by an exceptionally large amount, and while this could lead to over-capacity if things get difficult in the short term, it does lay a good foundation for long-term growth.

In other words, there has been "a strong, unflagging pull on resources."

Coupled with a slower rise in liquidity (money supply) than prevailed previously, this led to the raising of £71 million in new share issues by Australian companies in 1964, compared with £53 million in 1963. (You will remember all the big rights issues made on the share market last year.)

In other words, Australia undoubtedly has just had a good year.

Now to turn to the world scene.

As the White Paper points out, "1964 appears to have been as good a year as any yet for world production and trade."

However, it is to be noted that compared with 1963, when growth was shared almost equally by industrial and primary-producing countries (e.g., Japan and Australia respectively), the terms of trade in 1964 moved against the primary producers.

This simply means that the ratio of export prices to import prices for the primary producers was lower. For instance, in Australia wool and sugar prices were well down on the levels of the previous year.

Currently this cyclical trend is being aggravated by the tightening of international liquidity which I talked about last week.

The United States and Great Britain, who provide most of the world's capital, have restricted their outflows of capital, which it is expected will result in lower levels of world trade.

And what does the current year hold for Australia?

According to the White Paper: "Even more today than 12 months ago, what further growth can be achieved depends upon the additional resources that become available."

Many demands

Labor was already scarce when the defence plans were published, and together with big new industrial developments and a rising rate of demand from consumers is causing some concern that we may have "rather more on hand than we can do."

In other words, the economy is likely to be stretched as far as it can go.

Exports, suffering from the effects of the drought and from lower commodity prices, will in all probability be lower.

On the other hand, the increase in imports could be less, so that the decline in our balance of payments may not be of the magnitude some people expect.

The general tenor of the White Paper is buoyant, and it is pointed out that while the increase in gross national product may not equal that of the two previous years those years were extremely good ones.

I think the outlook can best be summed up by this quote:

"It would, of course, be a rare year that began quite free from doubts. It would be a rare year also that did not as it went along see some doubts proved groundless and others arise."

"At best we can try to weigh these prevailing uncertainties against the elements of strength and promise (my emphasis) we know our situation to hold."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

IT sounds very much as if tickets for the Fourth Art Gallery Ball on August 13 are going to be almost as precious as tickets for the Sutherland opera season.

I believe that cheques are arriving already, although invitations have not yet been sent.

In this week's mail was one from Ted Moloney in Paris and an inquiry from Mervyn Horton in Europe about the date so he could be back in time.

Chinese headresses are to be the order of the evening, and I'm told there are some very glamorous ones already in the making.

★ ★ ★
THE wine-tasting which The King's School Old Boys' Union holds each year three weeks before their annual ball has now become a traditional "must" for those going to the ball. Tickets are distributed, parties arranged, and final details of the night are tied up during the evening when many old schoolfriends meet again for the first time since the previous ball. The wine-tasting will be held at the wine cellars of Doug Lamb (an old King's School boy and once captain of the school) on July 7. A busy committee headed by Mrs. Peter Finley and Mrs. Bob Boydell has already worked out details of the decor for the ball at the Trocadero on July 29. Screens placed across the vestibule will hide the ballroom while arriving guests are served champagne cocktails. Later, the screens will be folded back to show camellia-laden tables lit by white candles in blue holders and a huge blue-and-white school crest suspended above the orchestra stand.

★ ★ ★
LONDON wedding with a Sydney "look" was that of Jan Wood, of Abbotsford, and Ian McCloskey, of Drummoyne, who were married on June 30 at the Holy Rood Church, Oxford. Jan, who has been abroad for 18 months on a working holiday, and Ian, who is a Rhodes Scholar, will spend a month touring by car in Spain and Portugal.

★ ★ ★
ADMIRABLE tall, elegant Mrs. Hanne Fairfax mid-week at a committee meeting wearing a braided Chanel-style cyclamen wool suit over a caramel jersey jumper. Her accessories in brown kid matched her jaunty mink pillbox and cravat.



ABOVE: Dr. Ian Unsworth with his bride after their marriage at St. Joseph's Church, Malpas, Cheshire, England. The bride was formerly Miss Clare Carlton, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Carlton, of Ulmarra, via Crafton, N.S.W. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Unsworth, of Cheshire.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. William Bladwell after their marriage at the Methodist National Memorial Church, Forrest, Canberra. The bride was formerly Miss Susan Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Armstrong, of "Talang," Boorowa. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bladwell, of Neutral Bay. They will make their home at "Cowan Creek," near Lake Bathurst.

BOUND to be a hit at Palm Beach next season are Mrs. Frank McCall Power's "mad" international beach hats which she bought on her 3½-month overseas trip. The McCall Powers have just returned from an extensive trip which took them to the Continent, England, and the United States. Highlight of her travels, Mrs. McCall Power told me, was a visit to the Uxmal Temple ruins on the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico.

★ ★ ★
LOTS of his old schoolfriends from The King's School will travel down from the country to attend the twenty-first birthday party which Mr. and Mrs. C. Brodie are giving for their son, Greg, on July 10. Among them will be Peter Wood, of Armidale, who celebrates his twenty-first birthday the following day. The party will be at the Pickwick Club.

★ ★ ★
DATE for your diary . . . the American Women's Club monthly luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel on July 7, when American professor John B. Schneider will speak on Marketing and the Housewife.

★ ★ ★
MOST quotable remark I heard during the week was artist Donald Friend's comment on the many interviews he had with author Robert Hughes for the biography Hughes wrote about him. "I held nothing back," said Donald, "and the scars he inflicted are well worth bearing."

★ ★ ★
SMART outfit we'll see on the beach this year is the striking black-and-white-striped costume which Mrs. Bill Northam bought in Austria. She wears it under one of the newest beach shifts in watermelon-pink towelling.

★ ★ ★
THE ballroom at the home of Lady Coppleson is the scene of an industrious group of workers each Thursday. Among the dozen or so Black and White Committee members who arrive early each week bearing their "scissors and playlunch" are Mrs. Evelyn Crossing, Mrs. Jack Minnett, Mrs. Marjorie Okkerse, and Mrs. Charles Parsons. So far the group has made 500 giant red, white, and green felt Christmas stockings, which are decorated with glitter and trimmings. Proceeds from the sale of these will go to the Royal Blind Society.

★ ★ ★
SPOKE to a very excited Roslyn Walton the morning she announced her engagement to Peter McWilliam just as they were leaving to shop for a ruby engagement ring. She told me she'd been trying to get ready for hours, but the telephone hadn't stopped all morning with calls from well-wishers. They are planning to wed in September.



Bridget Maginn Sydney Lectures

● Famous dressmaker Bridget Maginn will lecture at Farmer & Co. Ltd. from July 12-16 inclusive.

FASHION parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily.

The afternoon lectures will be of special interest to domestic-science students from secondary schools and high schools.

Times are—Lectures: 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily in Rose Room Restaurant. Parades: 1.15 p.m., Fabric Dept., 1st Floor.

Bookings: Free tickets for entire series of lectures available from July 7. No phone calls or written reservations. Tickets can be obtained from Pattern Dept., 1st Floor.

Miss Maginn will give half-hour television lectures. Details are: TCN9, Sydney, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m.; NBN3, Newcastle, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m.; WIN4, Wollongong, July 19-23, inclusive, 4.30 p.m.

In Auckland

After lectures in New Zealand, at Wellington and Christchurch, Miss Maginn will go to Auckland.

Her Auckland itinerary is: Milne and Choyce, September 6-10, inclusive. Lectures, 10.30 a.m. daily, Skyroom. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily.

Lecture bookings, 5/-, Ground Floor Booking Office.



AT RECEPTION, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Bateman at the reception following their marriage at St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, with their attendants (from left), Miss Victoria Probert, Mrs. Roger Scamps, Miss Beatrice Bateman, Miss Rosalind Bateman, and flowergirl Miss Sarah-Jane Probert. The bride was Miss Belinda Probert, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Probert, of Killara. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. Tom Bateman, of Wollstonecraft, and of the late Mrs. Bateman.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ken Vanderbelt were among guests at the Independence Day Ball held at the Trocadero. President of the American Society, Mr. Rush Clark, greeted many of the 1200 guests as they arrived.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Sean Spence after their marriage at Scots Kirk, Mosman, with their attendants (from left), Miss Leigh Mechaelsen, Miss Belinda Huntley, Miss Fiona Spence, and Miss Gail Ashby-Kelly. The bride was Miss Kerry Mechaelsen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mechaelsen, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Spence, of Edgecliff. A reception was held at the Australia Hotel.



AT LEFT: Artist Lance Solomon with the Vice-Consul for Denmark, Mr. Peter Sally, and Mrs. Sally discussed "Out From Scone," in the background, one of the paintings in Mr. Solomon's one-man exhibition at the Darlinghurst Galleries.

ABOVE: The general manager of "Les Ballets Africains," Mr. Nearthly Samuel, chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lewis, of Toorak, Melbourne, at the opening night of "Les Ballets Africains," which was held at the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

ON the page opposite we begin the first instalment of a novel written more than 30 years ago by film star Jean Harlow.

It was dedicated to Jean's mother and to Carey Wilson, a film-writer friend who helped her with the manuscript.

Arthur Landau, Jean's agent, wrote this introductory note:

"Jean Harlow was a Hollywood star, but more than anything else she wanted to be a true performer and creative person.

"This manuscript was a manifestation of her desire to create, as distinguished from merely performing. Its genesis occurred in a peculiar way. One day in 1933 or 1934—the exact date escapes me—Jean called me and told me that she intended to write a book.

"The story had come to her, she said, in a dream and the dream had created in her a compelling urgency to write the story.

"Nothing was done with the manuscript during Jean's lifetime.

"After her death, her mother sold the motion-picture rights to MGM, reserving publication rights. After Mrs. Bello died, publication rights to the manuscript passed to Mrs. Ruth Hamp, a close friend.

"Now the manuscript has been published in an effort to help people understand that Jean, although a victim of many things beyond her control and beyond the control of any human protection, did have a depth of understanding which surpassed the superficial characterisations she performed on the screen."

HARLOW

The sex symbol

• Jean Harlow, Hollywood sex symbol of the 1930s, was the centre of a scandal in her lifetime, a legend since her death at 26.

THE original platinum blonde, she shot to fame when she persuaded producer Howard Hughes to let her unbutton her blouse in "Hell's Angels."

Jean ran away from school at 16 to marry wealthy young stockbroker Charles McGrew.

They went to Hollywood, where Jean got several minor roles in silent movies. Charles objected to the roles she played, and went home to mother. Jean divorced him.

In 1930 came "Hell's Angels," and Jean was a star. The following year, when her romance with William Powell was the talk of Hollywood, she confounded everyone by marrying Paul Bern, a film writer and director.

Three months later Paul's naked body was found dead, a bullet in his head. A note was found which said:

"Dearest. Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you."

Jean's career survived the scandal, and in 1933 she married cameraman Harold Rosson, but divorced him a year later.

She made more movies—"Riff-Raff" (with Spencer Tracy), "Public Enemy" (with James Cagney), "Personal Property" (with Robert Taylor), "Red Dust" (with Clark Gable).

She appeared in "Wife Versus Secretary" with William Powell, and their romance was rekindled. He spent a fortune building a fabulous Beverly Hills mansion for Jean, but she was never to live there. In 1937, while making "Saratoga" with Clark Gable, she was rushed to hospital with acute uremia. She died ten days later.

William Powell paid 25,000 dollars for the magnificent tomb at Forest Lawn Cemetery, where her embalmed body was laid. Five years later Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper reported that Jean's mother, Mrs. Bello, paid an annual visit to the tomb with a hairdresser and a new model gown, to change her dress and re-do the famous platinum blonde hair.



WILLIAM POWELL, famous as "The Thin Man," painted a portrait of his co-star in the series, Myrna Loy. His romance with Jean Harlow was the talk of Hollywood.



PAUL BERN, Jean's second husband, pictured with her in 1931. Some say his suicide note was a fake — that he was actually murdered.



CLARK GABLE made five films with Jean Harlow for MGM, among them "Red Dust," in which Jean bathed naked in a water-barrel, and the ill-fated "Saratoga."

TODAY IS TONIGHT

The story of a woman who lived a lie — a woman who deceived her husband because she loved him and wanted him to be happy

By JEAN HARLOW

SOMETHING is tickling my nose. Something yellow. It must be the sheet —

She raised a pale brown hand and flicked away the corner of the yellow satin sheet.

That was a good tan I had this summer. I'm still a bit brown. Yes. Quite brown compared with the white below the bathing-suit line. Even that isn't as white as I really am.

Without turning her head, she became aware of something on the pillow next to hers.

That'll be three orchids. There were two a year ago today, and one the year before that.

A morning breeze from Long Island Sound drifted in the open window. It gently twisted the fragile flowers on the pillow beside the burnished copper head. The breeze was refreshing—restful. She let her eyes close. It was 9.15 on a lovely September morning—

PETER LANSDOWNE moved restlessly in his swivel chair, lit a cigarette, and began tearing the tape streaming from an automatic ticker into a litter. He knew he should be watching the quotations, and yet here he was trying to drive the figures from his brain.

He gazed out the window at the familiar skyline of New York, then looked at the clock on his desk. The hands pointed to 10.26. Four minutes to go.

The door leading to the outer office drew his attention. The strange lettering occupied him for a moment. ENWODSNAL DNA SDLONYER. And below it — SREKORB. Pure Russian! But as Peter watched it the door swung inward and the unintelligible lettering became REYNOLDS AND LANSDOWNE — BROKERS. A tall, bespectacled prim-looking young woman appeared.

"Mr. Whitcomb to see you,

Mr. Lansdowne," she announced.

Peter looked at the clock again, made a wry face, a gesture of impatience.

"Please give my compliments to Mr. Whitcomb and tell him he will have to nurse his hat for 15 minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Peabody—"

"Yes sir?"

"What day is this?"

"September the twenty-first."

"And the year?"

Miss Peabody blinked. He's being ridiculous again, she thought, but I wish I had a man like him.

"It's 1929, of course, Mr. Lansdowne."

Peter nodded.

"Just wanted to verify my calculations. Thanks."

She went out.

On his desk calendar the date — September 21 — was circled in pencil. On the page was the single memorandum—"Wake Judy at 10.30."

Another minute passed. With an impatient sweep, Peter seized his private phone and asked the operator for a Westchester number. A drowsy voice came over the wire.

"Wrong number," it said huskily. Judy's husky, morning voice.

"Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Lansdowne, but this is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Statistics," began Peter.

He heard a subdued chuckle.

"Oh, I just love statistics — but I only eat them to get the raisins. And if you're a statistics I'm *Lady Godiva*!"

Peter smiled broadly. "Do you happen to know what date this is?"

"September twenty-foist."

"The year, moddam?"

"Nineteen twenty-nine."

"And the hour of the day, moddam?"

"Ten-thoity."

Peter grinned.

"Well," he said gingerly, "at ten-thoity on September twenty-foist, nineteen-thoity, you'll have been married exactly four years, Mrs.

Lansdowne — according to statistics."

"I say it's spinach, Mr. Lansdowne. And I say—"

"Judy!" cried Peter with a touch of real horror.

But she continued unmercifully. "And the iceman left three dandelions on my pillow this morning — and I am tearing them up and dropping the petals on my scrawny shoulders."

"You're an extravagant hussy, darling," sighed Peter. "How many people coming out to the party tonight?"

"Maybe 11 — maybe 12. Oh, who cares? Enough!"

"Too many for me. I'm not coming. Going to spend the weekend in town and — raise hell!"

"That's a relief. I've got six lovers waiting in the ice-box — goodbye, darling."

"Goodbye—and don't let cook mix 'em in with the bologna!" he shouted into the phone as he placed it back on the desk.

Peter sat for a moment without moving. Married three years! Three grateful, inspiring, crazy, happy years in which they had become so close, so completely bound together.

He thought of her lying in bed as he had left her this morning, her head resting in a nest of burnished copper hair. He recalled kissing her for the hundredth time and pulling the cool satin cover over the creamiest, softest skin, just off ivory in color, a relic of the stolen moments on the beach when no one was there to see the straps of the scanty bathing costume slipped off and down.

The opening of a door aroused him from his reverie.

"Mr. Whitcomb is still waiting, Mr. Lansdowne," said Miss Peabody.

Peter looked distressed. Finally he said:

"Please tell Mr. Whitcomb that my advice this morning wouldn't be worth a Chinese yen — whatever that is worth — and, furthermore, I have some very important shopping to do and it can't wait another minute."

To page 25



The Great Moscow Circus



GRAND PARADE that opens the circus. Russian artists endearingly clap back at the audience just as hard as the audience claps them.

● Few entertainments have caused the excitement and applause enjoyed by the Great Moscow Circus on its recent triumphant tour of Australia. Now it comes to TV in a polished 90 minutes, bringing the faultless performances of the artists into your living-room.

● The circus may be seen on July 17 on TCN9 Sydney, at 7.30 p.m.; GTV9 Melbourne, at 7.30 p.m.; QTQ9 Brisbane, at 7 p.m.; and on NWS9 Adelaide on July 18, at 7 p.m.



ACROBATS (left) do amazing feats on the giant wheels, apparatus that has come to the circus ring from the training grounds of Russian cosmonauts, where spacemen gyrate in them hour after hour, simulating flight.

MARGARITA NAZAROVA with one of her tigers. The telecast is by arrangement with the combined circuses of the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R., supervised by F. G. Bardian, General Director of circuses.

Television

"It Could Be You" —if you could beat the crowds

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Tommy should take the Showground — he could easily fill it."

POLICE had to be called to clear hundreds and hundreds of Tommy Hanlon fans out of Palings music shop in Sydney recently when tickets were issued there for his show, "It Could Be You."

Fans, mostly women, mobbed the shop when the doors opened at 9 a.m. More than 1000 seat tickets were issued in 20 minutes—leaving about 2000 fans ticketless.

Television

Many people who had waited from 6 a.m. and still didn't get tickets refused to leave. Police had to be called.

"It was a riot," one woman said. "When the doors were opened the women rushed the counter and the tickets went in no time."

Tommy and his team will be in Sydney on Tuesday, July 13, to film "It Could Be You" in the ballroom of the Chevron Hilton Hotel at Potts Point. Five shows will be made during the day.

The fans who were moved on from Palings apparently all made a beeline for a telephone, for from 9.30 a.m. the telephones at TCN9 were jammed with complaints.

A spokesman at TCN9 explained that every available seat for July 13 had been issued.

"I don't know why Tommy Hanlon doesn't take the Showground," he said, "he could easily fill it."

"Last time he came to Sydney to film 'It Could Be You' we had 60,000 letters requesting anything from two to ten seats."

There are to be three sessions on July 13—at 10 a.m., 1.00 p.m., and 3.45 p.m.

(If you are one of the lucky ones, check which session your ticket is for. You can use it only at the time specified.)

Meantime, at the Chevron Hilton Hotel, the first two fans for the July 13 show arrived at 10 a.m. on June 30. They were certain the show was on the day the tickets were issued.

The Public Relations Officer for the hotel, Miss Hertha Nolte, said Tommy Hanlon's fans were much easier to handle than the Beatle type.

"They are more restrained," she said. "They are mostly mature women, mothers and grandmothers, who idolise him."

"Last time he was here some months ago we got bags and bags of mail asking us to try to get them tickets. I have never experienced such a reaction to a show."

★ ★ ★
TV's premier clown-comedian Red Skelton (TCN9, 7.30 p.m., Thursdays) has turned author in a soon-to-be-published volume called "A Red Skelton in Your Closet."

The book comprises 16 ghost stories Skelton has selected and edited.

"It's been pretty spooky, sifting through old books and seeking out neighborhood witches," Red said recently, "but it's been a lot of fun."

"Soon I might write something even scarier — my autobiography."



RED SKELTON

AN unusual treat for music lovers is coming up on Bobby Limb's "Sound of Music" when, on July 9, Oleg Hmelnitsky (the aitch is silent) will play the zimbalom.

A zimbalom is an ancient musical instrument that comes from the early Mongolian-Assyrian civilisations, and is mentioned in the Bible. There are said to be only two in Australia.

It is the traditional instrument played by Hungarian gypsies, and tremendously popular in Central Europe.

Oleg Hmelnitsky's zimbalom playing has a romantic background. His father, a Russian musician, played during the early 1900s at command performances before the Tsar with a Rumanian zimbalom player.

Thereafter he was interested in the instrument, but it wasn't until he finished as musical director for Anna Pavlova, then in 1938



TOMMY HANLON on "It Could Be You."

migrated to Australia with his family, that he had time to do anything about it.

He ordered a zimbalom from Budapest—but his musical life here again left too little time to study it.

Eventually, Oleg, his young son, discovered the instrument when he was 14, and took it over.

(Another son, Igor Hmelnitsky, is well known as a pianist.)

Mr. Hmelnitsky will play both Hungarian and Rumanian gipsy music on the zimbalom, which he says is a close relative of the dulcimer, and "somewhat akin" to the harpsichord.

His playing should bring some European nostalgia to the essentially American melodies that dominate "Sound of Music."

A home-savings Hope Chest?

ABC-TV's Richard Oxenburgh talked to the Federal Minister for Housing, Mr. Leslie Bury, in "Four Corners" recently about the housing problems of young married couples.

A young couple living in rented rooms in bad conditions were shown. They couldn't afford to buy a house and, what was more, couldn't afford to save a deposit to buy one.

Mr. Bury was most sympathetic about their plight. He said he thought such people may need special help, and went on to talk about his Government's free home savings grants.

The Federal Government gives a young couple £250 toward their home when they can produce evidence that they have saved £750 over three years toward the cost of the home.

Mr. Bury said what the Government hoped to see eventually was young people begin to save for the deposit on their matrimonial home when they left school.

Think of the fun they would miss. The home deposit money dutifully paid out of their first pay packet would never give them the heady feeling of indepen-

dence that the purchase of unbudgeted purple stockings or some long-budgeted LP would.

It is a dreary picture—Bill or Mary, fresh from school, opening a bank account that is a kind of Home Savings Grant Hope Chest, looking desperately for the mate to go with it.

I can't help thinking of Mrs. Beeton's Cook Book and her famous recipe for jugged hare that starts: "First catch your hare."

★ ★ ★
PRODUCERS of TV travelogues have been offering rich rewards—that get progressively richer and richer—to Peter Sellers to make a TV tour of a city like Elizabeth Taylor's London, or Sophia Loren's Rome.

Sellers, bored with the idea, kept refusing until one clever executive came up with the idea of spoofing previous star-guided tours.

Sellers was in that one as quickly as he could get there. He says he can't wait to make it, and has settled for a comedy tour of Tokyo.

The only unhappy thing about it is that it is not to be made till early 1966.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "I think I have just come up with a solution to a problem that has been plaguing us for years. You probably have had the same problem some time during your life, too. You know the one I mean. The kids who live next door. Have they been teasing your cat or dog again, or broken a window with their football, or tramped through your garden looking for a lost aeroplane?"

Mamma's moral: I feel that maybe all families should swap their children with other families—because everybody seems to know exactly what should be done with the neighbors' kids.

NEXT WEEK

★ Sixteen-page lift-out . . .

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL

MOTHER

By EVE FEATHERINGILL

All those books on How To Cope With Baby don't mention the plight of the mother who has to handle, alone, several small children too small for school: the constant interruptions, the meals, the laundry, the noise . . .

Here's what every mother should know—before she finds out the hard way:

In THIS book you'll find a new point of view, a perspective; you'll find, and recognise, the real joy and meaning of your work.

And:

TWO-WAY
WARDROBE
with Vogue
patterns . . .



. . . it's a chic, round-the-clock collection that includes clothes just right for Mods AND for sophisticates.

And:

★ "FOR KICKS," our new serial, is set in the English racing world—but the (amateur) detective hero is an Australian. Don't miss this engrossing mystery by ex-jockey Dick Francis.

COOKING FOR FETES: ☆
Our experts' recipes for cakes and biscuits and candy, jams and chutneys are all best sellers on fete stalls—easy to make, too. ☆

★ PLUS, in our "Family Affairs" section: A working wife discusses why (and how) she became a full-time housewife again. AND we examine nagging (does it ever really work?). ☆

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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Teller of old tales

A dramatic short story
By **BRIAN CLEEVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN the soft twilight of the kitchen, the old man lay on a settle bed. Cushions were piled high behind his head and back, and his hands lay quiet on the covers. Only his eyes moved a little, to greet each one of us.

"God save you, Tomas," I said. "God give you long life." He smiled a little, because there was no life left in him, and we had come to say goodbye. He would tell us no more tales of the Fianna. He would never again make Finn stride for us through the woods, or tell us of Cormac.

He had had such power of storytelling in him as few Seanachaidhe have, and I knew that we would not see his like again. The wireless, the TV, and the newspapers tell their stories for the young people now, and the old gifts are dying.

Even in his own house there was a wireless set, brought there by his second wife. It stood on the kitchen table and she sat by it now, stiff and unwelcoming, as if she resented our paying homage to her man. She had been his wife for twenty years, but still she was a stranger to us.

She had been a schoolteacher over in Rathfinn, and maybe it was her learning that caught Tomas's heart after his first wife died. Or maybe it was her yellow curls.

Either way he had had a poor bargain. No sooner was she married and carrying his child but all the winning ways went out of her, and she showed herself for what she was. Little joy she gave Tomas, and little kindness to Fergus, the son of his dead wife. All the softness in her was spent on her own son, Donal.

He stood beside her tonight, watching each of us, and I could swear he was calculating what it would cost them to entertain us at the wake. But Tomas's first son was kneeling by the foot of the bed.

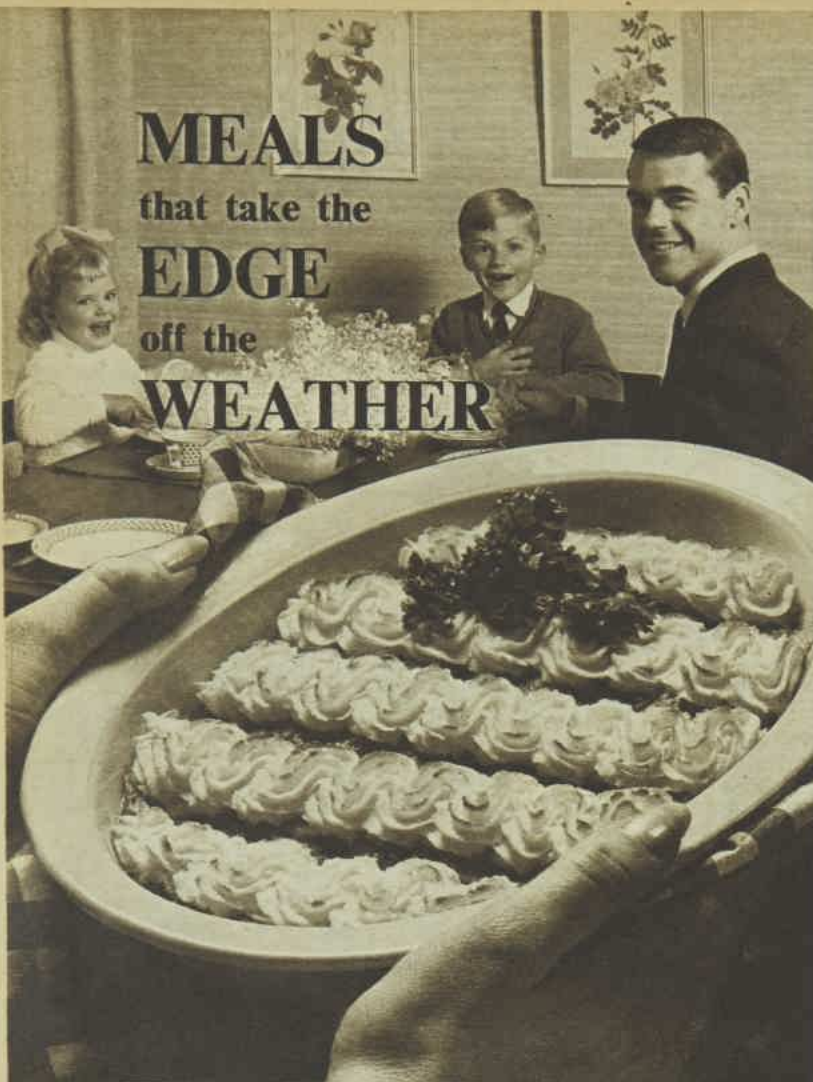
"Look," I whispered to Brid, my daughter, standing beside me. "Fergus is here." We hadn't seen him at first in the shadows, hadn't expected to see him, the way things were. He knelt quite still, his big head like the black shadow of his

To page 18

*Brid was always anxious when
Fergus took his lonely walks.*



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POTATO CRUSTED LAMB PIE

INGREDIENTS:

1½ cups lean cooked lamb, diced	4 level tablespoons "Bonlac"
1 small onion, diced	4 level tablespoons flour
Salt, pepper	1½ cups stock or water
1 teaspoon herbs	1 lb. mashed potato
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	

METHOD:

Place "Bonlac" and flour in basin and blend with some of liquid. Heat remaining liquid in saucepan, add blended flour and "Bonlac"; stir till boiling. Mix in meat and all flavouring ingredients. Place in ovenware dish. Allow to partly cool before topping with potato. Glaze with liquefied "Bonlac". Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes to reheat and brown crust.

BAKED TOMATO HAMBURGERS

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. finely-minced lean steak	2 tablespoons "Bonlac"
1 onion, diced	8 slices tomato
1 teaspoon herbs	4 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 cup soft breadcrumbs	1 tablespoon grated dry cheese
Salt, pepper	

METHOD:

Place meat, onion, breadcrumbs, "Bonlac", seasonings in basin. Mix to combine evenly. Add sauce and work all together. Shape into 8 cakes and place in lightly-greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Top each with tomato slice and small quantity grated cheese. Return to oven and bake further 5 minutes. Serve with vegetables.



father's white one, the same strong bones and savage lines to it, that could seem like a saint's head when he was sober and like a devil's when he was drunk.

He heard me whisper his name, and turned his face to us. "Brid," he murmured. He held out both his hands to her, swayed on his knees, almost fell. Beside me Brid gripped my arm and pressed against me in the way she had had since childhood, hiding the one side of her face.

"Brid," Fergus was saying. "Brid, haven't you a word of greeting for me?" I saw he was in that stage when the drink was dying in him and he was already ashamed, and well he might be ashamed, the way he looked; unshaven, his clothes like rags on him, his eyes bloodshot.

And only a few years before he had been as handsome as the spring of morning. I remembered seeing him walk with Brid in the first days of their courtship, and feeling great warmth that she had found the like of him, because it was not everyone who would want to marry Brid.

To me she was beautiful, of course, because she was my own child and I could see her heart. And there was, there is, great beauty about her. Her hair soft and shining black, falling below her shoulders; her eyes grey-blue under heavy wings of eyebrows and a wide forehead.

But up one side of her throat and face there is a birthmark, like a stain of blood under the skin, and from the time she first realised that it was there it seemed to set a strangeness on her, as if she felt apart from those that had no mark on them. She would sit by herself over the fire long times together and would be afraid of meeting people.

Only Fergus could bring her out of those moods and make her feel she was truly beautiful and young. The trouble was Fergus had his own strangeness, and as time went on it gripped him harder, drawing him away from Brid.

There were evenings when he would still come up to our cottage and talk to Brid like the old days. Then for a week on end we wouldn't see him; only hear of him, and nothing good to hear.

He did nothing like other men. When he drank, he drank with a kind of hatred for himself and for the drinking. And when he was sober again he would behave as if the very sight of his hand in front of his face was hateful to him, and he would tramp over the mountainsides until he dropped from exhaustion.

For maybe a week it would go like that. Then he would creep home and beg his father to forgive him; for the money he had wasted, for the work he hadn't done, for the shame he had brought on both of them. And when he had that forgiveness he would come down shamefaced to Brid and beg our forgiveness also.

The days would go by and the strangeness would be with him like a heavy weight on his back. He'd mutter to himself as he walked; outlandish words, bits of poetry, scraps of his father's stories, shouting them out sometimes in a way to scare you. And then one evening he wouldn't come to the cottage, and it would be another five, six days before we'd see him again. And each time Brid would welcome him back without a word of reproach. But I knew as time went by that it grew harder for her. Until the time came when at

last she did burst out at him and drive him away with bitter words.

By an ill-chance it was that same time that his father also refused to forgive him any further.

Tomas was a warm man, who had been saving a little each year since his first marriage, but Fergus's drinking was threatening to consume all. No one was surprised when his father turned against him at last, under pressure from his wife and Donal, maybe. Nor were they surprised even when he declared he would leave the farm itself to Donal rather than have it wasted by Fergus.

I doubt whether Fergus himself was surprised, but it was terrible that the one day should see the only two people in the world that he loved turn against him.

He disappeared that night and for a month we didn't see him.

And then his father fell sick and the word went round that it would be his last sickness and not a long one. On the Friday night when we heard that the priest had been to him for the last rites, we went up to say goodbye and found Fergus there.

IT had grown dark outside while we were gathering, and within the kitchen my wife had fetched the lamp and lit it. And again Fergus held out his hands to Brid. "Brid," he had whispered, but even his whisper sounded like a shout in that hushed room. "Am I not even fit for you to speak to me?"

I saw his brother start forward, and his step-mother tighten her expression. Behind my shoulder I heard Brid sob, and I edged with her to the door, looking at Tomas in miserable apology that I would need to leave him at that moment.

"Don't go," pleaded Fergus. "Father," he turned idly to the dying man. "Father, tell them not to go."

"Will you be quiet!" Donal said savagely. "Didn't I beg you not to come, and didn't you swear that if you did you'd not open your mouth? Have you no respect for your own father dying? No shame nor feeling in you at all?"

Fergus looked at him as if his brother had struck him in the face. "Shame?" he said very slowly. "Feeling?" You to say that to me? You who care for nothing in the world about him except the farm he's leaving to you."

Donal hunched his shoulders, lowering his head. "The farm!" he whispered.

As his two sons shouted Tomas had tried to lift himself from the bed. For a second he stayed raised, rigid, grasping at something with his hands.

"Death is on him," someone whispered, and before the whisper was still it was the truth.

"No," whispered Fergus, "no." He laid him back on the pillow, turned unseeing eyes to Donal and to all of us. "He is dead," he said, as if the thing astonished him. And then he gave a great cry, like a woman keening, but the strangest kind of grief in it, more like anger than sorrow. Like a dreadful fury against death.

The widow stood up. "You have been good neighbors to come," she said in her cold voice when Fergus was quiet for a moment. "But now will you leave? We want no keening. The priest himself agreed with me that it should not be done. It is a pagan thing."

"Not keen for him?" muttered Fergus. "Not keen for my father? Is it pagan to show sorrow?" He lifted his arms and twisted himself this way and that as if all that had happened, all that he felt, all his misery was like a shirt of flame on him. And he shouted out suddenly: "Will you rob him even of that?"

I put my hand on his shoulder to draw him out of the house, and the other men did the same. He turned and looked at us for a moment as if he didn't know who we were, and then, with one jerk of his shoulders, he shook us off like boys and began running down the mountainside in the darkness.

He vanished then. He was not at his father's funeral. There was no word of him anywhere. And I could see that it preyed on Brid's mind that if she had answered him when he pleaded with her it might have been different.

She would sit for hours together by the fire, not stirring except to bank the turf, or do what we asked of her. Only once she said anything of Fergus.

"He'll not come back now," she said. "I must get used to being alone."

"Another man will love you, and more truly."

She drew her fingers down her stained cheek and throat, turned that side of her face to the light of the fire. "What man would want me? And I want none but him. He never minded my face—"

"Hush," I whispered. "Hush, heart of my breast."

At that, she knelt down beside me and began to cry against my heart. I smoothed her hair and we stayed so for a long time, until her mother came out from the bedroom and I was ashamed.

"Wet the tea now, and enough of foolishness," I ordered her. I lifted my head. "What's that?" I said. "Do you hear shouting?"

I went to the door and looked out. Up the mountainside I saw what looked like burning. "It's the Manahans," I said. "I think their rick is afire—" I began to run, and heard Brid behind me. After a hundred yards I fell in with Felim Rowan, also running. "What's up?" I asked. "Fergus," he answered. "He's up destroying all about him, and the Guards are called."

I could see the fire by then, and men shouting and cursing as they fought. About six of them, near neighbors of Donal's, wrestling with Fergus at the door of the farmhouse. Not only the rick was burning but the thatch of the house itself, and other men were beating at it with sacks and flinging buckets of water on it. I ran to join them, but out of the corner of my eye I saw Brid run to Fergus.

"Come away from him," I shouted, but she didn't heed me.

"Fergus," she was calling. "Fergus!" He stopped fighting when he heard her voice and the men round him took a solid grasp of his arms and legs.

I saw that the thatch was under control and went after Brid. Fergus was looking at her, the fight gone out of him now and very strangely he hadn't the face of a drunken man. Of a sick man rather, or a tortured man. "Brid," he whispered. "Can you understand?"

Donal came prancing in front of them, his voice almost a shriek of anger. "Understand? It's easy enough to understand, destroying what you can't have. But you'll pay for it. You'll pay so dear

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The Last Dance

THIS, the last dance, was as bad as the first, Antonia decided. Indeed it was almost worse in a way. At the beginning they had all been together, twelve equally bewildered young girls put to swim in an unknown social sea.

Now it was different. Beginning in October, the Marchesa who ran this finishing school in Florence had given a number of Sunday tea dances at which each girl had managed to pair off, socially speaking, with a suitable young man.

From then on she had been free to go to an occasional afternoon concert with him, and later to sit in the darker corners of the large drawing-room and giggle and whisper

in halting Italian, while an indulgent chaperon looked on.

All the girls had achieved this somehow, with the exception of Antonia. She had been left to go to concerts with the Marchesa, and had to sit in the drawing-room alone, pretending to read a book.

When they had arrived at the school together, the girls had looked all very much the same. Between seventeen and eighteen years old, that is to say, with smooth cheeks and soft unset hair, and not as slim as they would be later when dieting and an increased

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"Allow me to introduce myself,"
the stranger said to Antonia.

By **NANCY PEARSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

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PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS AT BOTTOM OF ENTRY.

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- There is no limit to the number of entries per person, but only one entry is to be made per wrapper (or sheet).
- Prizes will be awarded to the best entries in the Judges' opinion. Where of equal merit, neatness will be taken into account.
- Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of Woolworths Ltd. and Motel Federation of Australia Ltd.
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A place for Jimmy

FOR some time KATHIE and ALLAN THOMAS had taken their ten-year-old twins, STEVE and BARNABY, and their younger daughter, SUSAN, to the same holiday resort, up the coast from New York. This time, rising early on the first day, Allan had walked down to the beach where he met a boy about the same age as his twins. Completely unimpressed, the boy introduced himself as JIMMY SCHUYLER, saying he had gone to holiday camps before, but this time he was with his mother and her new husband.

That night Kathie and Allan take the boys to the nearby lodge for dinner. Jimmy is there with his mother, MILLIE, and her husband, FRANZ KREUTZER. They are surprised to find Millie is an old college friend of Kathie's. While the boys play in the game room, the Thomases join the Kreutzers, and Millie chatters impulsively. This is her third marriage, and it is clearly noticeable she is now devoting herself to Franz to the exclusion of Jimmy.

As the holidays pass, Jimmy spends a deal of time with the twins. He is a child who excels at everything. Trying to compete with him, the twins find themselves in difficulties, and this causes much discord in the family. Allan has to go to the city, and before he returns the next weekend Millie leaves Jimmy with Kathie, as she and Franz want to go on a trip.

On his return Kathie tells Allan, Barnaby has a broken collarbone, because Jimmy has pushed him. It is a very tense little Jimmy who is waiting to be punished. His tenseness turns to bewilderment when both Allan and Kathie treat the matter quietly and with kindness. NOW READ ON:



The Thomases and Franz stood back as Millie embraced her son Jimmy.

Of course, Jimmy's mother and Franz Kreutzer did not return that weekend, nor the following. Instead, Millie phoned Kathie with elaborate excuses and, despite my impatience, I said nothing. I suppose I should have known, should have seen where we were being carried — and perhaps in some dim way I did, in that vague disquiet which I had never fully examined or defined.

Actually, it was Jimmy himself who disarmed us. He was in so many ways attractive and admirable, and I think both Kathie and I felt a secret pride that Jimmy evidently had chosen us as the adults he most would like to trust — there was a special gentleness now in Kathie's face when she spoke of him.

And with us, Jimmy in turn was becoming more and more his true age, a child with a hundred dependencies which he was only beginning to discover and admit. Yet a threat forever imminent, I now realise, hung over us during those weeks — a threat that did not become nakedly clear until mid-August, nearly a month after Jimmy had come to spend just a few days with us.

The family had spent a pleasant Saturday afternoon at the annual midsummer bazaar on the lawn of the local church. For the most part, I had wandered idly about, carrying Susan or pushing her in the stroller while Kathie and Sarah examined the handicraft displays.

Steve and Barnaby and Jimmy had disappeared instantly on arrival, swaggering off like pirates to sack a town. From time to time afterwards I would encounter them munching popcorn as they trotted along, or at one of the booths throwing darts at balloons or laboriously turning the handles of the homemade ice-cream freezers for the privilege of licking the paddle.

At last in the late afternoon we took the children home, and, after we had showered and changed, Kathie and I retreated to the living-room for a few moments of quiet. "Drink?" I asked Kathie.

"Love it," she said. I made two highballs, carried them over to the windowed alcove at the front of the living-room, where Kathie was gazing out over the swimming cove toward the sea. She took her glass and smiled as she leaned back and stretched her legs. "I really think I shall give up bazaars. How can one get so tired just looking at needlework?"

"The boys enjoyed it," I said. "And it looks like Barnaby's back on the team."

"The team?"

Concluding our dramatic two-part serial by **THEODORE STRAUSS**

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To keep —or not to?

MRS. MCGUIRE is right when she says it is silly to keep cabinets full of china and never use it. The same as I find it terribly silly to have one room in the house always spick-and-span, with the family never allowed in, because it is only for those special visitors. I use everything and every room. After all, my home is for myself and my family.

£1/1/- to Erna Plant, Grenfell, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
LONG ago I had an inherent tendency to guard jealously my cherished treasures in a display cabinet. I came to realise the error of doing this when I read an article called "Possess Your Possessions." I decided to do just that, and have given infinitely greater pleasure to my friends and myself.

£1/1/- to "Never Too Late" (name supplied), Hobart.

★ ★ ★
POSSIBLY Mrs. McGuire's mother just enjoys having her lovely china. I have a teaset, given to me as a wedding gift more than 30 years ago—and never used. To me it is something to treasure and admire, partly because I could not afford to replace it and partly because the much-loved donor is no longer alive. Should a guest inadvertently break one of the pieces, it would matter. If something less precious is broken, I can say happily, "Forget it, it doesn't matter at all."

£1/1/- to "Point of View" (name supplied), Blackbeath, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
I DEAL in a small way in old china and antiques and do my selling by displaying the pieces in a cabinet. Folks come into the shop and just gaze at the lovely things. I have been told frequently that they get a thrill just looking. The beauty does something for them. They often say, "Oh, I'd love to be able to afford that, though, of course, I would not use it. I would only look at it as often as I felt like it." Maybe if Mrs. McGuire's mother had used those teaset, and if some pieces had been broken, this might have almost broken her heart.

£1/1/- to "I.D.L." (name supplied), Henley Beach, S.A.

★ ★ ★
NO, do not use treasured heirlooms, but keep them safely to be admired for years to come. If we use our handsome tea services there will be no "heirlooms" for our grand-daughters to be proud of. Thirty years ago a beautiful hand-painted teaset came to me, the third generation. It was 120 years old and quite perfect, except that one of the dozen cups was missing. Alas, three were cracked and another broken at the parties of rejoicing when loved ones returned after peace was restored at home in England. Thus years of admiration ended!

£1/1/- to "W.B." (name supplied), Warriewood, N.S.W.



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● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Prince charming

I, TOO, have a copy of the letter the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) sent to the schoolchildren of Australia. As a child, I lived in Melbourne for 12 years before returning to England in 1923. I have wonderful memories of the Prince's visit. I lost my heart that day to that young, charming man, and I, too, wish he could know how we all loved and cheered him.

I now live in Hertfordshire, quite close to Lord Dudley's estate, where the Duke often stays. I have never seen him; but when I hear shooting, I like to think of him there hunting and of the happier days in Australia. I have one big ambition: to revisit Melbourne and Sydney.

£1/1/- to Evelyn C. Jennings, Kings Langley, Herts.

Well-travelled copy

MY daughter migrated to New South Wales more than 18 months ago and now lives at Ashfield. I am a receptionist in a big London hospital, and there are quite a few assorted magazines lying around. The other day a copy of *The Australian Women's Weekly* turned up, very dog-eared, and I picked it up to skim through. I became deeply interested in the, to me, unusual stories and pictures—and on the letter page I saw a letter you had published from my daughter. I shed a little tear, I don't mind telling you. I'm writing to ask my daughter to send me a copy every week.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jessie Allman, London.

Still going strong

MY neighbor went to see the doctor about the pains in her chest that came after pushing the lawn mower around all morning or scrubbing the floors. He looked at her sternly and asked, "I suppose you chop the wood, too?" "Of course," she said, "how else can I keep the stove and copper going?" She told me she admitted to being 85, but added, "If I told him my real age, he'd retire me to a wheelchair. As it was, he only told me to ease up a little."

£1/1/- to E. Hovey, Cairns, North Qld.

Real perseverance

IN reply to "Thumb-sucking Baby," I'd say let him continue, it won't do him any harm. When a child, I had mustard, bitter aloes, pepper, etc., on my thumb—as well as my hand tied up in a glove. I still found a way, and twice while I was in hospital recently I was told that the sister often pulled my thumb out of my mouth. Not bad for a great-grandmother of 68, unconscious of it all!

£1/1/- to "Comfort" (name supplied), Woollahra, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY voice was raised in anger. "Come and sweep up this mess at once," I yelled.

I also made a few comments on the behaviour of the delinquent in question.

At the time my wife was next door borrowing some flour. When she came back she looked disturbed.

"I could hear every word you said just now," she said. "It must be the acoustics or something. Voices from our place are amplified and sent next door. They must have heard some pretty fruity things."

On the other hand, we can't hear much of what is going on in their place. I don't know who is worse off. We have less privacy; they get more noise.

I believe it is normal for members of a family to shout at each other occasionally. As long as they don't overdo it, it is a safety valve. It is better than bottling up their feelings and suddenly hitting someone on the head.

But nobody likes to think that these disputes are broadcast to the whole neighborhood. Nor is it much

OVER THE FENCE

fun for the neighbors, who are the audience.

Architects ought to look into this. They spend enough time thinking up outdoor living areas and dream kitchens and split-level bedrooms.



But they pay little or no attention to soundproofing.

People of an argumentative type who are thinking of buying a house should test its acoustics first. I shall explain how to do this.

One of them goes in next door to listen. The other—it can be either husband or wife—stands in the kit-

chest of the house under inspection and calls out these test sentences:

"You kids are driving me up the wall!"

"We can't go on like this!"

"Turn that darn radio down!"

"If you feel like that you can go and jump in the lake!"

"Be quiet, you little wretch!"

"Test concluded."

It is harder to check on the battle cries that come from the neighbors unless they happen to be in glorious voice while you are inspecting the house.

Party noises are a special matter. They are unpredictable.

In my experience, the most sedate and quiet neighbors sometimes give a party that raises the roof. Bedlam-like noises keep you awake till nearly 2 a.m. Voices yell: "Wedge put the opener, Phyl?" etc.

The best policy is to suffer in silence. The time will probably come when you give a party, and the boot is on the other foot.

Personally, I can't complain. After what our neighbors put up with in the peak period of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones they are entitled to a bit of fun.



LANA TURNER

If at first you don't succeed

● After her sixth wedding, which took place in June, actress Lana Turner said: "It was simple and so beautiful. Tears ran down my cheeks."

It's nice to cry at weddings—

("She's such a lovely bride")

Though those who marry often

Should take it in their stride,

But some are extra lucky,

Their faith is fast restored,

They're gifted with a talent

For never staying bored.

And when they make a promise

(Repeated through the years)

They make it newly minted

And washed with happy tears.

Though sometimes when they're saying

"Till death (or circs.) do part"

They lightly cross the fingers

Of that hand upon the heart.

— Dorothy Drain

Won't "break" a big note

WHEN I cashed my tax refund cheque the bank-teller asked, "How would you like it?" I asked for "A fiver so I won't spend it"—and got a look that plainly asked me why I'd cashed the cheque in the first place if I didn't want to spend the money. I find the larger the note the less tendency I have to change it and splurge on little unnecessary things because "they only cost a few bob."

£1/1/- to "Ewad" (name supplied), Elizabeth North, S.A.

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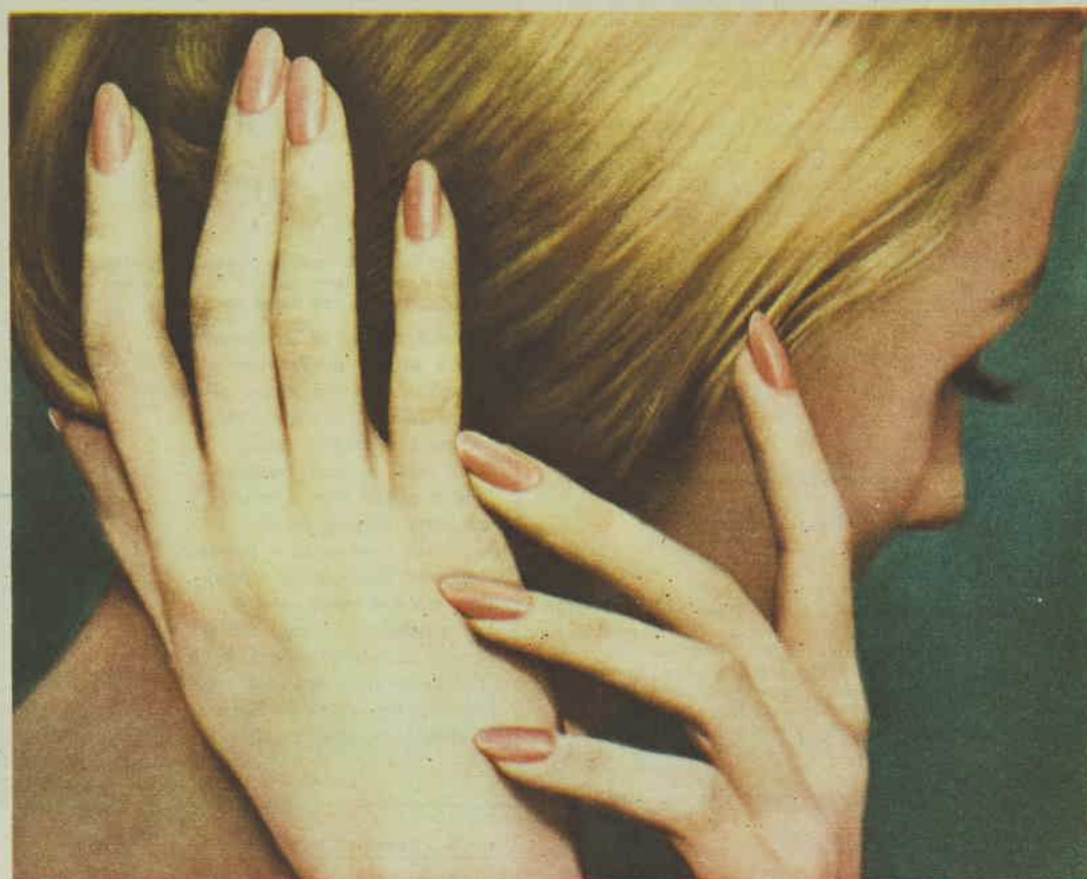
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*MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If you are not satisfied with Skin Dew Hand Cream return it to the store where you bought it. Stores and Pharmacies are authorized to refund full cash price.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, July 14, 1960

From page 13

"Yes, sir. You were called over to the Exchange and won't be back today."

Peter smiled his thanks. "And please tell Mr. Reynolds when he comes in that I'll see him at the party." Peter stuck the papers on his desk in a drawer, grabbed his hat and coat, and made his exit through a side door.

FOR several minutes after Peter's telephone call, Judy lay there thinking.

Three years ago today! Wasn't that pink-cheeked minister nervous? More nervous than Peter! And Peter was more nervous than I was. Bill Reynolds wasn't nervous. He didn't shake at all. He just kept looking at me and I could see he was watching for me to do something silly — like fainting.

Then it was over and Peter had kissed her happily, proudly; and big, clumsy Bill Reynolds had reached out awkwardly to take her in an embrace which showed he had been merely a "best man's" greeting.

"Bill! Good old Bill. Dear, steady, regular old Bill!"

"Sure, big, clumsy, unromantic, unnecessary old Bill," he said, trying to laugh.

Peter pulled away from a crowd of pretty faces angling to reach his lips, whirled around, and looked at them happily.

"I wish she could have married us both, Bill," Peter said sincerely.

"My only complaint is that I lose you both," returned Bill.

"Bill," said Judy, deeply affected. "Don't be so darned swell! I want you to be wild — jealous — furiously jealous!"

The picture faded and left Judy warm and contented. It did seem a shame that she couldn't have married both of them so Bill could be as happy as Peter. But he hadn't really lost them — of all the people in the world, there was none quite like Bill.

There was a time when I didn't know whether I was going to be able to make up my mind between Peter and Bill. It wasn't that I chose Peter over Bill. It was that somehow or other — I was always able to resist Bill — but there just ain't no resisting that Lansdowne guy —

Judy shivered.

Why did I ask all those people up for the weekend?

JUDY'S friends were typical New Yorkers — not exactly typical either — perhaps typical bedlam New Yorkers. If she had picked them from the Bronx Zoo they could not have been of a stranger variety. They had money, but everybody had money. They drank like several kinds of fishes and had hangovers exactly like shoe salesmen and streetcar conductors.

Vance Stephens and his women — some day one will hook him. Sally isn't much better. Only she's been married. Mrs. Sally Everett! A beautiful little devil, if ever I saw one! Now, where did I meet her? Oh, yes! At the Infernal Guild Bazaar with Peggy Allendale and Ethel Boettiger — they're swell, too — I think it's time Peggy got married to — to someone like Bill — no! If Bill should marry — I wouldn't have any more Bill — or maybe I could have them both then. Now if Sally got Bill, I'd

really be jealous. Terribly jealous! She's too — I wonder if she has as nice a figure as I have? I doubt it —

Judy gave an angry little wrench of her shoulders and head and turned over on her side.

She's a damned little hussy! Why did I invite her out? — the way she's on the make for Peter —

Then there's Edward and May Monteith — Edward's one of the best surgeons in New York City. And Hank and Wilma Bestor. They're all so regular — drunks, yes — so are George and Hester — but they do have so much fun getting tight.

Judy stretched her arms above her head and yawned.

And every damned one of them will be here for the weekend! —

ALLEN and Ethel Boettiger followed a taxicab into the drive and managed to prevent Vance Stephens from falling on his face as he poured himself out of it in front of the Lansdowne's steps.

They carried him up the

steps and threw him in the broad hall.

"We didn't bring this," Allen said hastily.

"It dropped in front of our car just as we drew up," Ethel put in. "Unwrap it — it may be the evening paper."

Peter looked it over.

"Afraid I don't recognise it," he said. "But bring it in and give it a cocktail."

Judy came up and broke into gales of laughter.

They had a round of cocktails. Others arrived. They had another round of cocktails.

All were sitting at the dinner table when Bill Reynolds arrived. He sauntered in as casually as he was ever able to enter Judy's presence.

Sally Everett shook a blond curl out of her eye, ran to him, and threw her arms tightly around his neck.

"Oh, Bill! I couldn't have waited another minute!" She drew his cheek down to hers. "Thought you'd never get here."

Bill unclasped her arms. "Know me well enough for this?" he teased.

"Heavens!" she squealed. "It's the second time I've met you!"

Judy left the table to greet him. "Turn him loose, Sally, and give the rest of us a chance." To Bill she said: "This doesn't go with the dinner —" pointing to Sally — "it's extra."

Bill took the honor seat next to Judy and captured a drink.

"That guy always gets the seat next to you, Judy," cried Vance mournfully. "What's he got that I can't deliver?"

Judy said: "That's Bill's place. I almost married him, once."

"And would have, too," declared Reynolds grimly, "if Pete hadn't snatched you away from me."

"Bill's the best pal a gal ever hoped to have," said Judy. "Furthermore, I think there should be two men in every girl's life — with reservations, of course."

Hank Bestor pounded the table with his hand.

"And my philosophy — as well as private opinion — is that there should be two women in every man's life —

without reservations!" Fortified with four cocktails, he was able to look blandly at his wife across the table.

"Right, honey?"

Wilma did not answer him. "Which reminds me," said George Van Buren, "that we're here to celebrate an occasion."

"What occasion?" asked Vance blandly. "Waterloo?"

Judy looked at him side-long. "No dirty digs, please, on my wedding anniversary."

"I think we should have a toast," continued George.

Vance got unsteadily to his feet and raised his cocktail glass waveringly. "To the bliss that glorifies and satisfies and multiplies — and, incidentally, horseflies!" And fell down into his chair.

Suddenly Peter yelled from the other end of the table. "I forgot!" He ducked for the swinging door and was back in a short minute holding it open for a long, black, sleek-haired dachshund, which ambled proudly into the room.

"Go to your mistress, Dutchman!" commanded Peter.

Following the direction of Peter's finger, the dog glided

were times when he wanted to cry out "Bravo!" in spite of the gnawing envy in his heart. He always consoled himself unsatisfactorily by saying over and over again that Peter — not he — was the right man for Judy. This magnificently self-sacrificial mood never lasted for more than an instant, for it would be blotted out with the lingering memories of Judy when she was free and he was one of the images in her mind.

A hand clapped him smartly on the back. Sally.

"There are females in this room, you dope!" she hissed melodramatically. "I think I might even be classed as one of them!"

WHEN Judy opened her eyes the next morning Peter had already dressed and gone. Her head must even look lopsided, the way it felt. In the bathroom she found the Bromo-seltzer. It helped — a little — to clear her brain.

Despite the slight headache, she felt warm and happy.

Downstairs, she found Peter, Bill, Hank Bestor, and Sally at the breakfast table

quarrelling feebly over sections of the morning paper.

"I hate you all," said Judy cheerfully.

She was still surveying her ham and eggs with a glazed eye when Wilma, Allen, and Ethel, Peggy, and the Monteiths, with George and Hester trailing, approached the table with facial misgivings.

"No!" cried George. "They eat here!"

The groans, supposedly humorous, were founded on fact.

Peter looked up. "You'll feel rotten all day unless you dilute that whisky stomach with food."

Bill looked anxiously at Judy. "I hope we don't have to start drinking again unless we want to," he said with some naive concern. "Because I want to — and shouldn't."

"There's the tennis court for them that wants it," Judy said hospitably, "and the stables will accommodate five, unless you want to ride double. And if you don't like these suggestions, you'll have

dime'll get you a dollar, I can beat you to the crossing!"

"I'll take a quarter's worth," he called back. And Sally, who had selected a competent chestnut mare, jerked on the reins. The mare instantly displayed a spurt of speed, and Sally knew she had chosen the second best in Peter's stables.

In a dozen yards, Sally came abreast of Peter. He let her take the lead, then eased tension on Queenie's bridle.

"What's holding you, Peter?" Sally yelled over her shoulder. "Thought you wanted to race?"

Peter grinned. He touched Queenie lightly on the flank. She responded gallantly. With scarcely an added effort, she lengthened her stride and slowly drew abreast of the chestnut. Peter looked behind him. Bill, Wilma, and Hank were not in sight. Sally, riding as though she were a part of her horse, looking her best and thoroughly conscious of it, drew Peter's admiration.

"Nice going, Sally!" he called.

"Not so lousy yourself," she yelled back, still keeping her horse at top speed.

The earth rolled beneath them. Hoofs rattled like drum beats. On they went. Peter reached the crossroad two lengths ahead and drew rein. Sally whirled up to an abrupt stop, and to her immense surprise was almost thrown over the horse's neck in a disconcerting anticlimax.

"A graceful finale," she said, recovering with a grin. "But I always do the unexpected."

They waited for the other three to catch up, then Peter said, "I'll take you over a short cut. Two small jumps, though. Can everybody make them?"

They nodded assent.

Peter took the lead at a light gallop, down the crossroad and into an open field of short grass. Sally kept even with him.

Peter touched Queenie with his cropper and she sailed over the first jump lightly. The others followed with no difficulty.

"Nice riding!" Peter exclaimed enthusiastically. "The next one has a little brook on the other side. Jump clear!"

They shot across the field. The barrier rose up before them. Peter reined to the right to give Sally, close beside him, more than enough



Peter's head, softly swabbing away the steadily flowing scarlet stream.

"Peter!" cried Sally hysterically, tears pouring down her face. "Please wake up! you can't — you mustn't be hurt!"

Peter was limp, silent, motionless.

Bill was suddenly in a panic. He tested Peter's pulse. It was weak.

"We've got to get him to the house," he said shakily. "I'm afraid it's bad! Hold him until I get on my horse."

JUDY was standing at the living-room window. She saw a group approaching oddly toward the house.

That's funny! They look like cavalry soldiers in the funeral procession of the late King of Casara in the newsreels. There's an empty saddle — somebody's quit cold entirely! It would be that Sally, of course. The little — why, where's Peter? Somebody's leading Queenie! And that's Bill! And he's carrying somebody! It's Peter!

Dr. Monteith was moving through the hall. "It's Peter!" he cried. "Hold on to yourself, Judy. It's just a fall. Probably hurt a leg."

"Bill! Bill! What is it? He isn't —?" she cried frantically.

"Queenie failed to make the last fence," Bill said tersely. "Pete got a smack on the bean. Don't think it's serious. Keep your head, Judy!"

Friendly hands lifted Peter gently from Bill's aching arms and carried him into the house.

"To our bedroom," said Judy to George and Edward, who held him. She braced herself gamely. "Rest of you better stay down here for a

A gargoyle — clad in a towel

to take plain vanilla — or rub it out and draw it over again."

"Make mine strawberry, and I'll take a gallon," whooped Vance, sailing down on them like a gargoyle. In one hand he was holding together a towel which was the only — and unsatisfactory — covering for his otherwise undressed body. His arms and legs were still wet from a shower.

The breakfast crowd gasped at the comical figure, then roared.

"Out of my sight! I faint easily!" shouted Sally.

Judy smiled. "We're broad-minded, Vance, but would I be criticised for suggesting a safety-pin?"

PETER turned in his saddle and waved to the four riders bringing up the rear. "Come on, drunks! Give the 'osses a break!"

"Who's riding this horse, you or me?" shouted Sally, wild blond hair blowing. "A

space for the leap. He didn't see the small brown rabbit jump out of a thicket directly before Queenie. She, frightened, shied sharply at the take-off. Her forelegs hit the top rail. Peter flew off into the air, his body turning slowly. He landed on his head on the bank of the stream. There were rocks there. Queenie, squealing with fright, struck out in the water near him. Her hoof struck Peter's temple.

Sally had cleared the bar. She leaped off her horse and ran to him. Bill, also over the jump, flung himself off, and took Peter's head in his arms. It rolled lifelessly. He was unconscious. His face was a smear of blood, welling out into his eyes.

"Pete!" Bill called fiercely. "Don't go out on us! Somebody wet a handkerchief in the brook!"

It was Hank who pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, held it under the water, and brought it dripping. Bill pressed it against

while, hadn't you?" she added to the others.

They laid him on the great double bed. Before removing Peter's clothing, smeared with blood and earth, Monteith took his heart and pulse beat. They seemed fairly regular and strong. The blood flow had stopped. Edward gave a cursory examination of the wound and then made an improvised bandage. He applied a bottle of spirits of ammonia to Peter's nose, but there was no sign of returning consciousness.

After an interminable con of silence, Monteith said quietly, "Judy, I'm afraid he has a fracture of the skull."

"What's the best thing to be done?" she asked.

Monteith did not hesitate an instant.

"Call Gerhardt at Pelham. He's nearby — and he's one of our best brain men."

"Does that mean — operate?" asked Judy evenly.

To page 30

New from Simpson: Styleline!

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13 cu. ft., 2-door

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Signature doors are available on the giant 14 cu. ft. and the 2-door auto-defrost models. Both available in gleaming white, too, with right or left hand doors. Also in white, the family size 12 cu. ft. auto-defrost model (right hand door), big 10 cu. ft. auto-defrost (right or left hand doors) and manual defrost 10 cu. ft. model.

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*Excepting the 10 cu. ft. manual model.

Styleline

SIMPSON 





FLOOR - LENGTH formal (left, above) in printed muslin has a luxurious fox-fur trim. Dress and matching coat (right) in printed sheer wool with dyed-to-match beige fox-fur trim.

NIGHT-LIFE, ITALIAN STYLE

● The new elegance in formal evening fashion is not confined to Paris. Today, the Italian couture is skilled in every facet of formal designing with an individual look. The choice of luxurious fabric in uninhibited colors is often the deciding factor in this individual approach. Here, three superb new looks in Italian design.

FORMAL evening separates (left): A long-sleeved white organza blouse has self-ruffle trim to match the ruffle outlining the full-length satin skirt. At the waistline a satin tie belt finished with organza rose.

PARIS SAYS BROCADE FOR AFTER-FIVE

● Brocade, startlingly beautiful in the night light, has made a big comeback in after-five fashions. Paris likes the uncompromising cut of the slickly tailored brocade suit and the dazzling luxury look of the coat-and-dress duet shown here.



SABLE has been matched to rich, glowing brocade by Dior (left) to band a straight Russian tunic coat worn over a sheath cocktail dress. Matching sable bands the brocade hat that completes the ensemble.

BROCADE BOOM is seen in these two examples of the slender restaurant suit from Nina Ricci. Notice the elegance of the longer jacket, of high double- and single-button fastenings, and of neat-as-a-pin, contrasting collar treatments.

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SAVE WORK AND MONEY. KEEP BABY DRY



From page 25

"Yes."

"Here?" "I'm afraid to have him moved, Judy. If necessary, we can improvise an operating table here. Now, will you be all right to stay with Peter while I phone the hospital?"

He returned with the news that Dr. Gerhardt was on his way over with two nurses. "Two hours from now it will be all over, Judy."

The hours dragged on, minute by minute—and the guests departed. There was no news.

Two days dragged by—and there was still no news.

A tortuous week passed—and still Doctor Gerhardt could only smile comfortingly, assure her that Peter was conscious or unconscious as the case might be, but that nothing decisive could be determined yet.

At last Judy was allowed into the room. Peter was lying in bed, great swathes of bandages covering his eyes, forehead, and hair.

"Peter!" she called softly.

"Judy, my love—" he answered. Only his lips moved.

Dr. Gerhardt cleared his throat. Judy had forgotten him entirely.

"Mrs. Lansdowne — I'm afraid we have bad news."

But Peter interrupted him. "Mrs. Lansdowne." It was an effort for him to speak.

"Mrs. Lansdowne, I'm afraid we have bad news for you—but we have good news for me. He paused to gain strength for his final words. "The fact is—we are blind!"

"Blind? Blind? Peter blind? Peter can't be blind! No—he's just kidding me. Well—I can kid, too—"

"Ve iss kur-razy!" she cried awkwardly, then drew closer to him again and stared at his lips. "What were you saying, Peter?"

"Judy! Judy!" cried Peter in a frantic sobbing appeal. "I don't care—" His voice trailed off.

"Not going to see any more?" She slumped weakly against him.

"Judy, my blessed angel, you mustn't cry. I don't mind. Really, I don't mind."

JUDY lay perfectly still staring into the darkness. "I'm alone — I'm sleeping alone — and I've never been alone — even one night since we were married — until the accident. Oh, Peter — why did this come to us? But here I am making a tragedy of it, and Doctor Gerhardt said that Peter might not be permanently blind. What was the name of the great eye specialist at Johns Hopkins? Brenner?—Doctor Gerhardt said I should take Peter there as soon as he's able to travel. Another operation — and then maybe Peter will see again. He must see again — he must — he must!"

Continuing . . . TODAY is TONIGHT . . .

NOW that they were actually embarked on this pilgrimage of hope, Judy was aware only vaguely of externals. The world and all its belongings — save only Peter — were as invisible to her as the racing panorama, outside the Pullman car window, was to the silent man with the great dark glasses covering his eyes.

In the fall of 1929, there came a time when heaven and earth seemed to meet in a long desired struggle for pre-eminence. It was a prelude to sinking or swimming for the Lilliputian subjects, when their golden ship of postwar prosperity began floundering in the waves of financial upheaval. Pandemonium spread to passengers and crew already slightly nauseated over their last gorged repast of inflated real estate, watered stocks, and countless schemes to get-rich-quick. They ran about wildly shouting "Panic! — panic!" — because it was the easiest thing to do.

The banker's lady lost her Rolls-Royce, and the installment collector snatched away Rosie O'Reilly's washing-machine. Park Avenue

I must remember — I mustn't tell Peter to be careful of the stairs. I'll show him down on this landing — damn that diagonal step. I wonder if Peter is thinking of the first night he led me into this bedroom. He made me close my eyes until we had reached the centre of the room, just the way I'm leading him now. I do hope he isn't remembering that!

When Judy came downstairs the butler gave her a memorandum. Bill had telephoned. It was imperative that she call him at the earliest possible moment.

Bill's voice was crisp as it came over the wire.

"Are you alone, Judy? I mean, can you talk freely?"

"I'm in the library downstairs, Bill, and Peter's dozing in his room. I'm afraid we haven't anything satisfactory to tell you about—" She was astonished when Bill interrupted her sharply. He sounded angry.

"Sorry, Judy. Tell me about that later. I want you to come to the office. I've got something to tell you — and it's going to take a long time. Anyway I want you to hear it

have been lost, all the firms that have gone broke—"

Judy interrupted, lifting her chin high in the air.

"Never mind that, Bill. Tell me the worst. How much have we lost?"

He stared at her. "Lost? Why, honey, if you came down here in a taxicab, you paid for it with borrowed money!"

She gasped and sank back in the chair. "Not everything?" she whispered. "Not everything?"

"Yes, everything," he answered solemnly. "We're clean! REYNOLDS AND LANSDOWNE doesn't exist."

I'm standing in this office at this moment only because the process of going into bankruptcy permits you a few days to straighten out your affairs, and in this case the straightening out consists of finding just how much you owe that you don't have!"

He's insane! Bill Reynolds has gone completely crazy — still he doesn't look crazy!

"How are we going to tell Peter, Judy?"

Peter! How am I ever going to tell Peter?

Her nerves suddenly crystallised into one cool, clear, and determined unity.

"We're not going to tell Peter!" she said, and was surprised at the steadiness of her own voice.

"That's ridiculous!" Bill said sharply.

"Peter's not going to know," she announced fiercely.

"You're crazy, Judy! If you don't tell Peter — I'll tell him myself!"

Judy looked at him coldly. "You won't!" she said emphatically. "And I'm not crazy! But you tell that poor, helpless blind darling that he hasn't got a cent in the world, and you'll have him crazy in just about one month."

Bill studied her helplessly. "Darling," he said softly, "don't you realise that there aren't going to be any more of those cheques in three and four figures slipped into Peter's bank account every Wednesday noon — and that whatever assets Peter has left are legally, at this moment, in the custody of the commissioner in charge of the bankruptcy proceedings of REYNOLDS AND LANSDOWNE?"

"He's not going to know," she said dully. "I'll work it out somehow."

Bill's hand went out in a gesture of despair. "What are you going to use for money?"

Suddenly her eyes twinkled. She had to say something quickly and get out of there.

"How the hell do I know?" she said brightly—and was gone.

JUDY had to make a confidant of Albert when she first got back to Westchester. She had gone to the dignified servant, whose personal demeanor was so tactful that never once in three years had his face shown the veriest hint of disapproval over late hours or raucous dinner-table conversation; she pledged him to a course of diplomacy where Peter was concerned. No servant was to speak to Peter unless they were warned not to mention recent events.

She turned up the stairs and paused for a second with her hand on the knob of their bedroom door. She was ready to give five years of her life if the opening door would reveal Peter in any other mood than the disconsolate one he had fallen into since their return from the hospital.

But Peter sat tightly in his chair by the fireplace. With a quick summoning of

When Wall Street crashed

limousines began unloading in front of pawn shops and second-hand stores. In the Bowery streets, frozen stiff were picked up and dumped unceremoniously in the morgues. Crime became rampant.

Each day added new casualties to business firms, most of which had been flying with no landing gear.

Bill Reynolds, carrying the top-heavy load of REYNOLDS AND LANSDOWNE on his single pair of shoulders, played politics and poker like a veteran to stave off certain disaster. It was heartbreaking to watch the continued dwindling of values, and that final thud which depleted his financial resources and those of Peter Lansdowne.

No news from outside leaked into the white-enamelled room where Peter lay while the great Dr. Brenner probed his fate. Judy had had no idea of the passage of time.

When Dr. Brenner had summoned her to his office in the hospital, Judy's spirits leaped into the skies. But from the first dozen words of his gentle, considerate preamble she knew the worst.

How she had summoned courage to tell Peter the inevitable truth, how they had left the hospital, how they had reached this train, Judy could not possibly remember. Constantly before her eyes was the terrifying picture of Peter's face, and ringing in her ears his words: "Blind! Forever! Why didn't I die!"

Coming back to Westchester, climbing out of the car in front of the lovely Elizabethan house that still seemed substantial, brought Judy the first feeling of reality she had had in many days. There was the reassuring solidity of things — this great carved oak door. She put out her hand to touch it as she guided Peter into the house.

The butler's glance flickered quickly from Peter's face to her own, and he caught the look of warning in her eyes, drawn and weary. Being a good butler, he voiced his greeting to his master in carefully modulated accents of formality.

Judy led Peter toward the stairway.

here — away from — you know—"

"Why, of course, Bill," she said blankly. "If it's that important — I'll —"

"Make it eleven o'clock."

Click. Bill had hung up.

BILL started in astonishment when Judy came into his office. Only he and, he thought grimly, the Peter of a month ago, would have noticed the subtle differences in her face. Her mouth was firmer. Her eyes were more intense, the blue-black color had a vague gleam. The outline of her face was more slender. He gave her a swift, appraising glance to estimate the degree to which tragedy had loosened her. No, a stranger would not have noticed anything.

Judy studied Bill's haggard face.

What's happened to Bill? He looks years older. He looks as if he hadn't been to bed all night — that is, his face shows it — but his clothes look as if he had been in bed all night without undressing. He hasn't even shaved —

"Here I am, Bill," she said evenly. "From your voice over the telephone, I half expected to find Wall Street had been wiped out in a tidal wave. I didn't notice any falling buildings or any bodies washed up on the beach."

"Heavens, Judy! Haven't you heard? Can't you read?"

"No, Bill," she said slowly, "we just haven't been reading very much."

He winced. Wasn't it possible to say something that wouldn't be converted by Judy's harassed mind into terms of Peter's disaster?

"I'm no good at this sort of thing. But bluntly, Judy — a tidal wave has hit Wall Street, and you and I — and Peter — are just bodies washed up on the sand!"

Judy looked up apprehensively.

"You mean — we've taken a beating in the market?" she asked anxiously.

"There ain't any more market!" he cried feebly. "There ain't any more we! The bottom dropped out of the whole business, and then the business caved in. I could go on for hours and tell you all the billions of dollars that

all her resources, Judy decided on a new procedure to break down his bitter introspection.

"What do you think I did today?" she asked gaily as she dropped to the floor beside his chair, folding both arms around him.

"What, dear?" Peter's voice was expressionless.

Judy rattled on. "I had an affair with a prize fighter!" She said boldly and watched his face closely for some recognition of the old formula. There was none.

"Don't look so blasé," she taunted desperately. "It was at high noon at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue!"

Peter was staring straight ahead. He seemed not to have heard. "Would you hand me a cigarette?" he asked quietly. "I haven't any left."

There — I've failed again! Why didn't I have sense enough to realise that if he didn't have anything else to do — he'd smoke twice as many cigarettes as usual?

She had lighted a cigarette for him, carefully making sure there was no lipstick on the end nor the paper wet, as he had always abhorred.

There was a knock on the door.

"Albert?" called Peter.

"Mrs. Lansdowne, if you please?" came Albert's accents through the door.

"Come in," said Peter, when Judy made no answer.

"If you please, Mrs. Lansdowne, Bertha is ill," he said, with implications.

Having conferred with the cook but ten minutes before, Judy did not need Albert's expression to tell her it was a subterfuge.

She hurried as far as the landing of the great staircase before she turned questioning toward the servant.

"Mr. Reynolds is downstairs. He asked for Mr. Lansdowne."

Bill did not hear Judy's approach. When she touched him on the arm, he turned toward her and sickened at the grieving impotency showing in her face.

"Hello, Bill. What do you want to see Peter for?" she demanded.

Bill squirmed. "I've got to tell Peter about the business!" he said stolidly. "Peter's my pal, and more than that, Peter's my partner. I'd want him to tell me. And more than that, Judy, I've got to tell Peter for your sake. You can't get away with it. I never knew anything good to come out of kidding somebody along for his own sake. It's only a boomerang for the liar, and in the long run it doesn't make it any better for the poor devil you're trying to help!"

"Bill!" she whispered. "Don't do it! Leave it to me! I'll —" The words ceased suddenly.

She had been right about that diagonal step on the hall landing. If the architect had followed her advice and eliminated it, it would not have been there now to squeak under the weight of a foot which could not create an audible footstep because it was encaused in a soft-soled slipper. The foot was feeling its way to the disputed step.

"Peter!" called Judy frantically. "It's Bill! I was just coming up to tell you he was here."

"Why — Bill, you dirty so-and-so!" came Peter's voice.

Bill was speechless. He could only stride across the room, pound Peter on the back, take hold of his hand and shoulder, and bring him forward into the room with a friendly awkwardness.

Peter spoke slowly. "Where have you been, fella?"

Judy interrupted quickly. "The doctor said not even Bill — you remember, Peter?"

Peter said he didn't want to see Bill! Wouldn't let Bill come here even though I suggested it a dozen times. Maybe Peter's changed!

"Well," said Peter. "How's business, you old reprobate?"

The dynamite bomb had been thrown. Judy whirled to face Bill.

"Well," he said loudly enough to lend some slight bravado, "you see, Peter — I've got something to tell you about the business —"

"Why the merry hell are you stalling?" Peter was Peter again, thought Judy. "What's the matter? Haven't you been able to handle a lot of dumb customers while I was away?"

"There isn't any more business, Peter."

"No more business? Sure — and I'm Lady Godiva!"

Judy took an involuntary step forward.

I can't think! I've got to think! I've got to do something, even if it's to scream and rave and make them think I've lost my mind! —

Bill figuratively shut his eyes and dived off the cliff into darkness. "There isn't any more REYNOLDS AND LANDSDOWNE!" he said harshly.

"Wait a minute!" Judy almost screamed. "Bill's trying to tell you —"

"What happened to the business?" Peter asked coldly. "Nobody could ruin it entirely in this time!"

Judy's heart sank completely.

"Bill's kidding, Peter," she laughed wildly, "because he's trying to tell you—that is—there really isn't any more REYNOLDS AND LANDSDOWNE because—because—because Bill got a swell offer and—sold the business so that we can all retire—and—she finished much too lamely for her own comfort, "you won't have to work any more."

Peter's body was rigid. His face was blank. "You couldn't sell me out! What's going on here? You both sound as if you were screwy!"

Judy knew she had Bill temporarily at a loss when his face turned helplessly to her. She pursued her advantage desperately.

"Easy, old palsy-walsy," she said as carelessly as she dared. "You gave Bill a power of attorney, didn't you?"

Peter took a quick step in the direction of her voice. His knee toppled over an end table, and an ashtray slid to the floor.

"Judy!" said Peter accus-

ingly. "I don't get this! I need that business more than ever now. There's something going on here—and you seem to be in on it. Maybe you'll tell me what you let him sell out for?"

From the corner of her eyes, Judy saw that Bill had gathered momentum for another plunge.

"For a—for a—half million dollars!" she cried, to forestall him.

"Half a million!" Peter was calculating. "That'd be two hundred and fifty thousand each. At five percent—" his voice rose sharply and its anger was not unmixed with panic. Why, the two of you are stark raving nuts! We

can't live on 250 dollars a week!"

Bill suddenly found his voice. "Look here, Peter," he began awkwardly. "I've got to tell you—"

"You shut up, and I'll tell you!" This was the old Peter too — the Peter that Judy had only seen in truly great anger once before, the Peter that Judy had always prayed would never direct that harsh cutting tone at her. "You've sold me down the river, you dirty, double-crossing swine—"

His voice sunk into sarcasm that shrivelled Bill's heart and made Judy clutch her side with a painful gasp.

This is an awful thing — to crucify Bill — like this, but it's got to be — I've sold him to the cross — and he's got to stay there! —

But there was no need for her to add another scene to the drama. Bill was incapable of speech. Without a word, he stumbled out to the hall, and fumbled nervously for his hat.

A slim hand picked it up. Bill's eyes followed the hand up an arm and shoulder and looked again full into Judy's face — and had he just committed a cold-blooded murder for her, now he would have been repaid.

Then he pulled himself roughly away, and even before Judy could turn, she heard the slam of the front door, the sharp click of the starter engaging the motor, the roar of the engine, the crunch of tyres on gravel, the whine and clash of the gears —

Mechanically she turned toward the living-room. It took her 20 full seconds to realise that the room was empty. The knowledge brought a strange, unreasoning terror. Then came the dull sound of a crash from the small library beyond. In a flash she knew that this was not an ordinary sound. She ran to the arched doorway.

A tall torchiere was lying on the floor, and Peter was fumbling blindly for the drawer of the desk. Before Judy could reach him, he pulled it so furiously that it tumbled to the carpet, scattering its contents over the floor. Judy leaped to him as Peter dropped to his knees. But her hands were faster. She plucked the revolver from beneath his fingers, tossed it away, and grabbed Peter hysterically.

"Peter!" she cried wildly. "You cut out the comedy! Anybody but me would've thought you meant that!"

"You get the hell out of here and let me alone!" said Peter brutally.

"Let you alone! Why! You're helpless alone!" she said fervently. "If I let you alone, how are you going to find the gun to blow your brains out?"

"God Almighty, Judy, let

The invisible half-million dollars

me alone!" he said in a frantic voice.

She was down on the floor beside him now, trying to hold him so tightly in her arms that she could suffuse him with some of her own strength. She had so much. The warmth of her body penetrated even his frigid heart.

She felt his head move closer to hers. When his face pressed itself tightly, when her cheek beneath his eyes grew damp and warm, she knew that, whether or not she had won him back to a love of life, she had not completely lost the fight.

"It's a hell of a steep hill, Judy — and I don't know whether I can make the grade."

"I WANT to pawn some bracelets," Judy had made up her mind to speak boldly, calmly, but she was astonished by the humility of her own words.

The doleful little man looked at her over the counter and smiled crookedly.

"You and everybody else," he said pleasantly. "Let's see —"

Judy fumbled nervously with the clasp of her handbag,

hurrying to pour out on the scarred counter the glittering ensemble that girls of her group referred to as "loot."

They truly might have been popcorn, judging by the supercilious indifference with which the man examined them.

"How much do you expect?" he asked after an interminable examination.

Judy looked at him squarely. "I want ten thousand dollars," she said, and this time her voice was firm with determination. Ten thousand dollars would lop off, with one clean sweep of its magic sabre, the really frightening items on the long list of obligations that had swarmed on her since the nonexistence of REYNOLDS

AND LANDSDOWNE had ended Peter's weekly cheque. A weekly cheque, she thought. It had been so casual and unimportant — until it had stopped coming.

"That's all you want," the lean philanthropist was saying. "Well, lady, all you want is ten thousand dollars — and all I want is to have back my boy that is buried in Belleau Wood."

IT had not been easy — relinquishing the lovely Westchester home for this apartment on East Sixty-third Street. Judy had been staggered when she learned that the country house, instead of being any kind of an asset, was a complete liability. It was only one of 1000 such homes, and some of the owners were actually trying to give their properties away to escape mortgage interest, taxes, and upkeep.

The horses, the Duesenberg, and the Ford station wagons — the furniture not being needed for these four rooms — had gone the way of her jewellery.

They were without even one servant now. There had been Hedwig, stout, comfortable maid-of-all-work. Hedwig's consideration for Peter had grown in a fortnight to an obsession. She would have liked Peter more only if he

had been lacking both arms and legs. She followed him around with such gruesome joy in his affliction that Peter finally exploded.

There were no more servants after Hedwig. Judy felt a kind of fierce joy in the fact that she was actually cooking and cleaning for her man. The actual labor brought her satisfaction in that she was depriving herself of some attributes of their former existence, even as Peter was doing without sight.

The demise of the telephone had occurred when Judy was in the shower. Peter had shown some spark of his old resiliency and had answered the phone himself in whimsical mood.

"This Mr. Lansdowne's Japanese boy," he squeaked into the mouthpiece. She thrilled. Mr. Lansdowne's Japanese boy was a flippant impersonation he had used many times to tease her when she phoned him. It was the first breath of the old mad Peter she had known for all these dark days.

But when she heard Peter, still in his Wallace Irwin characterisation, repeat the name of Mrs. Hannan, she groaned inwardly. She knew what was coming. Mrs. Hannan was just the overwhelming

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'Harlow Look' is back

From BILL WILSON, in New York

THE Harlow Cult had to wait for designer Rudi Gernreich to come along to achieve the dimensions of a fashion trend.

Jean Harlow went in for clinging, slithery satin and silk dresses.

With this kind of dress it was impossible to wear the traditional boned stiffness of underwear. This suited Miss Harlow—she never cared for underwear, anyway.

It took Rudi Gernreich, of topless bathing-suit fame, to come up with the "no bra" bra, the invisible undergarment, to get the Harlow Cult moving.

Now, 30 years after Miss Harlow's Hollywood heyday, her dress style is enjoying a revival in evening wear.

Bias cutting is the secret of the Harlow look, and also cutting to within an inch of decency. The skirt is low, but so is the back, the sides, or the front—or even a combination of two.

To Gernreich—no problem. He has added to his basic "no bra," the "no-side" bra, the "no-back" bra, and — incredibly — the "no-front" bra.



CHOCOLATE CRACKLES!

Peppermint Chocolate Crackles. To the basic Chocolate Crackles mixture, add a few drops of peppermint essence. Place mixture into paper cake containers. Allow to set. Ice each Chocolate Crackle with a soft icing and decorate with a few strips of angelica.

Here's the best-known of all recipes! Combine 8 oz. icing sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa†, 1 cup coconut, 4 cups Kellogg's* Rice Bubbles‡ in large mixing bowl. Melt 8 ozs. Copha** gently and pour onto dry ingredients. Mix well. Spoon into paper cake containers and allow to set.

Mocha Cream Chocolate Crackles. To the basic Chocolate Crackles mixture, add 1 tablespoon of instant coffee. Spoon mixture into paper cake containers. Allow to set. Ice each Chocolate Crackle with warm soft icing and top with a glace cherry.

Chocolate Crackles Snowballs. Drop spoonful of the Chocolate Crackles mixture into desiccated or shredded coconut. Form into balls. Place on grease-proof paper or aluminium foil and allow to set.

MAKE 'EM IN MINUTES! DRESS 'EM UP FANCY FOR A SPECIAL TREAT!

"We're the Chocolate Crackles' Brigade. When we get together, great things happen!" Whether you make 'em plain and plenty or dress them up with fruit, candy or other decorations, Chocolate Crackles will always go over big with all the family — 'specially the kids! You might even get them to help you make up a batch of Chocolate Crackles — they're the simplest treat ever invented. Just melt 'n mix and you've got it made!

Nutty Chocolate Crackles. To the basic Chocolate Crackles mixture add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped toasted almonds. Place mixture into paper cake containers. Allow to set. Ice each Chocolate Crackle with a soft icing and top with an almond.



** World Brands Pty. Ltd. registered user of trade mark. † Cadbury's Registered Trade Mark. ‡ Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.
* Registered Trade Marks.

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motherly sort to leave a message for Mrs. Lansdowne about poor, dear helpless Peter that infuriates a man whose pathetic objective was to avoid pity.

"Yes — thank you very much kindly," said Mr. Lansdowne's Japanese boy — but all too eagerly.

When, cool and refreshed, she came into the living room, the telephone's tongue had been amputated; the instrument, with its six feet of attendant cord wrapped evenly about it, was reposing in the wastebasket.

THE store on the corner of Lexington Avenue was a gaudy red and gold repetition of a thousand other brother dispensers of tobacco in various forms. Judy's nickel changed into the slot. Bill Reynolds' voice boomed through the receiver.

"Oh, I'm all right, Bill," she said, pursing her lips close to the transmitter. The telephone was not in a booth, and Judy knew that the manager of the store, for all his courtesy, was possessed of a

write a letter, considerably, without mention of the tragedy that had come to the Peter Lansdownes.

She took the bull boldly by the horns. "Peter, Christine Nuthall is having a gang in for cocktails this afternoon. The letter took seven days to get here — she sent it, of course, to the other house."

Judy saw his face gather, ready for a protest. "Please, darling," she hurried on, "don't say anything for a minute. You can't go on like this. You've got to get out. You've been sitting here for weeks now."

"Can't go out," he said shortly. "Got to play a big polo game here this afternoon."

He isn't trying to be funny. He won't talk about himself — won't even speak plainly to me —

"Polo's bad for the liver, darling," she said.

I'll play up to him. We might as well have it out now. He's got to face the issue some time. This can't go on —

"Going to play against Mr. Marco Polo himself," began Peter. Then, tiring of his

him — or maybe having an affair with him. In fact, my dear, it's ten to one I go to Reno in six months! Imagine, stepping out on a poor blind husband! As a matter of fact, I probably met Bill Reynolds here by appointment, using charity to cover an assignation. Damn their filthy minds!

Sally Everett came up and lifted an appraising finger to the shoulder strap of Judy's gown. It had slipped.

"Is that dress meant to be that way?" she cooed sweetly. "Is it meant to slip all the way down, quite by accident of course — because if it is, I wish you'd tell me just when it's going to fall off. I don't want to miss the show. Where's Peter?"

"Peter's at home," Judy said slowly and with deadly conviction. "My husband — Peter Lansdowne — my husband whom I love so completely that if I tried to tell you in words of one syllable, you wouldn't understand."

"Oh, rats," interrupted Sally. "We're all broke since Wall Street laid an egg! We have to take it! Why can't Peter?"

"There's a slight difference," said Judy. "You were

There was no doubt in her mind that she had done the right thing. She could see it on the faces crowded around her.

I knew the world had gone crazy, but I didn't know it was this crazy! It's actually fashionable to be poor! —

THE "gals" did not gather in the kitchen, as Christine had humorously predicted. The committee of eight had been called to order in the study.

"Now, let's get this straight!" Mr. Carnes was saying. "With me charity is a business! If you want me to put on a show that will get you plenty of dough to give away, you got to give me a show! What do you think the public's going to go to a charity racket for? Charity? Don't make me laugh!"

"I wouldn't give a tinker's damn for all the jack you can take in at the box office with nothing but a lot of society dames' names! Not in this day and age, sisters! The dam has busted! This is 1930, sisters, and the society racket died the death of a dog when Wall Street popped its goose!"

"This Lady Godiva number —" beamed Carnes. "Who's going to do this here Lady Godiva?"

"Mrs. Everett," said Christine, indicating Sally.

Sally tried to look prominently modest.

"Um-m-m-m—" appraised Carnes. "Not bad. If you're not sexy, you'll do 'till something sexy comes along. Would you stand up, please?"

Sally stood up. "Plenty of uh-huh," he decided. "On a white horse, with a blond wig — of course, your hair is bobbed — and maybe a few gimcracks here or there on account of that we don't want people to get really shocked, y'know?"

"Gimcracks?" demanded Sally. "I'm going to wear tights!"

Carnes swelled until Judy was sure he would burst.

"Tights!" he roared. "Tights! You can't even buy tights any more! Whaddya think this is — a Sunday School strawberry festival? I'm going to tell you ladies something right now! We haven't got a

something to make me feel crazy again.

"Just a minute, Mr. Carnes," she called loudly, so that the other girls would be really excited by her tone. The promoter's eyes flew up and down her taunting self.

"Personally," she included them all, "you give me a slight pain in the neck. Modesty is only a sense of your own defects." Her eyes flickered and then lingered on Sally. "And if a mole on your hip is more important than all the good that we can do with a lot of money for our Free Milk Fund, and bearing in mind that I've seen more of all of you on the beach last summer than Lady Godiva showed to anybody but her husband, then I don't agree with you. I'll be Lady Godiva — and if you'll raise the ante five bucks apiece for the tickets, I'll bob the blond wig!"

JUDY slid the key into the lock soundlessly. Peter might have gone to bed. She hoped not. It would mean that he had retained enough of his resentment to prefer avoiding her for a while. That would be bad.

She was not disappointed. The room was ablaze with futile light, and Peter was there; she glowed.

"Did I hear you coming in?" Peter demanded, in high-keyed, merry irony.

"That wasn't me," she replied inelegantly. "That was the gas man."

"I don't take gas," he threw back.

"He wanted to read my meter."

Her accents were demure enough to make sure Peter got the full possibilities of double-entendre.

"I didn't want to go to bed," he began awkwardly, with a simple honesty which came clumsily because of long disuse, "until — until —"

"I know," she murmured. "While you were away, Judy —" he fumbled the words.

"I wasn't away," she said softly. "I was here all the time."

He smiled faintly, closed his useless eyes, and made a slight movement with his hand. She took the hand in both her own. She wondered



away, and her heart sank within her.

"Bill Reynolds?" he said coldly. "Was Reynolds at Christine's?"

There was only one way to cover her blunder; to talk fluently and rapidly.

"Peter, wouldn't you — honestly, Peter, Bill's in an awful spot — he did the best he could — wouldn't it be swell to talk to him — like old times?"

She had to move back quickly, for he was rising unsteadily from the couch.

"Guess I'll go to bed," he said shortly. "Got a little tired waiting up for you. Must be pretty late. I can't keep track of the time."

He flung the door open: pivoting on the leverage of its support, he turned back to face Judy with a certain ease that widened the chasm.

"Going to attend the Guild meetings regularly now, I presume," he hinted.

"Not if you don't want me to," she said lifelessly.

"On the contrary, I think it'd be an excellent idea," he said indifferently. "Pretty near time for their show, isn't it? Be a good idea if you went in it again this year."

He swung through the door and closed it firmly.

JUDY had no personal misgivings whatsoever on her forthcoming appearance as Lady Godiva. She remembered clearly a heated and friendly discussion between Peter and Bill Reynolds, long before they decided to be rivals for her. Peter had stated succinctly that — if and when he married — his attitude toward his wife's infidelity could only be an attitude of complete disillusion in her and of entire blamelessness for her lover.

It is possible, he had said, for a woman to so surround herself with an aura of unattainability that she could receive her guests in a transparent nightgown without increasing the lascivious hopes of any male present.

Tickets for the Benefit were selling like the proverbial hotcakes in an era when even hotcakes could have been listed: "Prices off — no demand at current quotations."

THE hotel was not the newest of New York's glittering postwar hostels, nor was it even a new hotel.

But it was a gallant hostelry. And it was primarily operated as a hotel rather than a three-ring circus. To this intelligent and courageous management, it owed that most valuable asset — the Annual Junior Guild Benefit was always held in its ballroom.

Eight hundred gilt chairs crowded together to fill the waxed floor. The room was hot with the sticky heat that

Christine gives a cocktail party

definite curiosity over her daily visits to his pay station. "No, Bill, dear — he's still the same. If there were any possible way to get him to go out even for a walk, I surely must have thought of it — tried it — and got the same stubborn refusal."

"What are you using for money?" he demanded bluntly.

"Money?" she asked lightly. "What's money? Oh, you mean money — stuff that people save up to buy stocks that go down? I've got a barrel of the stuff up in my attic, but we don't think it's right to use it, because after all, maybe Aunt Jenny isn't really dead, maybe she's only lost in Patagonia."

The telephone was silent for so long that Judy finally essayed a repentant little, "Are you still there, Bill?"

"What are you going to do, Judy?" Bill's voice was so round and full that she knew his throat was dry with concern.

Suddenly the flippancy wilted out of her. "I don't know," she said honestly.

She had 86 dollars in the bank.

THE letter had had its vicissitudes. Addressed with a bold feminine handwriting, it had travelled to the Westchester house and had been readdressed to Sixty-third Street.

"Dear Judy, I talked my old man out of fifty dollars, so in the midst of starvation, I am hurrying a cocktail party at five o'clock a week from Thursday, the 19th. If we survive the wretched likker I can afford to buy, as gals will adjourn to the kitchen and see if we can't cook up some scheme for the Junior Guild Benefit, so that even with everybody broke this year we can drag some money out of the general public or what-have-you. I've talked to a professional promoter — even charity is a racket nowadays — and he has some ideas which he says will knock them cold. We're none of us any good without you, so try and make it.

Christine. Christine Nuthall. Just the sort of girl, Judy realised, to

mood, he frowned. "Go to the party," he continued morosely. "Haven't I told you enough times that you don't have to stay home on account of me?"

Judy went to Christine Nuthall's, not because she wanted especially to go, but because she must take some little part of life in her hands — if she were going to keep on.

Not until she had left the apartment did Peter bury his head in his hands. There is no truth in that age-old superstition that what a blind man loses in his eyesight he gains in the keenness of his other perceptions, for it took Peter only an hour to convince himself thoroughly that Judy had sickened of the responsibility he had brought her.

It was unfortunate that Judy ran full into Bill Reynolds as she arrived at Christine Nuthall's.

The big man in the drawing-room doorway turned at the sound of her footsteps, and she went full into Bill's arms. "Bless your heart," was all he could say in a husky whisper.

She was suddenly aware that the room beyond was filled with people watching them with unusual interest.

"Let me go, please, Bill," she whispered hastily. "This is about all the hugging we can get away with on the grounds of mere friendship."

Christine came forward and kissed her with a warmth that was unmistakably sincere. Christine's eyes asked a question, and Judy was grateful that she did not put it into words. With an almost imperceptible shake of her head, Judy answered that the subject of Peter was not for discussion.

"Thanks for coming," said Christine clearly, and moved to greet other newcomers.

Judy went down the line, separating the sheep from the goats in quick shrewd conclusions, segregating the few real friends from the others, the ones who had always been jealous or envious of herself and Peter — and were now happy that they were broke and Peter was blind.

At least they cover the territory thoroughly! Because I kiss Bill Reynolds in the doorway, I must be in love with

able to take the rap with your eyes open!"

"You mean Peter's going to stay blind?" Sally asked incredulously.

Judy nodded. "Well," Sally said almost unwillingly, "I get around to a lot of places and I talk to the cash customers, and I don't mind telling you everybody thinks that you and Peter have been taking it too big. Of course, maybe if they knew what you really were up against —"

"Not a bad idea at all," said Judy, a sudden rage of protest enveloping her. In three steps she was in the centre of the room. Instinct rather than vision turned Bill Reynolds from a group to face her.

"La-dies and gen-tul-men! Step this way — the big show is about to start in the main tent!"

Bill stared at her pallor. "What's the idea, Judy?" he asked.

—and Judy takes the plunge

"Nothing's the matter," she answered calmly, "except that I haven't a soap box. A chair'll do — Bill, get me a chair."

Bill thrust forth a chair and held a strong elbow to help her on to it.

"I have something to say," announced Judy.

"This is the first time I've seen any of you for a long time. Shall we get one thing straight? I'm here without Peter because he's the sickest man I've ever seen. He's sick in heart and mind and body. I can't think of any better way to tell you than what I just said to Sally Everett. Most of us have taken a bad licking financially — but you took it with your eyes open! Peter's blind — Peter's always going to be blind.

"In addition to that, we're not down to our last Chipendale dining-room set — we're flat broke — we haven't a nickel in the world. And by the way, postpone your deductions about me leaving Peter — I have a funny old-fashioned southern prejudice about the beds I sleep in!"

chance unless this here Lady Godiva is naked!"

It was a tribute to the ostensible modesty of the age when the eight "ladies" gasped audibly and simultaneously.

"Naked?" shrieked Sally.

"Sure — naked," said Carnes calmly. "Nakedness don't mean anything nowadays."

"That lets me out," said Sally with the smug bigotry of a true wanton. "I wear tights or there isn't any Lady Godiva!"

Carnes glared for a moment.

"All right, all right," he said, "what's the difference to me? I got a chance to put on a wrestling match for the Old Ladies' Home."

He was almost to the door before Judy rose and blocked his path.

I'm going to do something foolish. I'm going to do it simply because I hate that Sally Everett. No, I'm fibbing to myself. I'm doing it because I've got to do something to make me think that I'm the old Judy — the hell-bent-for-election-Judy! I've got to do

if she dare lay her cheek down against it, or if this would break the magic spell.

"Judy," he whispered. "Am I such a millstone?"

"Millstone?" she cried hotly. "Peter — you're the boss in this house! You couldn't be a burden. You own everything here. Every breath of air, every ounce of Judy Lansdowne belongs to you."

His fingers curled tightly around hers in the old familiar way — the way they used to hold hands in the movies.

"Peter, my blessed, blessed one, I'd — I'd — I'd give my everlasting soul — and let you walk on it if you would —" She decided not to finish the sentence. She remembered how he hated extravagances, even of devotion, when expressed in too straightforward a manner. She must get back into a mad metaphor. Happily she recalled a perfect one. "Why," she said without thinking, "Bill Reynolds said just tonight —"

The hand pulled sharply

To page 35




This layette and more tiny fashions for lovely babies in Patons Book No. 754 (Mother's dress is from Book No. 718)

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From page 33

no ventilation system can wipe from a thousand close-coupled persons.

The boxes, red plush-rope, and brass-pillared, were the last to fill, the occupants thereof having been delayed with the necessity of personally attending to Lucia's or Marjory's or Helene's make-up and costume backstage. They all knew they had been openly blackmailed into paying 250 dollars for a two-hour ownership of a box in order that the committee would select Lucia or Marjory or Helene for a part in the show.

Parts in the show amounted to brief appearances as chorus girls in musical numbers, or maids in dramatic and comedy sketches, or bored, blasé society dames posed watching the fashion show parade. And they did not complain.

Managing mothers' hearts fluttered. To appear on that stage that evening meant not only dignified publicity which was impossible to buy, but the focus of the limelight on a marriageable debutante. The same type of girl without social advantages exhibits herself in the show window of a Broadway musical revue.

A thin, nervous man sat in one of the boxes. He was proudly waiting for item Number Seven on the program, when his daughter walked out on the stage, clad in an impossibly glorified maid's uniform, to say, "A letter for you, sir," then present it and twinkle off the stage in shining high heels. He did not know then, of course, that his business would fail within the next year, that his daughter would elope with their chauffeur, not so much in love as in protest against a parental regime which had deprived her of all natural emotions save instinct.

A paper manufacturer squirmed uncomfortably in another box, uncomfortable because his wife had commanded him to look comfortable and at ease. He had no worrisome thought about his business, for it was to outlive his daughter's unpredictable marriage to a decaying multimillionaire, was to plod profitably on for years after her husband's spectacular suicide, and the astounding beneficence of the will. Had he known tonight that his daughter would buy — from her widow's mite — a two-million-dollar yacht for a

There were fan dancers long before Sally Rand. Judy had studied the thing out. The wig of absurdly long blond tresses was — under her clever manipulation — made into a covering for her body which — and she even spent an hour working it out mathematically — left some sixteen square inches of bare skin less than the scanty bathing suit she had imported from Juan-les-Pins the previous summer.

The wig was cleverly lined — in crucial places — with unobtrusive sections of gauze, so that theatrical spirit gum, famed for its tenacity and never known in the history of the theatre to let an actor down, might attach the careless person to those parts of her person that Judy decided were to be accidentally obscured.

The horse and the elaborately cushioned side-saddle were helpful, to say the least. Yet, when the curtains drew squeakily apart and the gathered assembly saw an authentic replica of the legendary figure, not a man nor a boy nor a woman nor a maid but shivered indefinitely.

The applause was not deafening. Men did not dare give vent to their enthusiasm, because wives and daughters must be kept convinced of husbandly and fatherly sanctity. Wives and daughters applauded only politely for fear that they might be noticed as approving the action of one of their kind in a boldness which all envied, as they did Judy's figure, but which all decried as unfair competition.

The Annual Junior Guild Benefit collected twenty-two dollars more than any of its predecessors of the heyday of economic recklessness. This was almost a thousand dollars more than even Carnes had dared to hope. As true as he was, he did not fully comprehend how anxious any one would be to cherish in memories the cloistered thought: "That's Judy Lansdowne! I saw her without any clothes on!"

"JUDY! You're drunk!" "Certainly, Bill. I'm drunk! If I hadn't been drunk, how do you think I could have sat on that horse?"

He took firmer hold of her arm and tried to direct her zigzag course down the hall into something approaching a straight line which would

drunk he might fly into a fury — and if I say I'm not drunk, he might get even worse because he thought I was arguing with him.

Bill settled the question for her.

"Peter—" he said humbly. Peter stiffened his shoulders. His lips tightened into a thin, colorless line.

"What are you doing here, Reynolds?" he asked harshly.

"I brought Judy home," he said simply, which was the truth and therefore the only thing Bill Reynolds could say. "Brought her home drunk, too. Get out!"

But Bill took a half step forward. "Sure, I got her tight, Peter, but she needs somebody to help her to bed — and I'm afraid you can't handle her."

Peter held the swaying Judy and knew that this was true, but his truculence did not abate. "Get out of here, Reynolds!"

"Look, kid," Bill said softly, "I'll come around tomorrow and let you bust my nose if it'll make you feel any better — but now I want

It's as impersonal as being introduced to a stranger and saying "How are you?"

"I don't know exactly, but they said it was more money than they had ever taken in."

If he's punishing me, it's the cruelest kind of punishment —

"Personally, I thought the sixteen dancing debutantes were the best."

But if he really means that cool interest, I won't be able to stand it long —

"Me? Oh, I was in a medieval pageant."

He doesn't care what I was in —

"In a — a medieval costume."

It's just as if he were saying "Have you any nice fresh neckties today?"

"A very famous lady of the middle ages — you know, long flowing lines."

He doesn't look at me at all — not that he could see me —

"Not frightened exactly, but I had a couple of drinks — I had four altogether — and from the moment I got on the stage I don't remember much

The new Lady Godiva rides again

you to let me carry Judy in to the bed — because she can't make it — and I don't think you can make it either."

Judy sagged at that moment, and it was fortunate that Bill was close. He caught her under the arms from behind, lifted her bodily, and carried her deliberately into the bedroom.

Then he turned to face Peter, certain that Peter would be there defiantly. Through the door into the living-room he saw something which sickened his heart. The man who could not see had whirled impulsively, had fetched up sharply against the chair and was now standing unsteadily, holding to the chair with one anchoring hand while he groped pathetically with the other for contact with something which would give him his bearings again.

Bill closed his eyes unhappily. Then, without hesitation, he walked over to Peter and took firm hold of his elbow.

"This way, old boy," he said gently.

Peter's face was still set and cold, but he allowed Bill to direct him until the seeing man could rest the helpless

of anything except a very uncomfortable horse."

Is he leading up to something?

"I wouldn't call it a headache, it feels more like a national calamity."

"No thanks, I've taken some carbamate."

Peter, Peter, Peter, don't torture me any longer! Thank God, there's somebody at the door!

"Excuse me, dear."

It was the elevator boy.

"Got a note for you, Mrs. Lansdowne," he whispered.

"Man wanted to come up, but I told him he couldn't get in this elevator without word from the desk. We're still doing just what you told us, Mrs. Lansdowne."

He smiled apologetically as he placed in Judy's hands the sealed envelope containing what could be almost any fabulous assignation.

Judy smiled, too, the smile which had always convinced servants that it was better than a tip and that the tip would be forthcoming at the right time and place.

She held the letter for a long moment before opening it.

"Would appreciate seeing you in my office any time tomorrow. I think you will be interested in what I have to say."

Herbert Wolfson.

The letterhead revealed little more than the text. Herbert Wolfson, Palace Theatre Building, New York City. So what?

This commonplace group of typewritten words could have no significance for her. Yet the feeling of the sheet in her fingers commanded Judy to obey its request. She knew she was going to see Wolfson. She knew that Mr. Wolfson was going to "interest" her in something which, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't reason out in advance.

"I think you will be interested in what I have to say"—I'd be interested in anything anybody had to say. I'd like to know how the merry hell I'm going to go on without money. I can't borrow money from Bill—I can't—I can't—

An inexplicable sense of importance seemed to attach itself to that letter.

MR. WOLFSON'S office would have been impressive to anyone but Judy, familiar with the luxurious quarters with which Wall Streeters surrounded themselves before the autumn of 1929.

The pictures on the walls were photographs of theatrical personalities. Mr. Wolfson turned out to be a person of intelligence, with a shrewd face and straightforward eyes.

Judy knew that he was admiring her costume; she was comforted by the knowledge that he had at once made comparison with his best-dressed clients. She seated herself easily in a chair, with the assurance that the comparison was not to her disadvantage.

Mr. Wolfson was not only intelligent but he was voluble.

"You're a very beautiful young woman," he said without prelude. "Car's got personality in 'em. I saw you last night at the Junior Guild Show. I went there with a man who could pretty nearly pay off all the debts you society people owe."

"The gentleman owns a string of nightspots. I'm not

I'm working! It would be hard enough to do if I had regular daylight hours like a street cleaner or somebody—but I'll have to be away from him every night from seven o'clock in the evening until goodness knows what time in the morning! If only he didn't know the difference between day and night, I could get away with it by saying that I had to go to the Guild headquarters every day like Patty Layton does!

Wait a minute! The difference between day and night? I don't really believe Peter would know the difference between day and night if I handled it cleverly! He won't see anybody or talk to anybody! All the information he gets about the world outside the apartment is from me! Maybe I could twist up his schedule so that he wouldn't know the difference!

"Mr. Wolfson?" she asked over the telephone, "when do you want me to look over the white horses?"

IT had been so absurdly easy that Judy was frightened by the simplicity of it all. There was no telephone. There was no radio. It had been fairly simple to connive with the only three employees of the apartment house who could possibly betray her strategy inadvertently.

Peter had been easily convinced. A difficult hour or so on the first morning she changed into evening; but time is a flirtatious mistress, and it only meant insistence and repetition.

Judy had timed this day's rehearsal carefully. She had cooked the ham and eggs of last night's breakfast, stayed entirely away from the house for the length of time that tonight's job would keep her, and had returned this morning to find Peter agreeably ready for dinner, an hour of casual relaxation, and then to bed on as bright and sunny a winter morning as Judy had ever seen. It was evening again now, her evening, which was his morning.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully, brushing his cheek lightly with her lips. "I have your breakfast all ready. Forgive me if I hurry you a bit — us girls get to our jobs early these days."

An electric sign blinked on at that moment, frightening her with the barefacedness of her deceit. But not for long. Peter sat bolt upright in bed and smiled.

"Don't worry about me," he said, "I'll be all right today, as usual."

Today. As usual. His today was her tonight. Today is tonight.

To be concluded next week

TODAY IS TONIGHT, by Jean Harlow, published by Grove Press, Inc. Copyright (c) by Ruth Harlow.



Judy comes home to face the music

middle-aged actor, he would have clasped his pudgy hands in full sight of the clattering audience and prayed to God that he had never had a daughter.

In other words, the boxes were filled.

The show itself was trivial enough in intrinsic merit. It was not too distantly related to any other amateur performance. Carnes had sense enough to know that no one really expected his or her daughter to achieve more than the ability to avoid fainting dead away in full view of the audience.

Only one attraction in the entire program was considered from any other viewpoint than that of family pride. The "Lady Godiva" tableau — as Carnes had planned — was the catalyst selected to unite the uninteresting but necessary balance of the performance with the box office receipts from other than relatives.

end at the doorway of her apartment.

He fished in her purse for a key, helped her to the door, slid the key into the lock, and urged her forward until she was over the threshold.

Then he fumbled for, found, and snapped on the switch. The blood ran suddenly cold in both his and Judy's veins when they saw Peter's standing there facing them, a scant five feet within the room.

"I didn't think you'd be up this late," Judy said, enunciating her words meticulously lest her speech blur and betray what she wanted dreadfully to keep from him.

Peter drew away from her grasp. "What's the matter, Judy?" he asked oddly. "Why, you're drunk!"

"I'm not drunk!" she defended herself stoutly, too stoutly.

I don't know what to do. I am drunk, but if I say I'm

one's hand on the corner post of the bed.

"There you are," Bill spoke in the most soothing of whispers. "Maybe you'd better get her out of her things. I'm going now."

He turned again to the door. Peter did not speak, but his head turned in the direction of the retreating footsteps.

At the door Bill halted. "I'll turn out the light," he said without thinking; once again he realised with a pang how impossible it was to find safe words to say the most ordinary things under this tragic cloud of darkness.

"Thanks," said Peter bitterly. "It doesn't make much difference, you know."

"I was thinking of Judy," said Bill.

I CAN stand anything but this maddening solicitude—

"Yes, dear, my coffee's hot enough."



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for good food and good food ideas

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

A GUIDE TO THE
Sutherland
OPERA SEASON

● Joan Sutherland, who left Sydney 14 years ago to seek her fortune in the opera houses and concert halls of Europe and the United States, is about to make her first Australian tour — and, at 36, she makes it as *the* prima donna in the world today. She sings in five of the seven operas which the Sutherland Williamson International Grand Opera Company, in association with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, will present in Melbourne (July 10 to August 14), Adelaide (August 16 to 28), Sydney (August 31 to October 2), and Brisbane (October 4 to 16). In this booklet, MARTIN LONG, the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* music critic, writes about the operas which, for the 14 weeks, will claim such general attention.



Semiramide

Pronounced Say-mee-RAH-mee-day

by GIOACHINO ROSSINI (1792-1868)

First performed: Venice, 1823

• *Semiramide, Queen of Babylon*—Joan Sutherland. Other leading singers: Monica Sinclair, Andre Montal, Joseph Rouleau, Doris Yarick; or Lauris Elms, Joseph Ward.



Page 2 — THE SUTHERLAND OPERA SEASON

WHEN Rossini's *Semiramide* was first performed in 1823 its composer was 30 years of age and the most celebrated writer of operas then living.

He had already produced 33 operas; he had conquered Italy and Vienna; *Semiramide* itself was commissioned for the record fee of 5000 francs (and written in 33 days). In this year of 1823 at least 23 of his operas were to be performed in various countries; *Semiramide* itself, though half-heartedly received at first, soon came to be acclaimed as his masterpiece.

But by the end of the century it had vanished from the stage except for very rare revivals. "*Semiramide* seems to have had its day," the opera authority Gustav Kobbe wrote nearly 50 years ago.

Nevertheless, thanks to the efforts of Sutherland and her conductor-husband,

AT LA SCALA, the famous opera house in Milan, Joan Sutherland, as the Queen of Babylon, is stabbed by the commander of her armies, Arsaces (always sung by a woman; here it was Giulietta Simionato). Arsaces is promptly crowned king by the High Priest of Babylon.

Richard Bonyng, *Semiramide's* day seems to have come back.

Audiences used to the more realistic style of later Verdi and Puccini came to regard Rossini's "serious" operas (such as *Semiramide*), with their sprightly tunes and brilliantly embroidered singing accompanying sombre and bloodcurdling plots, as rather ridiculous fare. To most opera-goers Rossini was then the composer of one deathless comic opera, *The Barber of Seville*.

But today's audiences, for whom the old *bel canto* operas have ceased to be merely old-fashioned and have become period pieces, are more tolerant of the incongruities and more appreciative of the appealing music in them and the opportunities they provide for spectacular singing by a Sutherland or a Callas.

(One feature of *Semiramide* that makes it even more of a period piece is the employment of a contralto in the role of the hero—an Assyrian general. This is a throwback to the earlier days of opera, when the relationship between the sex of the singers and the characters they portrayed was often most haphazard. Women continue to crop up in male roles throughout the 19th century—Siebel in *Faust*, for example.)

Semiramide is the Italian name for Semiramis, a legendary queen of Babylon, who is alleged to have built the Hanging Gardens. According to the myth, she reigned for 42 years, then disappeared in the form of a dove.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 14, 1965



(The opera is often divided into two acts instead of the four shown in this synopsis.)

ACT I

Scene 1 (The temple): The opera opens with a celebration before the temple of Baal of the triumphs of Semiramide, Queen of Babylon. Semiramide's husband, Nino, has died in suspicious circumstances, and the High Priest (Oroe), a visiting Indian prince (Idreno), and Prince Assur have asked her to name a successor.

There is a roll of thunder and the altar fires go out. Oroe declares that these are bad omens indicating hidden crimes that must be brought to light. Semiramide commands him to interpret the oracle's meaning and bring her the answer.

Scene 2 (Outside the temple): Arsaces, a young general, brings a casket which he has been asked by his dying father to deliver to Oroe. He tells of his love for Azema, a princess of the court. Assur (who is also in love with Azema) appears and rebukes Arsaces for leaving his army. Learning that Arsaces had been summoned by Semiramide, he becomes jealously angry; the two declare enmity.

Scene 3 (The garden of Semiramide): The oracle has said that the return of Arsaces will bring peace and happiness. Semiramide, who is in love with Arsaces, interprets this to mean happiness for her. She sings of the approaching joy of Arsaces' return (in the aria *Bel raggio lusinghier*).

ACT II

Scene 1 (The palace): Semiramide tells Arsaces that a high reward awaits him for his military achievements (he has routed the Caucasians). Arsaces takes this to mean that he may marry Azema,



MONICA SINCLAIR, who shares with Lauris Elms the contralto role of Arsaces, is one of the best-known English singers, although she has six children. She has made many appearances at Covent Garden and recorded for all major companies. She is 30; married to a musician.

though this is not what Semiramide intends. Still misunderstanding one another, they sing a duet expressing their joyful feelings (*Serbami ognar si fido*).

Scene 2 (In the temple): Before the assembled people, Semiramide names Arsaces as the successor to the throne and her future husband. She bestows Azema on Idreno. The enraged Assur menacingly reminds her of her complicity in the death of Nino. Sounds of thunder;

the doors of the tomb of Nino open by themselves; the ghost of the murdered king appears and states that Arsaces shall reign when certain crimes have been expiated. Semiramide offers to kill herself; the ghost tells her she must await her destiny.

ACT III

Scene 1 (Semiramide's apartments): Assur tries to persuade Semiramide to change her mind, but she is still determined to wed Arsaces, despite the fear and guilt that haunt them both at the memory of the ghost's words.

Scene 2 (In the temple): Arsaces is prepared for his coronation; Oroe brings him the casket which Arsaces brought from his father. In it is a letter which reveals that Arsaces is really the son of Nino and Semiramide, and that Nino was poisoned by Semiramide and Assur. Oroe gives Arsaces Nino's sword; with this, according to the ghost's instructions, he is to descend into his father's tomb.

Scene 3 (Semiramide's apartments): Arsaces reveals to Semiramide his true identity. They express their dismay in a duet (*Giorno d'orrore*).

ACT IV

Scene 1 (Before the temple): Idreno makes his way to the temple for his marriage to Azema.

Scene 2 (The entrance to the tomb): Assur, tortured by guilt and frustrated ambition, tracks Arsaces to the tomb, determined to kill him.

Scene 3 (Within the tomb): Semiramide, fearful of Assur's intent, follows him to the tomb. She prays for Arsaces' safety. The High Priest commands Arsaces to kill Assur, but Semiramide interposes herself and is killed instead. People come with torches; Oroe proclaims Arsaces king, Azema is restored to Arsaces, and Assur is put in chains.



ROSSINI was born on February 29, of the Leap Year 1792, in Pesaro, Italy. His father was a horn player, his mother a minor opera singer. He began writing operas in boyhood, his first professional production being "The Marriage Market" (1810) and his first big success, "Tancredi" (1813). His operas soon spread throughout Italy, then Europe (though "The Barber of Seville," 1816, was at first a fiasco). In 1821 he married the singer Isabella Colbran (the first Semiramide). After the semi-failure of "Semiramide" he left Italy, visited England, and then took a post in Paris. After "William Tell" (Paris, 1829) he wrote no more operas and relatively little music of any sort, although he lived until 1868 — a semi-retirement due partly, perhaps, to sheer exhaustion after writing nearly 40 operas in 20 years.

La Sonnambula

Pronounced Lah Son-NAHM-boo-lah

(The Sleepwalker)

by VINCENZO BELLINI (1801-1835)

First performed: Milan, 1831



AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE in New York, Joan Sutherland, as Amina, rehearses "La Sonnambula" with Nicolai Gedda, as Elvino. The rustic opera is remarkable in that there is not one act of violence in the plot.

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• Amina, a Swiss village girl — Joan Sutherland or Elizabeth Harwood. Other leading singers: Dorothy Cole, Luciano Pavarotti, Joseph Rouleau; or Doris Yarick, Morag Beaton, Spiro Malas, Joy Mammen, Lauris Elms.

BELLINI and Donizetti, as the two chief names in Italian opera between Rossini and Verdi, tend to be spoken of in the same breath.

But, in fact, Bellini was something of an individualist; in a number of ways he stood apart both from Donizetti and the general ruck of lesser Italian opera composers of his day.

For one thing, he was considerably less prolific than Donizetti; he wrote only 11 operas in a short productive period of 11 years, whereas Donizetti at the same stage in his career had written about 25 operas and went on to write more than 70.

This is not the only evidence that Bellini thought rather longer about what he wrote than Donizetti, the out-and-out professional, ever did.

Bellini tried to get away from the rousing, chandelier-shattering theatrical style that Italian-opera audiences of those days expected, toward something with a little more grace, finesse, and restraint. He succeeded well enough to be berated by his critics for "quitting the Italian tradition."

La Sonnambula itself is different from any of the other earlier 19th-century Italian operas well known to today's audiences. All of these either have "heroic" subjects about high-born people involved in violent

and often tragic happenings or else they are comic operas.

La Sonnambula is neither of these things. Though it has some light touches, it is for the most part a serious story about simple village people, and it proceeds without violence toward a happy ending.

ACT I

The opera is set in a Swiss village, early in the 19th century. The curtain rises on a group of villagers singing the praises of one of the prettiest girls of the village, Amina, who is to be married to Elvino, a young farmer. The only dissentient voice is that of Lisa, the keeper of the village inn, who privately lets the audience know that she wants Elvino for herself. She is irritated by the attentions of her own suitor, Alessio.

Amina comes in with her foster-mother, Teresa, and sings of her love and happiness (in the aria *Come per me sereno*).

Next comes Elvino himself, with a notary; there is a ceremony of betrothal, followed by a tender duet.

Sounds of horses' hooves announce the arrival of Count Rodolfo, who is dressed in an officer's uniform and for reasons that are never made entirely clear chooses to conceal his identity. He is evidently familiar with the scenery, and sings an aria about the youthful memories it inspires (*Vi ravviso*).

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In the subsequent dialogue he discloses that the lord of the local castle, missing for many years, is alive—to which Lisa adds (according to the standard 19th-century translation): "To shortly re-join those connections where birth enrolled him?" Although conceivably the most unlikely saying ever put in the mouth of a village innkeeper, this gives a hint that Lisa may have tumbled to the fact that he himself is the missing lord of the manor.

The Count is struck by Amina's beauty; she reminds him "of one long dead" (his words seem to suggest that he may be her father, but this is not followed up). His compliments to Amina evidently annoy Elvino.

It is getting dark. The villagers say it is time to go home before the local phantom—a woman with streaming hair—appears. The Count is sceptical about the phantom, but retires to the inn. The two lovers are left alone. Elvino is still sulking over the Count's attentions to Amina, but Amina pacifies him and they indulge in another loving duet.

Scene 2: The Count's room at the inn, with a long window opening on to a balcony. Lisa comes to ask the Count if he is comfortable, and stays to flirt with him. She reveals that the villagers now know who he really is and are coming together to greet him officially.

A sound interrupts their pleasant tete-a-tete; Lisa slips away, but drops her kerchief as she goes. Through the long window comes Amina, walking (and also singing with fine coloratura) in her sleep. She sings of her coming wedding. The Count perceives that Amina's sleepwalking is the origin of the story of the phantom; he leaves the room so as not to compromise her, and Amina lies on the bed.



LUCIANO PAVAROTTI as Elvino. In this tenor role he sang with Sutherland only last month in the Covent Garden production.

A party of villagers come to greet the Count under his true name. Seeing a sleeping girl on the bed (and not recognising her in the dim light) they are about to make a tactful retreat, but Lisa returns with Amina's fiancé and foster-mother, ready to make the most of the situation.

Amina awakes, and her confusion is mistaken for guilt. Elvino swears he will never marry her, while Teresa quietly takes possession of Lisa's dropped kerchief. A long ensemble ends the act.

ACT II

Scene 1: Some of the villagers, sympathetic to Amina, are on the way to the

Count's castle to beg him to clear the poor girl's reputation; they pause in a shady glen to tell the audience what they are going to say to him, then move on.

Amina and Teresa then come to this rather busy spot, followed shortly by Elvino. Elvino is deaf to Amina's protestations and angrily snatches from her finger the ring he gave to her. When he has gone she sings, "Ah, why is it I cannot hate him?" (*Ah, perche non posso odiarti*).

Scene 2: By the race of Teresa's mill; a rickety bridge leads from the mill, spanning the turning wheel. Lisa breaks the news to her suitor, Alessio, that Elvino now promises to marry her instead of Amina. The villagers, entering, confirm this. The Count arrives and tries to persuade Elvino that Amina is innocent. He attempts to explain somnambulism to them, but the simple villagers have never heard of it and are loudly incredulous.

Teresa enters and asks them to be a little quieter; poor, weary Amina is sleeping at last, she says. When she hears about the wedding arrangements of Elvino and Lisa she indignantly produces Lisa's kerchief, saying she found it in the Count's room on the night of all the confusion. Elvino does not know whom to believe.

At that moment Amina appears, asleep and in her nightdress, crossing the perilous footbridge above the millrace. They are all fearful of waking her, and watch apprehensively until she is safe.

She comes forward and speaks of Elvino: her words make clear her innocence and her love for him. Elvino replaces the ring on her finger; she awakes to hear the villagers crying *Viva Amina!* and Elvino asking forgiveness. She expresses her joy in a last brilliant aria (*Ah! non giunge*).



BELLINI, son of an organist, was born in Catania, Sicily, on November 3, 1801. A Sicilian nobleman, struck by his talent, paid for his study at the Royal Conservatory, Naples; his first full opera, "Adelson e Salvini" (1825), was played while he was still a student there. He was then taken up by the leading opera impresario of the day, Barbaia, who commissioned two works; the second, "Il Pirata," had international success. But Bellini's departures from the fashionable Rossini style aroused opposition, and his next two operas were less successful. "La Sonnambula," however, conquered everywhere, and was followed by "Norma" (1831), his next-best-known work. On Rossini's advice he was engaged to write an opera for Paris ("I Puritani," 1835). While still in France he died of dysentery a few weeks before his 34th birthday.

L'Elisir d'Amore

(The Elixir of Love)

by GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797-1848)

First performed: Milan, 1832

Pronounced Lay-lee-ZEER dah-MO-ray

• Adina—Elizabeth Harwood or Margreta Elkins or Monica Sinclair or Joy Mammen. Other leading singers: Luciano Pavarotti, Robert Allman, Spiro Malas, Doris Yarick; or Ronald McConaghie, Andre Montal, Joseph Rouleau, Joseph Ward, Cornelius Ophhof.



ELIZABETH HARWOOD is second soprano on this tour, and at home in England is a leading soprano with the Sadler's Wells Opera Company. She is well known also as a singer of lieder and oratorio, and her voice has a remarkable three-octave range. She was born in 1938, daughter of a prominent teacher of singing.

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IF Donizetti had never written the enduringly popular *Lucia di Lammermoor* (which has a plot full of doom and disaster) he would probably be thought of today purely as a composer of comic opera. For, after *Lucia*, the Donizetti operas whose names would be most familiar now would undoubtedly be two sparkling comedies: *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *Don Pasquale*.

Rossini, of course, was remembered only for his comic operas until the recent revival of *Semiramide*, although he, like Donizetti, wrote lots of operas on serious subjects.

It is worth recalling what Beethoven said to Rossini when the latter went to call on him in Vienna a few months before the appearance of *Semiramide*. Beethoven, who was never one for tact, gruffly advised Rossini not to write anything but comic opera. (Rossini at that time was the most famous living composer of opera, serious or comic.)

"Believe me," Beethoven said, "serious opera is ill suited to the Italians. You do not possess sufficient musical knowledge to deal with real drama."

But when, ten years later, Donizetti wrote his *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Italian comic opera was already a disappearing art, and virtually no Italian operatic comedies appeared after Donizetti's death until 79-year-old Verdi wrote his last opera, *Falstaff*, in the 1890s.



JOSEPH ROULEAU is a French-Canadian who has sung in many parts of the world. He was engaged as principal bass for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and sang with Sutherland in "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" in 1960 in their first appearance at the Paris Opera.

ACT I

Scene 1 is set in front of the farmhouse of Adina, a beautiful and well-to-do young woman, who, as the curtain rises, is seen reading under a tree while a group of off-duty harvesters, male and female, relax around her. Nemorino, Adina's shy adorer, watches from the outskirts. After the opening chorus he sings of her beauty and accomplishments—she can read! (*Quanto e bella.*)

Adina brushes aside his bashful attempts at courtship. She is, in fact, a fairly scornful sort of girl, for she also laughs aloud at the story of Tristan and Isolde in the book she is reading. But the villagers, who beg her to read it to them, are impressed by the idea of the love potion in the story.

The sound of drums is heard, and Sergeant Belcore comes in with a detachment of soldiers. The swaggering sergeant fixes his sights on Adina, and tells her and everyone that he will have no difficulty in winning her. They joke about his self-assurance—all but Nemorino, who is dismayed by it. When the others have gone the shy youth makes another attempt to woo Adina, with no better success.

Scene 2 shifts to the village square. The sound of a cornet ushers in Dr. Dulcamara, a travelling quack riding in a little gilded cart. Dulcamara gives his spiel in a "patter song."

Nemorino approaches and asks if he has by chance any of the love elixir used

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DR. DULCAMARA, the travelling quack, arrives in the village (scene from a Glyndebourne Festival production).

by Queen Isolde? "I made it myself," says Dulcamara, and forthwith sells him a bottle of red wine. There is a spirited duet in which Nemorino babbles his thanks while Dulcamara explains that the elixir will not work for 24 hours—by which time Dulcamara will be well out of the way (*Obbligato, ah! si obbligato*).

Nemorino swallows a hearty dose. (It does not appear to worry him that in the Tristan and Isolde story it was the loved one, not the lover, who was supposed to drink the potion.) The strong wine and his faith in the "elixir" swell his confidence, so that when Adina appears he is able for the first time to ignore her.

This, of course, makes him more interesting to her; and out of pique, or perhaps just to stir Nemorino's jealousy, she

turns to Sergeant Belcore and accepts his offer of marriage. Their wedding is fixed for the following week, but Nemorino doesn't mind a bit.

However, when news comes that Belcore's detachment is to leave and the time of the wedding is brought forward to that very day, he is in despair again—this means that the elixir will not have time to work. He entreats Adina fervently to put off the wedding for just one day (*Adina, credimi*), but without avail. An ensemble ends the act.

ACT II

Scene 1. Inside Adina's farmhouse the wedding feast is already prepared; everyone has been invited to the ceremony, including Dulcamara, who produces a

little Venetian duet (*To son ricco e tu sei bella*) and sings it with Adina, to everyone's admiration.

When the other guests go out to witness the signing of the marriage contract Dulcamara stays behind to eat the food. Nemorino comes in, disconsolate, and the doctor offers to sell him a second bottle of elixir—one that will take instant effect. But Nemorino has no money left.

Meanwhile, Adina—who probably never meant to marry Belcore, anyway—has postponed the signing of the contract. When Belcore returns Nemorino enlists in his regiment to get the money to pay for the second bottle of elixir; they sing a duet about it (*Venti scudi*).

Scene 2 returns to the village square. One of the village girls, Gianetta, has a great piece of news: Nemorino's uncle has died, making him a rich man. Nemorino himself is unaware of this, but when he enters (well fortified with the second bottle of elixir) and finds the girls flocking around him he is more convinced than ever of the elixir's power. He takes no notice of Adina, who begins to feel that events are getting out of hand, though she is touched to learn that Nemorino enlisted for her sake.

The ever-ready Dr. Dulcamara, alone with Adina, offers to sell her a bottle of his elixir, but she assures him that, as a beautiful woman, she doesn't need it.

When they go out Nemorino returns. He has noticed that his show of indifference brought a furtive tear to Adina's eye, and he sings about it in the opera's most famous aria: *Una furtiva lagrima*.

Adina returns and hands Nemorino his enlistment papers, which she has bought back from Belcore; Nemorino softens, and the lovers are united. Belcore takes his disappointment like a soldier and Dr. Dulcamara does a roaring trade in elixir.



DONIZETTI was born in Bergamo, Italy, on November 29, 1797, and studied at music school there and at Bologna. Because of parental opposition to a musical career he entered the Austrian Army, but continued to compose. The success of one of his earlier operas secured his exemption in 1822, but he did not achieve international success until 1830, with his "Anna Bolena" (Anne Boleyn). In 1834 he became a professor of composition at the Royal Conservatory, Naples, but after his failure to be appointed director there and the banning of one of his operas by the censors he left Naples in 1839 and went to Paris, where he had much success. The last of his 70-odd operas appeared in 1844; in his last years he suffered bouts of insanity, culminating in paralysis. He returned to Bergamo in 1847 and died there the following year.

Lucia di Lammermoor

Pronounced Loo-CHEE-ah dee LAHM-mair-mohr

(Lucy of
Lammermoor)

by GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797-1848)

First performed: Naples, 1835



• Lucy Ashton (Lucia)—Joan Sutherland or Elizabeth Harwood.
Other leading singers: John Alexander, Cornelius Ophof, Joseph
Rouleau, Dorothy Cole, Andre Montal, Serge Baigildin; or Luciano
Pavarotti, Richard Cross, Morag Beaton, Alberto Remedios, Robert
Allman, Lauris Elms, Joseph Ward, Spiro Malas.

OF all the Italian operas before Verdi, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Rossini's *Barber of Seville* are almost certainly the ones that best resisted the current of popular taste when it ran against the *bel canto* style.

This is no small distinction when one recalls that Rossini and Donizetti between them wrote more than 100 operas (many of them "smash hits" in their day)—not to mention the 11 of Bellini and the many hundreds more by their contemporaries.

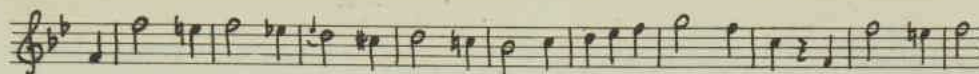
These last include no less than four operas based on Scott's novel *The Bride of Lammermoor*, of which Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* was the last. Scott, in fact, inspired a great

SUTHERLAND rehearses her most celebrated of all scenes in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The Scottish bride has stabbed her husband, and sings dementedly before the appalled wedding guests in the castle.

deal of music in the 19th century. Donizetti also wrote an opera based on *Kenilworth*, Rossini a *Lady of the Lake*, Bellini *The Puritans* (originating from Scott's *Old Mortality*), and Bizet *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

(Donizetti also wrote at least five other "British" operas, including one called *Emilia di Liverpool*. For the Italian audiences of those days the British Isles no doubt had a romantic and exotic flavor.)

Scott's *Lammermoor*, surprising as it may seem to anyone watching the opera, is based on a historical incident. But the libretto of *Lucia* is a fairly sketchy approximation of the novel—for example, *Lammermoor*, which is a district in Scotland, becomes in the opera the name of the castle of the heroine's family. The names of the characters are Italianised: Lucia for Lucy, Edgardo for Edgar, and so on.



ACT I

The year is 1699; the scene is the Castle of Lammermoor. Conversation between the Lord of Lammermoor, Henry Ashton (Enrico), and one of his followers, Norman (Normanno), reveals that Henry is troubled because his sister Lucy refuses a marriage of convenience with Lord Arthur Bucklaw (Arturo), which would restore Henry's shattered fortune and extricate him from a political scrape.

Norman discloses that Lucy has been meeting secretly with Edgar, a neighbor and an enemy of the Ashtons. Henry's fury is not assuaged by the further news that a prowler who has been seen near the castle has been identified as the same Edgar. The scene ends with Henry and his followers joining in an energetically vengeful chorus.

Scene 2 is set in a park by a fountain, where Lucy is waiting for Edgar. With her is her companion Ailsie (Alisa), who is dubious about the wisdom of the meeting. Lucy tells how she once saw a ghost rising from her fountain (in the aria *Regnava nel silenzio*), then banishes "this horrid presage" from her mind and reaffirms her love for Edgar in the aria's rapid sequel (*Quando rapita*).

Edgar arrives to break the news that he has to leave for France. He wants to go to Henry, end the feud, and disclose their love, but Lucy, apprehensive, dissuades him. They end the scene with a tender farewell duet (*Verrano a te sull'aura*)—

Lucia:

*Afar borne on the sighing breeze,
When my sad moans shall reach thee,
Low wailing with the murm'ring seas,
Ah! let it then, dear, beseech thee;*

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CORNELIUS OPTHOF sang the baritone role of Valentine, Marguerite's brother, in the performances of "Faust" in which Sutherland starred in the United States last March. He was born in Holland, began his operatic career in Canada.

*To think of one whose solace dear
Will be on thee to call,
Then may a sad regretful tear
On this love token fall.*

(Repeated by Edgardo, then by both together.)

(Translation by Charles Lamb Kenney)

ACT II

This act, set in the castle, again starts with a conversation between Henry and

Norman, which serves to bring the action up to date. Henry has had all Edgar's letters to Lucy intercepted, and plans to persuade her, with the aid of a forged letter, that Edgar is now married to someone else.

He proceeds to put this part of the plan into effect after Lucy appears (though first allowing her time to sing an aria expressing her forebodings). Lucy falls for the deception, and Henry, abetted by his chaplain (Bide-the-Bent in Scott, Raimondo in the opera), works on her distraught mind to try to persuade her to the marriage with Arthur Bucklaw. She sadly consents.

Scene 2 is the signing of the marriage contract. Arthur (who seems a decent fellow) pledges his good faith. Just as poor Lucy signs the contract Edgar enters, learns what is happening, and explodes in rage against them all. He is restrained from violence by the chaplain, and they all express their divergent reactions at length in the famous Sextet, which is followed by a chorus.

ACT III

Scene 1 (which is usually omitted) takes place in Edgar's ruined castle; here Henry comes to confront Edgar and they agree to meet in a duel.

Scene 2, in the hall of the castle of Lammermoor, shows us the guests celebrating the marriage of Lucy and Arthur. The chaplain bursts in with the news that Lucy has gone out of her mind and stabbed her husband; soon Lucy herself appears before the horrified company, with blood staining her wedding gown. What follows is Lucy's "Mad Scene"—one of the most taxing scenes in the coloratura soprano's repertoire, and certainly the most famous.



JOHN ALEXANDER, an American, is one of the principal tenors on this tour. He sang opposite Sutherland in her recent season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and previously they worked together recording Bellini's "Norma."

In the course of this scene Lucy imagines she is with Edgar once more (here the orchestra softly quotes the Act I duet *Verrano a te sull'aura*); she sees herself being married to him; in a lucid interval she accuses her brother of forcing her into signing the marriage contract with Arthur Bucklaw; finally she looks forward to a reunion after death with Edgar.

At the end Lucy falls senseless; Henry is sobered and remorseful.

Scene 3 finds Edgar brooding among the tombs of his ancestors: he still believes Lucy has voluntarily betrayed him. A mourning procession enters, followed by the chaplain, who announces that Lucy is dead. Edgar sings a last grieving aria (*Tu che a Dio*); then plunges his dagger into his own heart.

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La Traviata

Pronounced Lah Trah-vee-AH-ta

(The Woman Gone Astray)

by GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813-1901)

First performed: Venice, 1853



AT COVENT GARDEN Joan Sutherland rehearses the moving rôle of Violetta, the courtesan abandoned by her lover, who returns to find her dying.

• Violetta Valery, a courtesan—Joan Sutherland or Joy Mammen. Other leading singers: Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelius Ophhof, Monica Sinclair, Morag Beaton, Joseph Ward, Spiro Malas, Ronald McConaghie; or Andre Montal, Dorothy Cole, John Alexander, Robert Allman, Richard Cross, Lauris Elms, Alberto Remedios.

WHEN *La Traviata* appeared, Verdi, the supreme master of Italian opera, was in mid-career. His previous 18 operas had been in the old tradition: mainly sombre, days-of-yore melodramas set to good rousing tunes.

But *Traviata* was something new and different: a true-to-life love story about modern people in modern dress. The difference seems to have baffled its first audience, and the premiere at the Fenice Theatre in Venice was a frost (though this seems to have been partly the singers' fault).

Traviata pointed the way to a more naturalistic opera. The days when composers could blandly ignore the dramatic situation for the sake of a good tune or a bit of vocal fireworks were coming to an end.

Violetta, the heroine of the opera, is a portrait from life. Her original was named Marie Duplessis, and she rose from rather sordid beginnings to become the queen of the Paris *demi-monde* in the 1840s. She died of tuberculosis at the age of 23, only six years before the opera was written.

Her admirers included the younger Alexandre Dumas, son of the author of *The*

Three Musketeers. They seem to have had a genuine, non-commercial love affair, which Dumas romanticised after her death in his play *The Lady of the Camellias*. In its time this play was as famous as the opera that Verdi made from it; in English it was called *Camille*, and it reached the screen under this title in the 1930s, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor as the lovers.

The thing that seems to have troubled Verdi's audience most about *La Traviata* was the modern dress. For the second production (which had better success) it was put back into the period of Louis XIV.

Today, of course, it is done once again in the mid-19th-century costumes of the days when it was written.

ACT I

The setting is the house of Violetta, a courtesan, where a party is in progress. The guests include Flora (a friend of Violetta), Baron Douphol (an old admirer), and a newcomer, Alfredo, who has admired Violetta from afar. Alfredo, asked to propose a toast, sings a lively drinking song (*Libiamo ne' lieti*), in which Violetta joins.

As the company is withdrawing to another room to dance, Violetta is seized with a sudden fit of consumptive coughing and bids the others go on without her. But she is surprised to find that one guest has stayed behind: Alfredo, who proceeds to declare his feelings for her.



She is touched, and arranges another meeting before he and the other guests depart.

Alone, she ponders on the strange and deep effect that the young man has had on her. In the opera's most famous aria (*Ah, fors' e lui*) and its sequel (*Sempre libera*) she first considers, then rejects, the idea of abandoning her gay life for a quieter and purer life with Alfredo.

ACT II

Scene 1 finds Alfredo sharing a villa near Paris with Violetta, who has followed her first inclination after all. Alfredo, alone, sings of their tranquil existence, but is disturbed to learn from Violetta's maid, Annina, that her mistress has been selling her possessions to pay the household bills; he sings a remorseful aria, then hurries off to look to their finances.

Violetta appears and reads a letter from Flora inviting her to a party that night; she indicates that she has no intention of going. A stranger is shown in: Giorgio Germont, Alfredo's father.

Germont accuses Violetta of squandering Alfredo's fortune. When she tells him the real truth—that she has accepted none of Alfredo's money—he changes his tone and appeals to her to end the association because the scandal threatens to spoil the marriage chances of Alfredo's sister, a girl “pure as an angel” (*Pura siccome un angelo*).

His pleas take effect; Violetta unhappily consents. She writes a note for Alfredo telling him that she has left him but not saying why. Germont, deeply impressed by her self-sacrifice, goes out.

Before Violetta herself can leave, Alfredo returns. She begs him, in a passionate outburst, to love her “as she loves him,” then makes her escape.

After she has gone a servant brings her



JOY MAMMEN, who substitutes sometimes for Sutherland in “*La Traviata*.” Born in Melbourne; in 1961 joined the Aachen Opera House as a principal soprano.

letter to Alfredo. Reading it, he gives a cry of anguish and throws himself into the arms of his father, who re-enters at that moment. Germont tries to persuade his son to return to his home in Provence (*Di Provenza, il mar, il suol*). But the enraged Alfredo is sure that Violetta has returned to her old lover, Douphol; he sees Flora's letter and determines to go to her party in search of revenge.

Scene 2 is set at Flora's party. There is some dancing (sometimes omitted), then Alfredo enters and joins in a card game. When Violetta appears with

Douphol, Alfredo makes some obliquely insulting comments. Tension mounts, until Alfredo and Douphol settle on a duel.

When Violetta is alone with Alfredo she urges him to leave for his own safety. But when (in order to avoid telling him the truth) she falsely admits that she loves Douphol, Alfredo calls back the other guests and publicly reviles her. Germont enters and denounces his son's conduct. A big ensemble closes the act.

ACT III

Violetta, living alone but for her faithful maid Annina, is near death from consumption. A doctor comes and tells Annina privately that her mistress has only a few hours to live.

When they have gone Violetta re-reads a letter from Germont telling her that he has revealed her sacrifice to Alfredo, who is coming to ask her forgiveness. “Too late,” she says. (While she reads, the orchestra plays very softly the melody of Alfredo's first declaration of love, which also forms part of the aria *Ah, fors' e lui* — a particularly effective example of an old operatic trick, the recall of music from earlier in the opera at a moment of emotional tension. We find a similar effect in the Mad Scene in *Lucia* and in the final scene of *Faust*.)

Violetta, aware that death is near her, sings a farewell to her dreams of happiness (*Addio del passato*); noises of carnival break in from the street outside. Annina announces the arrival of Alfredo. The lovers embrace, and Alfredo urges her to come away with him (*Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo*).

But excitement has made Violetta's condition worse. She sinks back exhausted and sends Annina for the doctor. Germont enters, then the doctor. But it is too late. Violetta dies.



VERDI was born on October 10, 1813, the son of a tavern keeper in a village near Busseto, Italy. He was helped in early studies by a merchant, who became his father-in-law. In 1835 he gained the chief music post in Busseto, but resigned to go to Milan for the production of his first opera “*Oberto*” (1839). After the deaths of his first wife and two children and the failure of his next opera he wanted to give up writing, but the success of “*Nabucco*” (1842) started a long, rapid series of operas, leading up to “*Traviata*.” Thereafter, living quietly near Busseto, he worked more slowly and more to his own taste. Long associated with the cause of Italian liberty, he became a member of the first Italian Parliament in 1861. His last operas—considered his greatest—were “*Aida*” (1871), “*Otello*” (1877), and “*Falstaff*” (1893).

Faust

by CHARLES GOUNOD (1818-1893)

First performed: Paris, 1859

• Marguerite—Joan Sutherland or Doris Yarick. Faust—John Alexander. Other leading singers: Margreta Elkins, Dorothy Cole, Cornelius Ophof, Richard Cross; or Morag Beaton, Robert Rouleau, and others.



MEPHISTOPHELES, as portrayed near the turn of the century by Pol Plancon, one of the celebrated opera singers of his day.

Page 12 — THE SUTHERLAND OPERA SEASON

OF all the numerous operas and other works of music which Goethe's great philosophical drama *Faust* gave rise to during last century, Gounod's melodious version was the clear winner in the popularity stakes—a fact that enrages Goethe's more earnest admirers, who look on the opera as a sentimental travesty.

Some German opera houses refuse to dignify it by the title *Faust*, calling it instead *Marguerite*, after the heroine.

Nevertheless, the opera keeps much closer to the incidents of its original source than many operatic adaptations, and if Gounod was not greatly concerned with the philosophical overtones of the drama neither were the opera-goers who kept it at or near the top of the operatic hit parade for so many decades. (Its position seems to have slipped a little in recent years.)

The main secret of its success is without doubt its prodigal supply of catchy tunes. No other opera has so many numbers that are immediately recognisable, even to people who may never have heard the whole work—or any opera—in their lives.

ACT I

The opera is set in 16th-century Germany. The opening scene finds Faust, an

old scholar, seated in his study at dawn, brooding on his lost youth and the futility of learning.

He is about to take poison when he hears a chorus of early risers singing outside his window—first in praise of love, then in praise of God. He hesitates, and calls on the Devil to help him. And the Devil—Mephistopheles—is on the scene in the space of two short bars, dressed like a gentleman, with a sword and well-filled purse at his side.

Faust orders Mephistopheles away; but Mephisto (to give him his common operatic shortening) is not easily put off. He asks Faust to name whatever he wants from life; Youth, Faust says.

Mephisto then conjures up the vision of a beautiful young girl: Marguerite. Faust is entranced and eager then to sign away his soul. The contract is sealed; Faust is transformed into an elegant young blade; they sing a lively duet and depart.

ACT II

A village fair. Students sing a chorus in praise of wine, soldiers sing another in praise of women. It is this, perhaps, that prompts one young soldier, Valentine, to express his anxiety about leaving his sister, Marguerite, alone when he goes to war. He sings the aria *Even bravest heart may swell*.

(Arias from French and German operas—unlike Italian ones—are nearly always known to English-speaking people by

English titles. Most of us are nervous about pronouncing French and German but are prepared to have a shot at Italian. As it happens, though, Gounod did write this aria first to the English words, for a London production of the opera.)

Mephistopheles joins the merrymaking and sings a cynical song about the Calf of Gold. He then tells the fortune of Siebel, a village youth in love with Marguerite: all flowers, he says, will wither at his touch. He also predicts death for Valentine.

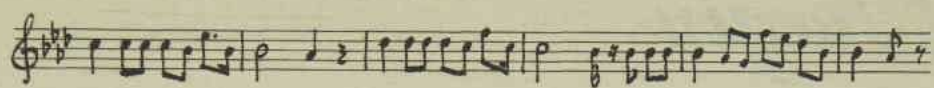
Mephisto then draws wine by magic from the inn-sign and toasts Marguerite. Valentine, enraged at this, draws his sword, but it breaks in the air. Recognising Mephisto's evil power, the soldiers make the sign of the cross with their swords; at this Mephisto cowers helplessly.

After the crowd leaves, Faust enters and asks Mephisto when he shall meet Marguerite. "Wait and see," Mephisto says (more or less). A waltz begins; the revellers come back and dance; Marguerite enters. Faust offers his arm, but she very politely refuses and leaves. The waltz swirls on to a climax.

ACT III

In the garden of Marguerite's cottage Siebel, alone, sings of his love for her. This is the aria known as the Flower Song: as he sings he picks a flower, but as Mephistopheles predicted it withers in his hand. He dips his fingers in holy water and picks another, which does not

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with. So he gathers a whole bunch and lays them at Marguerite's door.

Faust and Mephisto, entering unseen, observe this. Mephisto goes to fetch a casket of jewels to set beside Siebel's flowers, while Faust (showing some signs of compunction) sings the famous aria *All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly*. Mephisto puts the jewels on the doorstep and they withdraw.

Marguerite comes into the garden (from the gate, not the house) and sits at a spinning wheel; as she spins she sings the ballad of the King of Thule, but her thoughts keep straying to the memory of the handsome stranger (Faust) who spoke to her.

When she goes to her door she sees the flowers, then the jewels. Fascinated, she decks herself in the jewels, singing as she does so. (This is the well-known *Jewel Song*.)

Marthe, a neighbor, enters and admires the effect. Mephistopheles comes forward to tell Marthe that her husband is dead, and proceeds—very successfully—to console her, while Faust woos Marguerite.

After a time Mephisto coaxes Marthe away, leaving Faust and Marguerite alone. Marguerite is soon head over heels in love. Faust arranges to meet her again next day and goes to leave, but Mephisto, returning, points to where Marguerite is at her window, singing of her new-born love. Faust climbs over the sill to embrace her passionately, while Mephisto gives a wicked laugh in the background.

ACT IV

(The order of scenes in this act is sometimes changed, and the first scene often omitted.)



MELBA, who in her lifetime made the role of Marguerite her own. It is 78 years since her operatic debut.

In Scene 1, Marguerite, deserted by Faust (whose child she has borne), sits alone in her room, listening miserably to the malicious comments of the people in the street outside. Siebel comes and offers his love and protection, but she confesses that she still loves Faust.

Scene 2 shows Marguerite praying in church. Mephistopheles, concealed, reminds her that it is too late for repentance. A choir is heard singing the *Dies Irae* as Marguerite begs in anguish for pardon.

Scene 3 is set in the street outside Marguerite's house. Soldiers appear singing the Soldiers' Chorus (which, like the Toreador's Song in *Carmen*, is one of

those opera tunes that absolutely everybody knows). Valentine, unaware of Marguerite's disgrace, greets Siebel, who begs him to forgive his sister. Puzzled and suspicious, Valentine goes into the house.

Faust and Mephistopheles appear, and Mephisto sings a mocking serenade under Marguerite's window. Valentine rushes out in anger and challenges Faust to a duel. Mephisto guides Faust's sword and Valentine falls, mortally wounded. As Mephisto hurries Faust away the dying Valentine pronounces a solemn curse on Marguerite.

ACT V

Scene 1 (sometimes omitted) is a ballet-scene added by Gounod 10 years after the first production. Mephistopheles brings Faust to the infernal Walpurgis Night revels. Demons, will-o'-the-wisps, and legendary figures such as Helen of Troy take part in the proceedings. Faust sees a vision of Marguerite with a red line about her neck "like the cut of an axe;" he orders Mephisto to take him to her.

Scene 2. Marguerite is in a prison cell, condemned to death for the murder of her child in a fit of madness. Mephistopheles brings Faust to her and goes off to arrange their escape, while Faust and Marguerite sing a duet of reunion. Mephisto returns to urge them to hurry away, but Marguerite will not go; she is now content to die, and sinks on her knees in prayer.

"She is damned," Mephistopheles says; but a chorus of angels replies: "She is saved." She dies. Angels are seen bearing her soul to heaven, while Mephistopheles is held back "by the shining sword of the Archangel." (Modern producers, however, often leave these supernatural details to the imagination.)



GOUNOD, born on June 18, 1818, in Paris, came from a musical and artistic family. He learned music from his mother, a well-known pianist, and later studied at the Paris Conservatoire. In 1839 he won the annual Prix de Rome, which gave him four years' residence in Rome. Back in France, he studied for the priesthood for two years, but returned to a musical career. His first work to attract wide attention was a Solemn Mass, first performed in London in 1851. The first of his 13 operas, "Sapho," appeared in Paris in the same year. "Faust" was his third opera and by far his most successful. From 1870 to 1875 he lived in London (where his music was very popular). Before his death in 1893 he became immersed in religious mysticism, writing mainly religious music.

Eugene Onegin

by PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840-1893)

First performed: Moscow, 1879

Pronounced Eugene On-YEG-ee-n*

* Tatyana—Margreta Elkins or Doris Yarick or Joy Mammen or Morag Beaton. Other leading singers: Lauris Elms, Alberto Remedios, Richard Cross, Joseph Rouleau, Monica Sinclair, Joseph Ward; or Robert Allman, John Alexander, Spiro Malas, Dorothy Cole, Andre Montal.



MARGRETA ELKINS, the mezzo-soprano from Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden who sings the heart-rending soprano role of Tatyana, has become one of the top Australians in opera. She was born in Brisbane, became friendly with Joan Sutherland during their student days in Sydney and Melbourne, and later in London was to say, "Joan and I always seem to wind up appearing in the same operas." She was the only singer with Sutherland in the TV recital recorded for Australian audiences in 1962.

EUGENE ONEGIN, like Tchaikovsky's only other lasting opera, *The Queen of Spades*, is based on a story by the great Russian poet Pushkin.

Pushkin's version is in the form of a long narrative poem, "a novel in verse in the manner of (Byron's) *Don Juan*" as he called it. The world-weary Onegin is a distinctly Byronic figure (so was Pushkin himself) and the whole story is touched with the high-strung "sensibility" of the era—the 1820s—in which it was written.

ACT I

The opera opens with a scene of tranquil domesticity in a corner of the garden of Madame Larina's country estate. The mistress of the house is making preserves with the help of her old servant, Filipevna; her daughters, Tatyana and Olga, can be

*One problem with this opera is what to call it. The Russian pronunciation, approximately Yev-GYEN-yee On-YEG-ee-n (with the Ys as in "yes"), would be unrecognisable to most of us. It is often Germanised as Eugen (Ol-gain) Onegin, for no good reason. The best solution for English speakers is to use the normal English (or Anglo-French) pronunciation of Eugene with some approximation of the Russian sounds in Onegin.

heard through an open window of the house practising a duet. The sentimental words of the song stir memories for Larina, who recalls her young days when her head was full of romantic ideas.



EUGENE ONEGIN, the not very scrupulous young Russian (left), with his friend Lensky in the much-praised Russian film of the opera.

A chorus of reapers enters and honors Larina with a choral dance. Tatyana and Olga, who have come from the house, comment in their different ways on the peasants' song. From this we learn that Tatyana is a sensitive, introspective, and

romantic girl, while Olga is a down-to-earth, pleasure-loving extrovert.

After Filipevna leads the peasants off for refreshment, Larina, calling on her own experience, warns Tatyana not to take her romantic reading too seriously. In this life there are no heroes, she says.

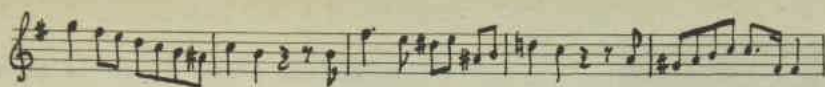
Thereupon the opera's anti-hero (as he might be called these days) comes on the scene. He is Eugene Onegin, a disillusioned young man-about-town who has been brought along for a social call by his friend Lensky, a neighbor (and a poet) engaged to Olga.

Madame Larina leaves the two couples together, quietly urging Tatyana not to be bashful. In the quarter that follows we become aware that Lensky is earnestly in love with Olga; he greets her as though after a long separation, while she tactlessly reminds him that they were together only yesterday. (Lensky, as a tenor and a poet, has most of the lyrical male singing in the opera—much more than Onegin, a rather caddish baritone.)

Onegin is casually attracted to the shy Tatyana, and it is evident that she is more than attracted to him, though Onegin does most of the talking. (It is left to the observant old Filipevna to draw attention to Tatyana's rapt air in the last words before the curtain falls.)

Scene 2 is set in Tatyana's room. It is late and she is conversing with Filipevna, who tells the story of her loveless marriage. This prompts Tatyana to confess that she herself is in love, though

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she will not say with whom. Instead she asks Filipevna to bring her writing materials and bids her good night.

Here follows the famous Letter Scene: Tatyana describes her overwrought state, then writes a confession of her love in a long letter addressed to Onegin.

Filipevna, coming to wake her, is surprised to find her still out of bed. Tatyana gives her the letter to send to Onegin.

Scene 3 is again set in a part of the garden, different from the first. It begins with a chorus of peasant girls singing and gathering berries. Tatyana comes running in and sinks exhausted on a garden bench; she has seen Onegin approaching and is terrified to face him.

But Onegin finds her and in quiet, cold terms gives his reply to her letter: marriage is not for him, and she is sure to find another who will love her better than he could. Tatyana, stricken, answers him only with "a long imploring look."

ACT II

The scene is a dance arranged by Madame Larina to celebrate Tatyana's birthday. The orchestra strikes up one of Tchaikovsky's lilting waltzes — a tune familiar to most listeners, whether they know the rest of the opera or not—which accompanies a considerable amount of chatter and gossip over the fact that Onegin is dancing with Tatyana.

Onegin overhears this, and in a mood of mischievous irritation begins paying attention to Lensky's Olga. Lensky is furious. The tension is held in check while an elderly Frenchman sings an old-fashioned song, but rises again when the dancing resumes, until at last the outraged Lensky publicly challenges Onegin to a duel. General consternation.

Scene 2 brings us the duel. A winter landscape at sunrise; Lensky and his



TCHAIKOVSKY was born on May 7, 1840, at Kamsko-Vatinsk, in Russia. His father, a government official, tried to discourage his son's musical ambitions. Tchaikovsky studied law and took a government post, but resigned it in 1863 to take full-time music studies at the Petrograd Conservatory. After graduation he became professor of harmony in the new Moscow Conservatory. In 1876, a wealthy music-lover, Madame von Meck, gave him a pension that made him financially independent; she and Tchaikovsky corresponded copiously, but never met. Tchaikovsky often travelled to Western Europe; he conducted his own works in the United States in 1891 and in England in 1893. He died as a result of drinking unboiled water during a cholera epidemic. His eight surviving operas are only part of his work; he wrote six symphonies, concertos, many other orchestral works, piano music, chamber music, and songs.

Picture shows Tchaikovsky and his wife (see Postscript).

second are waiting for Onegin to appear. While they wait, Lensky, who has a foreboding that he will not survive the duel, soliloquises on his blighted hopes. (This "Lensky's Aria" is, with the Letter Scene, the most famous passage in the opera.)

Onegin and his second arrive, and the two friends express their private regret over the turn of events in a brief duet (one of those operatic passages in which we must imagine that we are hearing the private thoughts of the characters, not their spoken words). Onegin fires first; Lensky is killed. Onegin rushes toward his friend's body and gives a cry of grief.

ACT III

Seven years have passed, and (as Russian audiences familiar with Pushkin's poem would already know) Tatyana has made a "good" marriage with the rich and respected Prince Gremin, while the remorseful Onegin has been wandering the world in search of peace of mind.

The scene is a fashionable house in St.

Petersburg, where a ball is going on. The orchestra plays a glittering polonaise, which by contrast to the tuneful waltz of Act II establishes that this is a much grander affair than Tatyana's country birthday party, and prepares us for the transformation in Tatyana herself, who has emerged from her rustic shell to become a gracious woman of society.

All this is made clear in the course of the scene—through Onegin's opening soliloquy, his surprised recognition of Tatyana, his conversation with another guest, who turns out to be Tatyana's husband, Gremin, and who (literally) sings her praises to Onegin, and finally in Onegin's brief conversation with a coolly contained Tatyana. This time it is Onegin who is smitten. Alone, he admits as much.

Scene 2, in a room in Prince Gremin's house, reveals that Onegin in his turn has written a pleading letter to Tatyana. She, reading it alone, is profoundly disturbed, and Onegin finds her weeping.

His urgent pleading forces her to admit

that her love for him is still alive. They sing a passionate duet, but her verdict is still rejection; she is now a married woman. She commands him to leave, and he rushes out with a cry of despair.

POSTSCRIPT: While Tchaikovsky was immersed in the writing of *Onegin* a young conservatorium student whom he scarcely remembered meeting wrote him a declaration of love. He drafted a reply in polite, dismissive terms, but the image of his beloved Tatyana and the consequences of her rejected love haunted him; he feared to be another Onegin.

The obsession grew so strong that he consented to a meeting and eventually drifted into a marriage for which he was hopelessly unfitted.

At the height of the emotional turmoil that resulted he tried to drown himself in the half-frozen Moscow River; it was not until months later that he was nursed back to mental and physical health and was able to finish the opera.



RICHARD BONYNGE, artistic director of the touring company of 150, has been Joan Sutherland's own thoroughgoing artistic director since long before they married in 1954. They knew each other in their student days in Sydney — he was often her accompanist. Miss Sutherland had her first big chance in a Sydney Town Hall concert in 1947; two years later her pianist friend, now 19, won the Eisteddfod Open Championship (and, incidentally, the *Women's Weekly* Scholarship), and finally a scholarship to the Royal College of Music; and she sang at his farewell benefit concert at "the Con" a year before she herself left for London with her mother. In Europe, Richard Bonyngge has become an authority on the *bel canto* operatic tradition and a conductor of note. This picture was taken on the first-floor balcony of their London home, overlooking Cornwall Gardens. They have a son, Adam, aged nine.

IN THE WORLD OF GRAND OPERA

Aria: An air; in opera a self-contained vocal solo, usually fairly long and elaborate. A **duet** (in most cases) is simply an aria for two people. Arias, duets, ensembles, choruses are all **set numbers**, in which the action is interrupted while the characters give vent to their feelings.

Ensemble: In opera, a set number in which several of the leading characters (with or without the chorus) simultaneously express their own reactions to what has happened. In the old Italian opera an ensemble frequently follows a dramatic crisis and closes an act or scene.

Recitative: Speech-like singing which in the older type of opera represents

ordinary dialogue. Thus, in effect, the recitative tells the actual story, the set numbers comment on it.

Scene: Has both the ordinary theatrical meaning and the special operatic meaning of a long dramatic sequence of linked recitatives and arias sung by one person — e.g., Lucia's "Mad Scene."

Bel canto: Literally "beautiful song"; nowadays used principally to describe the brilliant operatic vocal style typical of the early 19th century.

Coloratura: Florid, agile singing; often used as an adjective. (It is a made-up Italian word, not used by the Italians.)

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RECIPES FROM OUR
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FRENCH CHICKEN PIE

One 3lb. chicken, ½lb. bacon (with rind removed), 1 medium-sized can champignons (small button mushrooms) or ½lb. fresh mushrooms (sauteed in little butter), 1 onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper, ½lb. rich shortcrust pastry, ½lb. puff pastry, egg-yolk for glazing.

Cut chicken into joints. Wrap each piece of chicken in rasher of bacon. Line deep ovenproof dish with the rolled shortcrust pastry. Arrange chicken pieces, mushrooms, sliced onion, parsley, salt, and pepper in pastry-lined dish. Roll out puff pastry, cover top of pie; trim and decorate edges. Make rose and leaves from pastry trimmings. Brush top of pie with egg glazing. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook further 1½ hours.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, 2oz. cornflour, 1oz. icing sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, water to mix.

Filling: One large can pie apples or 2 cups stewed, cold apple pulp (sweetened), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, nutmeg, passionfruit-flavored icing.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to a stiff dough with water. Allow to chill 1 hour. Roll out 2-3rds of the dough on floured board and line 7in. flan tin (with removable base). Mix the apple pulp with lemon juice and nutmeg. Spoon into prepared pie shell. Brush edges with a little milk. Roll out remaining pastry, cover top of pie. Trim edges of pastry. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 20 to 25 minutes or until pie is lightly brown. Allow to cool, place in refrigerator until quite cold. Remove from tin, ice with passionfruit icing. Serve cut into wedges.

Passionfruit Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, pulp of 3 passionfruit, little water, yellow coloring.

Sift icing sugar and place in heatproof basin. Add passionfruit pulp and little water; mix to firm paste with wooden spoon. Stir over boiling water until icing is of smooth, flowing consistency. Icing should not be allowed to become too thin or it will run off pie. Add coloring, pour over top of pie, smooth quickly over with knife blade dipped in hot water. Allow to become quite cold before cutting.

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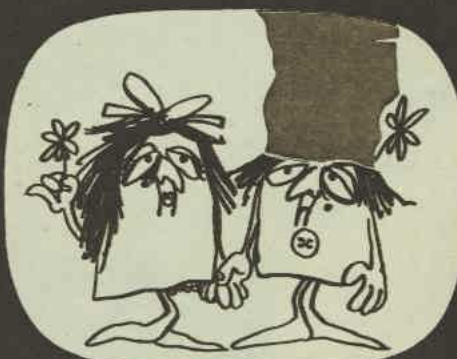
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SARDINE QUICHE

Two cups milk, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 3 cans sardines, 9in. unbaked shortcrust pastry shell.

Drain oil from sardines, reserve 5 for garnish. Chop remainder of sardines, place on base of pie shell. Beat eggs until light and fluffy, beat in half the milk. Put remainder of milk on to boil. Add boiling milk to egg mixture with seasonings; beat well, pour carefully over sardines. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 15 minutes or until filling is set and pastry is golden brown. Arrange reserved sardines decoratively on top of pie.



MELTON MOWBRAY PIE

Three pounds lean shoulder of pork (with bones), salt, pepper, 1 knuckle veal, 1 sliced onion, water, 2lb. plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard, 5oz. water, 5oz. milk, beaten egg-yolk for glazing.

Bone the shoulder, cut the meat into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. dice. Season meat with salt and pepper, set aside. Place bones in saucepan with veal knuckle, chopped onion, salt, and pepper. Add water to cover, simmer mixture at least 2 hours to make a good stock that jells when cold.

Place milk, water, and lard in saucepan, bring to the boil. Sift flour and salt into basin. Mix milk mixture into flour, work to soft dough very quickly. The pie must be formed while pastry is still warm, because the lard will harden when it cools. Set aside about 1-3rd of pastry for lid and roll out larger piece. Grease 8in. cake tin with removable base, line with pastry extending $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above top. Place seasoned pork in prepared pie shell, moisten with little strained stock. Roll out remaining pastry, place on top of pie, trim, and pinch edges firmly. Make rose out of pastry trimmings, place on top of pie. Brush with egg-yolk glazing. Cut few slits in top of pie. Bake in moderate oven 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, covering top with paper when beginning to brown.

When pie is three-quarters done, remove pastry rose, reserving it. Pour in enough hot stock to fill pie. Brush pie again with egg-yolk, return to oven until pie is cooked. Cool, then chill in refrigerator until set. Replace rose and serve cold, cut in wedges.



STEAK AND OYSTER PIE

One and a half to two pounds topside or round steak, flour, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, small onion, extra 2 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oyster liquor, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry red wine, 1 dozen oysters, 1 diced cooked medium-sized potato, 8oz. puff pastry, chopped parsley.

Cut meat into cubes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, remove excess fat, coat with flour, pepper, and salt. Heat fat or oil in saucepan, add steak, cook until lightly browned. Remove meat from pan, add finely chopped onion to hot fat, and brown lightly. Stir in extra flour, allow to brown slowly, then stir in oyster liquor and wine; continue stirring until boiling. Return meat to saucepan, simmer gently 30 minutes. Turn into pie dish, add bearded oysters and diced cooked potato. Allow to cool so steam from meat will not make pastry moist underneath. Roll out pastry to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on lightly floured board. Moisten edges of dish; place pastry over top of meat mixture in pie dish. Trim edges with sharp knife. Cut slit in top of pie. Decorate with pastry rose and leaves, brush with egg-yolk or milk. Bake in very hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Sprinkle chopped parsley over servings of pie.

SALMON PILAFF PIE

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, 1 egg, pinch salt, pinch bicarbonate of soda, water to mix, beaten egg-yolk for glazing.

Filling: Six ounces rice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 medium-size can salmon, 1 chopped onion, 3oz. melted butter or substitute, 1 pint stock or water, salt, pepper.

Sift flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda into basin. Rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and little water. Roll out 2-3rds of dough, line 9in. pie plate. Fill with prepared filling, roll out remaining pastry, brush edges, and cover top of pie. Make few slits to allow steam to escape. Brush with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Filling: Heat 1oz. butter or substitute in frying pan, saute onion until tender but not browned. Add rice and cook, stirring occasionally, until golden brown; add stock or water. Cover, simmer until all liquid is evaporated and rice is cooked. Rub hard-boiled eggs through sieve, add to cooked rice with salt, pepper, drained, flaked salmon, and remaining butter. Mix well, allow to cool before putting into pie.

Continued on page 41



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Nothing like 'ASPRO' and a hot drink!

Getting down the feverishness is winning half the battle in attacking flu's miseries. The antipyretic action of 'ASPRO' is your sure way to do this. In addition to taking 'ASPRO' during the day you should take three tablets with a piping hot lemon drink at bedtime.

This, combined with the warmth of the blankets, will promote a healthy perspiration so while you sleep you're getting back on the road to your real self.

Your own doctor will tell you there is no more proven way to comfort than this—no SAFER way either!

Every year 'flu comes in some form or another but experience proves, time after time, 'ASPRO', bed and the hot drink have no superior.

ACHING JOINTS



"Painful shoulder", stiff joints and painful twinges have, as their cause, INFLAMMATION. This is where the powerful anti-inflammatory action of 'ASPRO' is such a boon.

'ASPRO', with this additional action relieves the inflammation in the joints causing the trouble—it tackles the problem right at its seat.

In treating troubles of this kind it is important to understand that, while 'ASPRO' will relieve pain at the time, it can be far more valuable if taken consistently during periods when your pain appears. Remember 'ASPRO' can be taken frequently and for long periods without fear of harm to heart, lungs or arteries.

'ASPRO', too, is not habit forming and does not tend to cause addiction.

SORE THROAT



For many years now, an 'ASPRO' gargle has been regarded as one of the most effective forms of relief for sore, inflamed throat—and, incidentally, the most inexpensive.

You simply mix a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets in about half a tumbler of water, then gargle and swallow. Myriads of tiny 'ASPRO' particles are suspended in the mixture and these, in contact with the delicate membranes in the throat, soon begin to exert their soothing influence.

You should gargle as often as necessary during the day—say, every few hours or so. Be sure to take 'ASPRO' to work with you.

An alternative to using 'ASPRO' as a gargle is to crush the tablets into a powder, mix with a teaspoon of honey and take in that form.

FEVERISH HEADACHE



Headache is one of the many forms of pain. And headaches themselves take many forms but when colds and flu are about the feverish type of headache becomes very prevalent.

In this condition 'ASPRO' offers a dual action. As a powerful pain reliever 'ASPRO' acts at the nerve centre at the base of the brain. Then, due to its antipyretic (fever reducing) properties, 'ASPRO' also removes that frustrating over-heated feeling, leaving you clear headed and calmer.

The action of 'ASPRO' is soothing, "sympathetic" and free from irritating or harmful after effects. 'ASPRO' is not a narcotic, does not induce a habit or craving.

If possible take the 'ASPRO' with a cup of tea or other hot drink to speed up action.

HIGH TEMPERATURE



If your temperature shoots up there is only one thing to do—go straight to bed. If it's very high, call the doctor.

In the meantime 'ASPRO' is your safest and best form of getting comfort and lowering the temperature. Read this:

ANTIBIOTICS BEATEN IN U.S.A. FLU TEST!

During an outbreak of influenza in 1952 at Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois, U.S.A., an opportunity was provided to make comparisons between the active ingredient in 'ASPRO' and two different antibiotics. 150 patients were treated. The result showed that in the patients receiving the active ingredient used in 'ASPRO', temperature returned to normal in an average of 30 hours. Those treated with one of the antibiotics did not have normal temperature for 41 hours, and in the case of the other antibiotic, 42 hours. This information was obtained from "Science News Letter", Washington, U.S.A., October 10, 1953.

RHEUMATIC PAINS



Have you tried a properly regulated COURSE of 'ASPRO'?

All pain relievers act (to a greater or lesser degree) by depressing the awareness of pain at the nerve centre at the base of the brain.

But 'ASPRO' has, in addition, another action—ANTI-INFLAMMATORY ACTION—which is especially valuable in rheumatic conditions. (See note Goodman and Gilman below.)

However, if you take 'ASPRO' to relieve rheumatic twinges only at the odd times you suffer them, you are not getting the full benefit of the 'ASPRO' anti-inflammatory action. Rheumatic pains are caused by inflammation in the joints and associated structures and tissues producing pain, heat, redness, tenderness, swelling and stiffness. But by taking 'ASPRO' spasmodically you are not relieving the inflammation—the seat of the trouble. A proper COURSE of 'ASPRO', then, is the only way to do this.

How to take 'ASPRO' as a COURSE for rheumatic pain.

For best results in rheumatism, 'ASPRO' must be taken adequately, constantly and consistently. If your case warrants it, the 'ASPRO' treatment can be continued for some months.

'ASPRO' can, of course, be taken in larger doses at the times that pain dictates. Even so, it should be taken at other times as well, for example before as well as after breakfast if morning pain and stiffness predominate; then after lunch and evening meal, thus preserving continuity of effect. Recommended dose is 2 tablets each time (occasionally 3).

Highly authoritative support comes from two noted pharmacologists, GOODMAN and GILMAN. They say:

"The salicylates reduce pain, immobility and inflammation of the joints in acute rheumatic fever; this action constitutes the basis of A MAJOR THERAPEUTIC USE of these drugs. 'ASPRO', consisting as it does of the most important of the salicylates, acetylsalicylic acid, is therefore an anti-rheumatic agent of the first order."

'ASPRO' warrants everyone's respect. Because 'ASPRO' can be bought readily, and at trifling cost, it seems improbable to many that it can achieve all it does. But the fact remains that its active ingredient is acknowledged by the medical profession as the most reliable and versatile assistance in alleviating everyday ills—and even more serious ones (see note Goodman and Gilman at bottom right corner).

One of the great virtues of 'ASPRO' is that it can be taken consistently and constantly with an easy mind because it does not harm the heart, arteries or lungs. Neither is it habit forming. Furthermore, long use of 'ASPRO' does not cause a lessening of its responsiveness as is the case with some pain relievers. 'ASPRO' always acts with 100 per cent efficiency each time it is taken.

Does so much costs so little

'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO'—the modern medicine for modern times! 11½ million used daily throughout the world!

CARAMEL-CHEESE PIE

One 9in. baked pastry case, 2 teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 8oz. packaged cream cheese, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 4 tablespoons hot water, extra 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons water, whipped, sweetened cream, chopped walnuts.

Place gelatine in water, dissolve over hot water. Beat cream cheese until white and fluffy, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar dissolves. Add egg-yolks, lemon juice, vanilla, and dissolved gelatine. Spoon filling into cooled pie shell, refrigerate until set. Meanwhile combine in saucepan the butter, brown sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, gradually stir in the water. Return to heat, cook further 1 to 2 minutes, stir in the extra dissolved gelatine; allow to cool. Pour caramel sauce over top of pie, refrigerate again. Just before serving decorate with whipped, sweetened cream and chopped walnuts.



COFFEE-RUM PIE

One tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons rum, 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 3 eggs, 4oz. chopped, melted chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup strong, black coffee, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, extra 1-3rd cup sugar, 9in. baked pastry case, whipped, sweetened cream.

Dissolve gelatine in rum over hot water, allow to stand 5 minutes. In top half of double saucepan combine sugar, salt, cinnamon, egg-yolks, melted chocolate, and dissolved gelatine; mix well. Gradually stir in the strong coffee, beating briskly after each addition. When thoroughly blended, place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture coats back of spoon; allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar and vanilla, continue beating until of meringue consistency. Mix into cool coffee mixture. Pour into prepared pie shell, allow to set. Decorate with swirls of whipped, sweetened cream.

Color pictures in this cookery feature by staff photographers Don Cameron, Ian Mitchell, and Barry Cullen.



PASSIONFRUIT MALLOW PIE

Pastry: Two ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, 1oz. custard powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk or water.

Filling: Two ounces butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pulp 2 or 3 passionfruit, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 egg-yolk.

Marshmallow: Half cup hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, extra passionfruit pulp.

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute; mix to firm dough with milk or water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Line 9in. pie dish, trim, and pinch edges. Prick pastry with fork. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool, prepare filling.

Filling: Place in saucepan the butter, sugar, water, and cornflour (which has been blended with lemon juice). Stir over low heat until mixture boils. Add passionfruit pulp, continue stirring, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolk. Cool slightly, pour into pastry case. Meanwhile, prepare marshmallow topping.

Topping: Dissolve gelatine in hot water, allow to cool, add lemon juice. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add dissolved gelatine, then sugar, beating constantly until thick. Pile on to filling in pastry case, trickle extra passionfruit pulp on top. Allow to chill.



LEMON MERINGUE PIE

One 9in. baked pastry case, 3 eggs, 6oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, pinch salt.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 7 dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, pinch salt.

Combine the beaten eggs, butter, sugar, lemon rind, juice, and salt in top half of double saucepan. Stir over simmering water until mixture coats back of spoon; allow to cool. Pour into pastry case. Cover with meringue.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar and salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually add sugar, beating all the time until mixture is of meringue consistency. Fill meringue into piping bag, pipe over top to cover it completely. Bake in slow oven 10 to 15 minutes or until meringue is golden brown. Allow to become quite cold before serving.



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is now available in this elegant, new plastic pack . . . it cannot break — it's slim and easily carried — it's luxurious yet it's only **15/6 for 4 OZS. 3 oz. Bottle - Only 11/9.**

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES



Continued from page 18

you'll wish you were dead." And for all that it was he who had been wronged, there was something horrible in the way he pranced and shrieked in front of his brother.

"Be quiet," I said. "Guard Mahaffey is coming. Let your brother go with him decently." The other men began to lead Fergus away, down the hill toward the Guard. Brid would have followed him, but this time I held her back.

A week later there were a good few of us in the little courthouse in Rathfarnham to see Fergus tried, and the general opinion seemed to be that the time had come to punish him severely.

The district justice evidently thought so, too, and sentenced Fergus to three months. Beside me Brid caught her breath in her throat. In the dock Fergus looked round him helplessly, as if his hands and feet were fastened by invisible chains. The guard behind him touched his shoulder.

"I—" Fergus began, as if he was going to try and explain something, but then he lowered his head and went with the guard.

"That is the end of him," Brid whispered.

The next week she went over to Galway, trying to see him in the prison, but they wouldn't allow her to until a month of his sentence was gone. And when she went again, Fergus wouldn't allow it. I suppose he was too ashamed.

After that, she waited for his sentence to end. That morning she was up before dawn and went to Galway a third time and stood at the prison gates for him to come out. And that night she came home alone, and crouched by the fire as if in the one day she had grown old. For days after that she did not speak.

Until one night by the fire she told me what happened. "He came out of the jail," she said, "and he looked clean and neat as if he had been looked after well. Even his clothes were clean, and he wore a tie. I went up to him and I knew that he was bitterly ashamed at my seeing him there, yet glad that I'd come."

"We went and had breakfast in a little cafe, and it was wonderful. Almost like a wedding breakfast. Afterwards we walked out along by the sea and up a small hill beyond the town, and all the time he was trying to tell me why he had done what he had."

"What did he say?" I asked.

Brid looked at me, and made a kind of puzzled movement with her hands. "Strange, wild things. I asked him did he mean to kill Donal when he tried to burn the house."

"Donal?" he said. "Why would I want to kill him, poor creature? It was for my father. He had nothing fine nor great when he died. They put him meanly in a wet grave. I wanted to burn the house for him. All his life he was telling stories of

splendor, and I wanted to do at least one splendid thing for his memory. But I know that it wasn't right, the thing I chose. I would never have done it in my sober senses." Can you make head or tail of that?" Brid said.

"I cannot," I answered her. "It sounds like madness."

"I asked him then why he drank as he did," Brid went on, "ruining himself, and again what he said made no sense at all. 'Life in the village is like a lead coat,' he said, 'and it wraps you and weighs on you and shuts out the air and the sky. I wrench and heave at it and the pain of it tears at the skin of my mind until I have to drink or die.'"

"It made me feel uneasy to hear him," Brid said, "yet while he was talking I thought I understood. Only now I don't. And then he asked me to go away with him. Just like that. Sitting there on the wall with the bay at our feet and the grey islands beyond. As if we had no more to do than to go together to the shore. And for that minute after he said it, I thought so, too."

SHE shivered a little and drew her cardigan closer round her throat. "But then I looked the other side of us and saw the city, and thought of all the people in it. And there would be bigger cities, maybe, and stranger. I could feel the stares of crowds of people on my face and hear them laughing. I could feel the terror of being left among them, even for an hour."

"The breath caught in my throat and I wanted to run and hide, be in the dark for ever. I looked away from him and he knew I was afraid. 'Are you not brave enough?' he said, and I couldn't answer him. He got down from the wall and held out his hands to me, begging me to go with him, and I couldn't speak. He took a step back from me, and another, still holding out his hands, and then he turned and began to run."

"I could have spoken then, I think. My whole heart was bursting in me to run after him, to face any terror if it meant to be with him. If he had turned back then — but he went on running, faster, faster."

She bent forward over the fire, and I saw that she was crying. "It was a mercy you came home," I said.

"Maybe," she said dully. "But it seems small mercy to me when I think of how I might have been with him now."

She got up and went to her room, and we never spoke of it again.

A year went by, then two, and with each month her mother and I tried to persuade ourselves that she was forgetting Fergus; that come spring, or summer, or autumn she would take a turn for the better, come out of herself. But she grew only stranger, more afraid of people, and it began to be a small fear in my heart what would come to her when we were gone.

And so I took it almost for a sign when Donal's mother, slipping on an icy stone, broke her hip. Being the age she was, it was to be a long time she would be in the hospital. So, Donal being alone, the neighboring women took it turn and turn about to clean the house for him and cook him a meal. But the turn fell to Brid more than to the others.

She said she liked it because she was alone there, Donal being gone out before she went up. Often she wouldn't see

him at all, only leave his supper for him on the table. But I began to hope that the habit of the house would grow on her and Donal himself might please her a little.

Therefore, I encouraged her to go up, and sometimes I would send her mother off to the pictures in Rathfarnham and make it an excuse to take my own supper up at Donal's. That way Brid was obliged to see more of him. And I saw that slowly Donal was coming to be glad to have Brid there.

So one night in February the three of us were there preparing supper; Donal being the turf around the pot oven where a cake was baking and Brid stirring the rashers and the eggs in the black pan. And as I looked at her, with her dark hair swung forward, I thought what sorrow it would be for such beauty to be wasted.

I tried to think that Donal was the man for her. It would be a safe house. I looked round the kitchen. And as I looked the door opened and a man stood there. Very tall and gaunt, with a look of sickness on him and three days of beard.

"God save all here," he said, and as he spoke Brid dropped the pan on the fire.

"Fergus," she whispered.

"I went to your house first," he said to Brid. He began to cough then, until the tears ran out of his eyes. And all the while Donal crouched by the fire, his face growing whiter. Fergus looked round him, slowly, taking in all that was familiar to him. Then, seeing the table spread, the supper that had been cooking, he turned to Brid.

"Why are you here?" he whispered. "Are you — are you married to him? Donal, did you take even her from me?"

"Get away from me," Donal said. "Why wouldn't I take her?"

"No," whispered Fergus. "No." He was between me and the fire now, his hands stretching, touching Donal's coat. I couldn't move. Brid had backed against the table, and I knew that she was moving herself as far from Donal as she could, as if the very thought of marriage to him had horrified her. But Fergus it looked as if she was backing away from him.

"Not!" he shouted, and I saw his hands grip at Donal's coat.

"Get away from me," Donal screamed, and in his terror he snatched up a burning turf and drove it against his brother's face.

I heard Fergus scream, saw him fall face downwards into the fire. All that is clear in my mind as a painted picture. But after that the night is a jumble of shadows. The sound of Brid crying out. Dragging Fergus clear, bending out the embers from his hair and his clothes, trying to soothe the terrible burns of his face until the doctor came.

She rode with him in the ambulance to the hospital, and would have stayed there the night through if they hadn't forced her away. She came back to us on foot, like a ghost, her face between ecstasy and terror. "He's come back," she whispered over and over. "He's come back."

But he was more than ill. With the burns he had had, the sight was almost gone from his eyes.

After a fortnight they let him go from the hospital and we brought him home to our house.

"I'll pay his keep with you," Donal said, and he

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4065W, G.P.O., Sydney.

A garden glossary

LET'S BE MILDLY TECHNICAL

By R. H. ANDERSON

● It isn't necessary to be a botanist to know plants, but some elementary knowledge makes things more interesting — and it is handy to know what the horticulturist means when he starts talking about "nodes" and "corms." Here is a list of terms commonly used.

Aeration . . . Admission of fresh air into soil, usually by cultivating or digging.
Annual . . . A plant that completes its life from germination to seed production in one year.
Anther . . . See flower.
Aquatics . . . Applied to plants growing in water.
Axil . . . The angle between a leaf and the stem from which it arises.
Axillary . . . Growing in an axil.
Ball . . . The mass of soil surrounding roots when lifted.
Berry . . . See fruit.
Biennial . . . A plant which requires two years to complete its cycle of growing, flowering, and fruiting, and then dies.

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Bipinnate . . . See leaf.
Bisexual . . . See flower.
Bleeding . . . Loss of sap through a wound or injury.
Bract . . . A small leaf-like structure usually just below a flower or cluster of flowers.
Budding . . . Propagating by inserting a bud of one plant on to the stock of another plant.
Bulb . . . A short storage stem, usually underground, surrounded by overlapping protective scales as in lilies, or fleshy modified leaves as in onions and hyacinths.
Bulbil . . . A small bulb, usually arising from a parent bulb, or sometimes produced on stems above ground.

Callus . . . Thickened tissue forming over a wound, applied to the hardened skin forming at the base of a cutting, or to the growth from surrounding living tissue over wounds and scars in tree trunks or stems.
Calyx . . . See flower.
Canes . . . Stems usually unbranched or only slightly so, arising from the base of the plant.
Capsule . . . See fruit.
Carpels . . . The female element comprising the ovary and bearing the ovules.
Catkin . . . See flower.
Chlorophyll . . . The green coloring matter in plants, which is important in manufacturing food.
Conifers . . . A term applied to trees and shrubs which bear cones, such as Pines, Cypressess, and Spruces, but also to some which have a fleshy cone resembling a berry or drupe, such as Junipers and Podocarpus.
Corolla . . . See flower.
Corm . . . A storage organ composed of a swollen underground stem, as in Gladiolus. Differs from a bulb in that it is solid and does not consist of overlapping scales.
Corymb . . . See flower.
Crown . . . Junction of root and stem; also the head of foliage and branches of a tree.
Cyme . . . See flower.
Deciduous . . . Falling off; usually applied to trees and shrubs that shed their leaves in one season every year.
Dehiscent . . . Bursting or opening at maturity.
Dormant . . . Remaining in a state of inactivity or of no growth, usually during winter.
Drupe . . . See fruit.

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Epiphyte . . . A plant growing on another for support, but not parasitic upon it for food supplies.
Family . . . A group of genera more or less closely related. See also genus. For example, the Myrtaceae, or Myrtle, family includes Eucalypts, Tea-trees, Lilli-pillis, and New Zealand Christmas Tree.
Flower . . . A flower is composed basically of the reproductive organs of the plant, often surrounded by one or more whorls or rings of floral leaves. In bisexual flowers male and female organs occur together, in unisexual flowers only one or the other.
 A perfect or complete flower consists of four main parts:
 1: **Calyx**, consisting of an outer whorl of floral leaves which generally form a protective covering for other parts of the flower while it is young. It is composed of segments called *sepals*, which may be free from each other or joined to form the *calyx tube*.
 2: **Corolla**, the conspicuous part of the flower, often brightly colored. It may be composed of a number of separate *petals*, or these may be united to form the *calyx-tube*.
 3: **Male organs**, known as *stamens*. A stamen typically consists of two parts—a thin stalk or filament, and the anther, in which the pollen grains are produced.
 4: **Female organs**, called the *pistil* or *gynaecium*. The pistil consists of three parts—a receptive portion (*the stigma*), which receives the pollen and which is often borne on a stalk (*the style*) above the lower portion (*the ovary*), in which the ovules or potential seeds are produced. The pistil is made up of one or more *carpels*.

Follicle . . . See fruit.
Fruit . . . The part of the plant containing the seed; the matured ovary. It may be fleshy or quite dry, splitting open when ripe (*dehiscent*) or remaining unsplit (*indehiscent*). The principal fruits are *achene*, a small, dry indehiscent fruit containing one seed; *berry*, a fleshy fruit in which several seeds are embedded; *capsule*, a dry fruit consisting of two or more united carpels, opening to free the seeds by splitting; *drupe*, usually a one-seeded fruit consisting of three layers, an outer skin, a fleshy layer, and an inner stony layer; *follicle*, a fruit consisting of a single carpel which splits open when mature along one side only; *legume*, a fruit consisting of a single carpel, which splits open along both sides when ripe; *nut*, a hard, dry, indehiscent fruit containing one seed. *Pod*, see legume.
Genus . . . A group of closely related species; e.g., the genus *Eucalyptus* includes all species of gum trees, ironbarks, stringybarks, peppermints, etc.
Habitat . . . Kind of region or locality in which a plant naturally grows.
Heel . . . Applied to cuttings which are taken with a piece of the parent plant attached to the base.
Herb . . . A plant with stems not markedly woody.
Herbaceous perennials . . . Plants that die down periodically to a permanent root.
Hybrid . . . Offspring of two plants of a different species.
Inflorescence . . . A number of flowers borne on special flowering stalks which may consist of a single

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unbranched stem or be variously branched. The main types:
Catkin, a deciduous spike consisting of unisexual flowers without petals.
Corymb, an inflorescence in which the lower flowers have longer stalks than the upper ones, thus tending to bring them all to the same level.
Cyme, an inflorescence in which the terminal flower opens first, subsequent flowers being produced by growth from lateral buds.
Panicle, an inflorescence which branches in various ways.
Raceme, an inflorescence with all the flowers attached to the main stalk by stalks of equal lengths, the youngest flowers at the top.
Spike, an inflorescence having the youngest flower at the top and all without stalks.
Latex . . . Milky juice of plants, as in thistles and fig trees.
Leaf . . . Leaves may be simple or compound. A simple leaf is one consisting of a single blade, a compound leaf is one in which the blade is divided into separate leaflets.
 The leaflets may be arranged on either side along a common stalk (*pinnate* leaves) or may be attached at the end of the leaf stalk (*digitate*). When leaflets are divided again into further leaflets, the leaf is said to be *bipinnate*. The margins of the leaf may be quite unbroken or variously toothed or lobed. When two leaves occur opposite each other on the branchlets they are called *opposite* leaves; when borne alternately along the branches, *alternate* leaves.
 Some leaves have a pair of little leaf-like structures at the base of the leaf-stalk, called *stipules*.

Node . . . the joint or part of the stem from which a leaf or bract arises. An internode is the portion of the stem between two successive nodes.
Nut . . . See fruit.
Panicle . . . See flower.
Perennial . . . Plant that lives more than two years.
Pinching back . . . Shortening of young shoots to encourage compact growth or to obtain better development of the flowers and fruits.
Pinnate . . . See leaf.
Plunging . . . Burying pots to their rims in soil or similar material.
Pollen . . . The fine powdery substance produced by the anthers, being the male fertilising element.
Porous . . . Loose and easily penetrated by water and air.
Pot-bound . . . Roots which are cramped into a mass and, therefore, no longer able to reach out and make new growth.
Pricking out . . . Transplanting small seedlings to give more room.
Pseudo bulb . . . A thickened fleshy stem or root as found in many orchids. Not a true bulb.
Raceme . . . See flower.
Recurved . . . Curving backwards and downwards.
Rhizome . . . Creeping, horizontal, root-like stems, usually underground, with buds and scale leaves, as in some types of Iris.
Runner . . . Shoots sent from the base which root.
Sepals . . . See flower.
Spathe . . . A large bract enclosing an inflorescence as in palms and arums.

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Species . . . A group of plants with the same or similar characters which will inter-breed among themselves but rarely with other groups.
Spike . . . See flower.
Sport . . . An unusual variation from the typical form, arising from a bud or seed.
Stolon . . . A runner or horizontal stem at or above ground level, usually rooting at its nodes.
Strain . . . A minor group within a species, as in Iceland Poppies.
Shrub . . . A woody perennial which does not usually form a single trunk as does a tree, but has several stems arising near the base.
Succulents . . . Plants with thick, fleshy, sappy stems or foliage.
Tap-root . . . The main root when it descends more or less perpendicularly into the soil.
Tendrils . . . Part of a plant modified into a slender organ, used in climbing.
Terrestrial . . . Growing in the ground.
Tomentose . . . Densely covered with matted wool or short hairs.
Topiary work . . . Trimming of shrubs or hedges into fanciful shapes.
Tuber . . . Swollen end of an underground stem, containing food reserves; for example, potatoes, dahlias.
Variety . . . Group of individuals forming a sub-division of a species, differing from the typical species in minor but distinctive ways.
Whorl . . . Arrangement of organs, such as leaves and flowers, in a circle round an axis.

NEXT WEEK:

More terms for your glossary

Mrs. H. WIFE



"What about easy terms?"

Continued from page 42

seemed so pleased with the generosity of that idea that he said it over and over. Meanwhile, there was no money in the world that would have paid for what Brid was doing. It was as if her whole life had blossomed suddenly and she had found her reason for existing.

When he would be talking by the fire she would listen to him as if his words were holy. He had grown very gentle in his sickness and it would be hard to know him for the man he had been. One night I said this to him and he smiled.

"I have walked long roads since you knew me," he said. "I have walked the four quarters of the country, seen strange things."

"And how did you earn your living?" I asked him.

"Sometimes laboring, sometimes begging. I needed little enough when I stopped the drinking. Do you know that once I took to the road I felt no need on me for drinking any more? I could feel myself the king of the wide world that I was tramping over. And the things in my head would seem no madness to me, nor to the wandering people I might camp with for the night."

"But you—" I stopped myself then, but not in time.

"You were going to say there would be little travelling for me from this on?" Fergus said, and beside him Brid caught her breath.

TELLER OF OLD TALES

She took his hand and put it against her face. He let her hold it there, but I could see that his mind was far away. It was as if the near-blindness of his sight was only at that moment casting its darkness on his mind, and he was realising that it was not a passing thing, like sickness, but for always.

"It was a bad day for me that I came back to this place," he said. I saw Brid's face whiten at that, as though she had been stabbed in her breast. Fergus must have sensed her feeling, for he bent his head sideways, smoothing her hand against his cheek. "You were the one good in it," he said. "The one brightness that brought me back Day and night I remembered you."

"If you had come with me that time, who knows how things would have been? I think sometimes I would have done great wonders, and others times I think maybe you would have starved on what I could earn for you."

"But what matter now that you are here?"

"A blind man?" Fergus said, and the word hung in the air like lead. From that moment forward you could see him sinking into despair, and the look of death grow on him. Only Brid refused to see what was happening to him.

"Heart of my heart," she would whisper, "what should blindness be to you when we can touch each other? What was sight to me when I could not see you? Will I not be your eyes for you?"

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Brid brought neighbors in to cheer him, she who for years had run when neighbors came. She would sit by his knee at the hearth and make him talk to them and make them talk. But suddenly all would notice that Fergus had been silent for a long while, that his mind was far away. I thought to myself that it was only a matter of time before Fergus would go to lie beside his father, and I was hard put to it to know if I thought that would be good for Brid or bad.

That thought was in my mind one night when the neighbors were in again, gossiping, and one of them mentioned that if Tomas was there they would have no lack of stories to pass the night, as they had now. I saw Fergus lift his head as if he was considering, half afraid of what it was in his mind to say. Beside him Brid was whispering, urging.

"I don't know," Fergus said. An odd strain was in his face; a kind of fear and yet a kind of eagerness also; the one striving with the other. "I could remember a story of my father's, maybe," he said. "Yes, most of his stories I could remember."

A hush fell on the room like the shadow of a hawk's wing on a sunlit field. He wasn't a blind man telling an old tale, nor were we poor men beside a fire. The wonder of an ancient time was spread about us, and a land that had such beauty in it as would bring down the angels out of paradise. He made the tall hounds run for us on a green hillside and the deer spring in a wood.

I could feel the weight of the spear in my hand as he told of it being thrown by Naoise, and my heart beat with the joy of beauty when he made Deirdre stoop for us beside a river.

I tell you, it was with a poet's heart and grievous gift of sorrow that he told that story, long into the night. And when he was done there wasn't a whisper would have stirred the room and not a pipe that hadn't grown cold in its owner's hand.

I knew then that in his blindness he had found the road to walk that all the while he had been seeking, and that he had found also his way in life; making enchantment for his people. No fear need touch him any longer of uselessness, and I could at last be glad for Brid.

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A PLACE FOR JIMMY

"You'll have to excuse your mother," I remarked dryly. "She probably had the quaint idea she was saying something complimentary."

"Steve's perfectly right — it's not a joking matter!" Kathie broke in smoothly. She gave me a look. "Allan, I think everyone's very tired and very hungry."

Indeed, the boys did seem tired by the day's excitement. Gone was the earlier rollicking, freewheeling mood, gone was the usual disconnected mealtime chatter that often reduced Kathie and me to wigwag communications. Steve for the first time seemed preoccupied with his food and Barnaby ate hungrily although his gaze flicked restlessly between Steve and Jimmy. But Jimmy, sitting with one hand in his lap, seemed merely to have a token interest in dinner. His face was a little pale.

"Jimmy," said Kathie, "are you sure you like lobster?"

He looked up, gave her a quick smile. "I like it fine, Mrs. Thomas."

She studied him a moment. "Do you feel well, Jimmy?"

Again the smile, the quick response. "I feel fine."

KATHIE hesitated, decided not to press further. She cast a mystified glance at me. There was something up among the boys, something odd, and both she and I knew it, but what was it — some private prank or joke?

"Maybe," said Barnaby harmlessly, "Jimmy would rather eat chicken." He gave a wild little laugh, then stopped abruptly as Steve snapped at him, "Cut it out, Barney."

Deliberately I remained silent. For a few moments Barnaby was intent on his food. He took a mouthful of lobster and rice, then chewed it with slow deliberation while his eyes held steadily on Jimmy. I could feel the gathering tension.

Jimmy pretended not to notice, but whenever he raised his eyes he could not avoid Barnaby's blank and guileless stare. At last Jimmy could ignore the silent, insidious harassment no longer. "Why do you keep looking at me?" he asked.

Barnaby didn't blink an eye. "I can look anywhere," he said. "It's a free country."

There was a rising threat in Steve's voice as he said: "Barney, I'm warning you — cut it out!"

"He knows why I'm looking at him," Barnaby said calmly. "Don't you, Jimmy?"

In his frustration Steve swung toward me. "Dad — won't you make him stop?"

I gestured for Steve to keep silent. Beyond Steve, Jimmy's face was drained of all color. His jaw moved in small, automatic chewing motions while his eye unwaveringly met Barnaby's stare. At last he swallowed with difficulty. "All right," he said, and his throat seemed dry. "—why?"

Barnaby's reply was instantaneous. "Because you're a coward, that's why."

I was trying to grope my way toward some sort of comprehension. This was no longer a casual quarrel, it was a duel of two circling animals — and it was as if each knew that the issue already had been decided, who would be victor, who the vanquished.

For the first time, Jimmy was on the defensive. Something in him seemed almost visibly to be breaking, crushed and bewildered by defeat even before it came. Wildly his eyes swept the table as if hoping somewhere among our transfixed faces to find an ally.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" he whispered hoarsely, not to Barnaby but to us.

But in Barnaby's face was a gleam of something triumphant and cruel. All summer he had regarded Jimmy with awe, but now he had discovered a flaw. Almost softly, he insisted, "You're chicken!"

"You don't know how — and neither does Steve!" Jimmy said desperately in some futile attempt at justification. "What if he'd missed?"

"Missed what, Jimmy?" I asked, quite calmly.

The boys stared at me in surprise, as if for an instant they had forgotten the presence of adults. Then Steve said, "Forget it, Dad."

"I asked Jimmy."

"It was a game we were playing, that's all," Steve persisted.

"What kind of game?"

I watched Jimmy. He was looking at me now with a kind of steady despair, the way a crippled animal might watch an approaching hunter.



Across the silence, Kathie's voice sounded shockingly loud. It had a strange timbre I had never heard before. "Steven," she said, "what is that stain on your shirt?"

"Stain —? Where, Mom?" Steve's voice was a weak pretence of being perfunctory.

"There — at the neck!"

Then I saw it, too, the glistening red stain near the collar of the fresh white shirt, the stain which now seemed to be spreading with infinite slowness.

Everything in fact seemed incredibly slow, to have the stately ritualistic pace of slow-motion film — my rising from the chair, Steve's look of embarrassment and relief as I opened his shirt, then carefully stripped away the now soaked bandage the boys had taped along the base of the throat. Blood seeped from the raw straight line down across the tanned skin of his chest and shoulders. It appeared to be a deep flesh wound, a groove cutting the skin like a bullet crease.

But this, I knew, was not a bullet wound. I remembered the bow and arrows and suddenly felt icy cold.

Kathie called Dr. Fitch as I helped Steve into the living-room. We stretched

him on the sofa and Kathie gently cleaned the cut and stanching the blood. Once he winced a little and she paused. He gazed at us for a moment afterward. "You are looking," he said, "at a first-class dope."

"Yes, you are, Stevey—" Kathie said softly. "But for the moment I suggest you keep quiet. Dr. Fitch will be here very soon and I suspect he'll be taking a few stitches."

I left Kathie with Steve and went back to the table. I faced the two boys still sitting there. I said, "Tell me about this game."

Barnaby looked at Jimmy without speaking. Having exposed the boys' secret, having hounded Jimmy mercilessly, Barnaby seemed oddly contrite. Then Jimmy spoke quietly and calmly, as if he had nothing more to lose. "We were trying to shoot the balloons with arrows," he said simply.

"Where were the balloons?"

"At first we tied them to bushes and branches near the ground." Jimmy hesitated.

"Then I dared the boys to hold a balloon. Barnaby wouldn't do it, but Steve said he would if I would. So he held it first—"

"How? Above his head? Out from the shoulder?"

"In his mouth."

There was a silence. At last I said, "And after you'd taken your turn you weren't too eager to let Steven have his try?"

Again silence.

"Bring me the bow!" The harshness in my own voice surprised me.

Barnaby and I sat without speaking until Jimmy returned to the table with the bow and quiver of arrows. I took them, set them in the corner near me.

"Jimmy, listen carefully," I said when I was sure I could trust my voice not to show the anger I felt.

"The blame isn't all yours. Steve was a partner, too. But you started it, you knew what could happen — what nearly did happen. In any case I shall keep the bow until you return to your parents. Until then you may play games with Steve and Barnaby only in the sight or hearing of Mrs. Thomas or myself. If I haven't made myself clear, I'll repeat."

His eyes held on mine unflinchingly. His answer was low but clear. "I understand, sir."

"Very well. Go to your room."

"Jimmy?" It was Barnaby's voice, soft and husky, asking forgiveness. "I'm sorry, Jimmy." Tears brimmed in his eyes.

I'm not at all certain that Jimmy heard Barnaby. With some supreme control he walked from the room, pale but erect, like an officer being drummed out of a regiment on a parade ground. Quite clearly I could hear his footsteps go up the stairs, recede in the upper hall, then at last, rather faintly, the click of his bedroom door.

For a long time I sat alone in the living-room, in the big leather chair near the cold fireplace. Dr. Fitch had come and gone. Steve, with several stitches under a neat bandage, was in his room with Barnaby and Kathie, and occasionally I could hear the murmur of their voices. There was no sound at all from that other room, where I could imagine Jimmy still fully dressed, sitting motionless on the edge of his bed in the darkness. I was conscious now only of a weary disbelief.

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says

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The shock, the fear, the outrage and anger had faded somehow, and with them had gone that acute sense of reality about the whole matter.

My difficulty lay in a simple truth — Jimmy had become one of us. We had seen him take his first steps, so to speak, had watched him begin to spend, however cautiously, the limitless untarnished coin of a child's affection.

But behind the Jimmy we had come to accept there lingered that shadowy other boy who watched and waited with cat scrutiny, distrustful, quick to jealousy, hunting affection, and savagely defending it as if it were living prey. In some obscure and awful way, Jimmy had begun to fight for his emotional life and our family had become his battleground.

And yet how peaceful it seemed, how innocent we had been! It was

Continued from page 45

as if we had not once heard the footfall of the cat, or seen the shadow of the hawk. Even now, by all outward appearance, not much of serious consequence had happened — indeed, it had been a quiet summer.

Behind me I could hear Kathie coming slowly down the stairs. She sank on to the sofa, turned down the lamp on the end table beside her. She rested her head on the back of the sofa and closed her eyes, while her fingers slowly rubbed her forehead.

I watched her for a moment. "How are you?" I asked.

"What — me?"

She opened her eyes and gave a quick, tired smile. "Oh — don't worry about me. I'm getting to be quite a leathery old girl."

Again she closed her eyes and let her head drop back. After a few moments she asked quietly, "What are we going to do, Allan?"

"Call Millie," I said. "That's the first thing."

"Of course." I waited, but when she remained silent I went on: "Either she comes back or she'll have to make immediate arrangements for Jimmy to go on to them."

"Of course," Kathie repeated softly. Then she said in a tone of dead dismissal, "In pax requiescat. Exit Jimmy Schuyler."

"He's pretty tough. He'll survive. He'll be all right."

"You don't really believe that." I looked at Kathie. She still

hadn't opened her eyes. "No," I said finally.

I got up and moved restlessly toward the french windows, stared out at the great shadow of the beech tree. Behind me, Kathie's weary and incredulous voice was saying, "How could we have been so blind, so blind? That first day at the diving float, Barnaby's fall, now Steve..."

Without turning, I asked, "Do you think he knows?"

"That secretly he's been trying to destroy our children?" Kathie asked. She hesitated only an instant. "Oh, heavens, I'm sure not. Even to have the desire, without knowing it—how terrified he must be!" Again Kathie was silent, then

as if trying to explain something to herself she said, "It's us, you and me, that Jimmy wants, without rivals. That's what's so sad."

I walked to the liquor cabinet and poured a pale highball. "Drink?" I asked Kathie.

"No, thanks."

I stared at my glass and sighed. "The world is full of sad people."

Troubled, Kathie's great dark eyes searched the air in front of her. "I'm not thinking about a million children — just one, who happened our way. He touched us and we touched him, gave him the courage to be a child. Don't we have some small duty?"

"Yes, we have a duty," I said, "to our own children, to Steve and Barnaby." I heard my voice tightening and paused.

"Our children, their children," Kathie repeated tonelessly.

I felt an inward tightening. Our course was simple, and we had to follow it. We had no time for self-indulgent compassion. "I remember the first evening we met Jimmy," I said a little stiffly. "It seems to me you were saying then all the things I'm trying to say now — that there are tragedies we can't change."

KATHIE was sitting erect again, her weariness forgotten. "I suspect that cliché was invented for the use of those who want to be both pious and comfortable." She thought for a moment. "Jimmy was remote then," she said, "a good-looking little boy with problems. He was something you could flick away with a napkin. I know him now."

"Kathie, what do you propose?" I asked sharply as I set down my glass. "We're discussing Jimmy as if he were our child — which he is not. He has parents, such as they are, and he'll return to them in a few days in any case. Even if we wished, we couldn't intrude."

Kathie was quite motionless for a moment, as if I had reminded her of a truth she had been struggling to avoid. Then she said, "But we can let him know we're on his side no matter what, that we're his friends, that we're not taking vengeance on him for an act — no matter how awful — whose reasons he doesn't even dimly comprehend."

I was on the verge of anger again. "Do you think that's what I want — vengeance?"

She turned toward me, suddenly softening. "No, Allan, of course not," she said. She arose, drew her shoulders forward as if to remove the stiffness. Then she moved aimlessly about the room until she stood in the shadows, looking through the alcove windows toward the sea.

"I try not to indulge in morbidly sentimental fantasies," she said, "but once in a very great while, on a street, on a bus, perhaps, a child will catch my eye — an especially gay or beautiful child — and for just a flash I can't help wondering if our child would have been like that, the one we didn't have. But what if he, or she, had been strange somehow, mis-shapen or twisted? What if it had been Jimmy? Wouldn't we have tried to make him whole?"

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630—Please, Please Me; I Want to Hold Your Hand; I Saw Her Standing There; 12 in all.



JIMMY DEAN
249—Sixteen Tons; Night Train to Memphis; Gotta Travel On; Make the Waterwheel Roll.



JOE HARNELL
MORE BOSSA NOVA POPS
604—Dancing On The Ceiling; Lullaby Of Birdland; There Will Never Be Another You—others.



ROSES ARE RED
BOBBY VINTON
282—Mr. Lonely; I Can't Stop Loving You; True Love; Please Help Me, I'm Falling—12 in all.

SHOW MUSIC



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CAMELOT
753—The Simple Joys of Maidenhood; Follow Me; The Lusty Month of May, etc.



PORGY AND BESS
18—I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'; Bess You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; The Wake, etc.



SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING
153—I'm Just Taking My Time; How Can You Describe a Face; Swing Your Projects.



SOUTH PACIFIC
108—Favourite Rodgers and Hammerstein hits; Dites-Moi; Happy Talk; Bali Ha'i, etc.



WEST SIDE STORY
269—Maria; Tonight; Jet Song; Somewhere; Officer Krupke; I Feel Pretty, etc.

FOLK AND COUNTRY MUSIC



BOB DYLAN
THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'
602—Ballad of Hollis Brown; One Too Many Mornings; Boots of Spanish Leather, etc.



PETER, PAUL AND MARY
368—If I Had a Hammer; Where Have All The Flowers Gone; This Train; more.



MARCH ON, BROTHERS
583—I Never Will Marry; I Know Where I'm Going; Marching to Pictoria; others.



JOHNNY CASH
RING OF FIRE
692—Forty Shades of Green; The Rebel—Johnny Yuma; What Do I Care; 12 tracks in all.



ALL STAR HOOTENANNY
20—Blowin' in the Wind; This Land is Your Land; This Train; Swing & Turn Jubilee, etc.

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520—That Sunday (That Summer); Lingerin'; Funny Thing; Call Me Irresponsible; 12 in all.



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678—Original performances of swing classics. Bugle Call Rag; One O'Clock Jump, etc.



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473—Old Coat; Morning Train; Big Boat; Gone The Rainbow; Settle Down, etc.



572—Ralph Marterie Orch.; Don Costa; Sauter-Finegan play Gershwin favourites.



584—There Will Never Be Another You; They Didn't Believe Me; Moonlight Becomes You.



353—Orchestral presentation of Verdi's immortal opera by Rome Symphony Orchestra.



104—Irma La Douce; Baubles; Bangles And Beads; If Ever I Would Leave You, etc.



199—Almost Like Being in Love; Come to Me; Bend to Me; The Heather on the Hill, etc.



368—Al Caiola, Don Costa, Ferrante and Teicher. Some Like It Hot; The Alamo; On the Beach, etc.



576—Instant Party; Step It Up and Go; True Love; Bye Bye Blackbird; Autumn Leaves, etc.



101—Theme From Dr. Kildare; Misty; Hattari; Al-di-la; Stranger On The Shore; Ben Casey.



209—The Sound of Music; Do-Re-Mi; Favourite Things; Sixteen Going On Seventeen, etc.



161—Leonard Bernstein and New York Philharmonic take "Scheherazade" into new dimensions.



750—Recorded at The Bitter End. We Shall Overcome; Living in the Country; 12 tracks.



1*—Everybody Loves a Lover; Secret Love; If I Give My Heart To You; A Guy Is A Guy.



610—Beyond the Blue Horizon; All the Things You Are; Time On My Hands; Rosalie, etc.



364—I'm in the Mood for Love; Pennies From Heaven; Summer-time; All the Way.



188—Wouldn't It Be Lovely; With A Little Bit Of Luck; Just You Wait; Show Me—others.



702—Jim Jones at Botany Bay; Humpin' Old Bluey; Kelly Was Their Captain. Mono only.



227—Stokowski conducts the Symphony of The Air. Also Prelude in E Flat Minor.



506—I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me; I Wanna Be Loved; Little Girl; 8 others.



528—Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport; Blue Grass; Walk Right In; Green, Green, etc.



380—Night Life; I'm Fascinating; What A Country; We Speak the Same Language, etc.



327—Johnny Freedom; Comanche; Snowshoe Thompson; Young Abe Lincoln, etc.



490—Concerto No. 2 Opus 4; No. 5 Opus 4; No. 16 in F major, etc. An organ lover's classic.



112—Why Do I Love You; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Life Upon The Wicked Stage; Bill, etc.



150—Spanish Dance No. 1; Cielito Lindo; Malagueña; Ritual Dance of Fire; Jealousie, etc.



724—Desafinado; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Fascination; Adios, Pampa Mia, etc.



276—So in Love; Wunderbar; I Hate Men; I've Come to Wives; Wealthy in Padua, etc.



542—Love's Sorrow; Hungarian Dance No. Five; Flight of The Bumble Bee; Humoresque, etc.



355—I Get A Kick Out Of You; Green-sleeves; Time After Time; You Go To My Head—7 in all.



354—I Remember You; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; What's New; Hullo, My Lover; Goodbye, etc.



441—Mona Lisa; All the Way; Secret Love; Be My Love; Picnic; Song from "Moulin Rouge."



704—A Fellow Needs A Girl; Baubles, Bangles And Beads; House Of Flowers—more.



319—I Fall in Love Too Easily; Seven Steps To Heaven; Baby Won't You Please Come Home.



589—Ahmad Jamal with Israel Crosby, Bass; Vernell Fournier, drums—a jazz must.



710—All in My Mind; Whenever I Need My Baby; Where Is He, Every Night; more hits.



766—Caissons go Rolling Along; King Cotton; Victory March; The Victors. 18 in all.



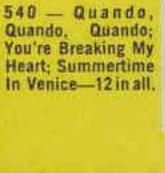
662—Davis, piano; Kostelanetz Orchestra; Rachmaninoff; Concerto No. 2, Grieg; and more.



193—Oh, What a Beautiful Morning; I Can't Say No; People Will Say We're in Love, etc.



436—Danseuses de Delphes; La Serenade Interrompue; La Cathedrale Engloutie, etc.



540—Quando, Quando, Quando; You're Breaking My Heart; Summertime in Venice—12 in all.



511—Close Your Eyes; Fools Rush In; Who Are We To Say; Daydreaming; Nobody's Heart.



295—Love Walked In; Embraceable You; Alone Together; You're Too Much; Speak Low.



503—A Boy Needs a Girl; Don't Stop Now; Nevertheless; Days of Wine and Roses; Beach Party.



316—Starring Barbara Ruick and Jack Cassidy. Clap Yo' Hands; Do, Do, Do, etc.



340—Tail Tiddle; Hang on the Bell; Nellie; Lizzie Borden; The Whistling Gypsy; Johnnie.



307—Statement; Nude Mood; Reflection; Head Hunter; Lament For Susan; L & M—9 in all.



253—Till There Was You; Step by Step; Little by Little; Paper Roses; Hurry Home to Me, etc.



517—Can't Get Used To Losing You; Our Day Will Come; Go Away Little Girl, etc.



219—Under Paris Skies; April in Paris; La Seine; Mademoiselle De Paris—more.



119—Alfred Drake, Doretta Morrow. Sands Of Time; Baubles, Bangles And Beads, etc.



658—"Eugene Ormandy brilliantly executes three very melodic ballet suites"—CASHBOX.



26—If I Loved You; Stella by Starlight; Invitation; Duet; Soft Lights and Sweet Music, etc.



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287—Maori Blues; It's A Raggy Waltz; Far More Drums; Bluettes; Unsquare Dance, etc.



457—Polonaise in A Major (Military) and six others. Brailowsky evokes the sound of an era.



699—When Sunny Gets Blue; Teacher, Teacher; When I Am With You; Wonderful, Wonderful, etc.



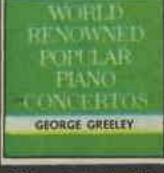
236—My Old Flame; Patricia; An Affair to Remember; What Kind of Fool Am I; 8 more.



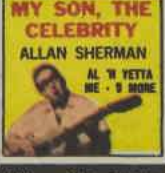
758—Our Language of Love; Don't Take All Night; Easy Living the Hard Way, etc.



344—Stranger On The Shore; Would You Like To Take A Walk; Funny Way Of Laughing, etc.



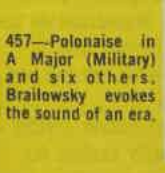
587—Around The World; Ritual Fire Dance; Stella By Starlight; Moonlight Sonata—more.



668—The Bronx Bird Watcher; No One's Perfect; When I was a Lad; Harvey and Sheila.



40—Bolero; Pavane Pour une Infante Defunte; Clair de Lune; La Vaise; Espana, etc.



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A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Continued from page 46

I moved across the room to stand near her. "Kathie, please stop," I said. "Why torment yourself for no purpose?"

She turned quickly to look at me. "Are we really so helpless?" she asked, her voice somehow small and lost. "Oh, Allan, I feel as if there were some great darkness out there, all around us — darkness and death. We hardly think of it and yet, and yet — there's just a brittle window pane between it and us."

I faced her, filled with a sudden warmth. "But that's why, Kathie," I said very softly, "for our children's sake, for our sake, we have to build a strong house, keep out the dark!"

I was unprepared for Kathie's answer. "For the first time," she said, and there was a note I had never heard in her voice before, "I feel lonely in our strong house!"

It was a moment before I asked, "How can I get in touch with Millie?"

Again quietly in command of herself, Kathie moved away. "I'll get her number for you."

I DO not know what awakened me. Perhaps it was the chiming of the clock downstairs, perhaps it was simply an unreleased tension. But lying open-eyed upon my pillow, I knew with depressing certainty that I should not go to sleep again quickly. It was three o'clock and a late moon had risen. Its pale light gleamed in the bedroom and silvered the great beech tree beyond the windows. There was a night chill in the air, and as always the sleeping house stirred with faint creakings and groanings.

Then I heard an alien sound and lay still. I waited, and almost at once I heard a board creak as if some weight were gradually being placed upon it. In an instant I was in robe and slippers, rushing through the upper hall toward the children's rooms. Susan, in the room nearest Kathie's and mine, lay in her crib in perfect peace. A moment later I threw back the door of the twins' room — in the moonlight streaming across their beds, Steve and Barnaby slept almost as I had left them. I started across the hall. I could see now that Jimmy's door was open, his bed empty.

Despite my relief at the children's safety, I felt a sharp surge of anger. Why, in heaven's name, had we allowed ourselves to be placed under siege, starting fearfully at each new alarm? What devil's game was he playing now, what new and

innocent trap was he setting? And — where was he?

I slipped quietly along the upper hall until I could look down into the living-room, but there was no movement in its still shadows. Then, very distinctly I heard the patter of feet across a floor, the opening and shutting of the kitchen door. I raced down the corridor and the backstairs to the rear door, but again I found nothing — only the empty terrace and the silent moonlit lawn.

I was quite certain that Jimmy had gone outside, and yet I could not imagine why. I hesitated, and then — on the conceivable possibility that he was running away — crossed the back lawn to look down the path leading toward the lodge. As I returned I heard a scratching sound above me. I looked up.

There, high in the beech tree, his pyjama-clad figure pale and perfectly visible against the shadowed dome of the tree, stood Jimmy. I took a step back into the darker shadow of the trunk, not certain whether or not he had seen me. Then he moved. Crouching, he entered the tree house. A moment later he re-emerged. Then, as if he had forgotten something, he again disappeared into the perch. I was totally mystified. What had Jimmy concealed in the tree house — was it anything that could be dangerous?

Once more he reappeared on the limb far above me. He seemed uncertain and hesitant and for a long moment he seemed to gaze directly down at me. At last he began his descent, coming down quite rapidly until he reached one of the handholds perhaps ten feet above me. There he stopped. "Come on down, Jimmy," I commanded softly.

He hesitated a moment longer, then without reply came quickly down. But as his feet touched the ground, he ignored me. Instead he trotted off toward the house with that odd blurred gait of fleeing animals whose strength no longer matches their desperation.

"Jimmy!" My voice reached after him like a whip.

He paid no heed. In half a dozen steps I had reached him, seized his arm. In anger and frustration I spat out the words, "What are you up to — answer me!" Yet even then he continued to struggle to free himself from my grip, to keep running as if that, and that alone, were some blind necessity. But the last small scrap of my own forbearance had vanished.

I slapped him, hard. Instantly his body went slack. Then a long shuddering tremor racked him. As the truth at last penetrated

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A PLACE FOR JIMMY

my fear-fixed consciousness, Jimmy's head swung around. I had a sudden sense of pain. He had been walking in his sleep.

He looked at me wildly. "Who are you?"

"Jimmy—" I began.

For an instant a kind of recognition entered his eyes. "Mr. Thomas—"

"Yes, Jimmy," I said quietly.

His eyes searched my face for an instant, then his tense body twisted in my arms, his head turning like some wild creature. "What am I doing out here?" he demanded urgently. "Where are you taking me—?"

"Jimmy, you're here in the garden—with me—safe—"

His look changed. "You're taking me back—that's what you're doing—you're taking me back—to Mother—to Franz!" There was a rising hysteria in his voice and he seemed to be choking back the force of his own breath. "No," he said, "no. No—I—won't—no—NO!"

I tried to restrain him. "Listen to me—" I said.

"You're taking me back—I won't go!" he cried wildly. "Ever! Ever! Ever!" He was beating at me now with his fists. "I hate them, I tell you! I hate her—I hate her—I hate her!"

I looked up suddenly and saw Kathie in her robe, standing on the terrace beside us. Her voice sounded like some reassurance of sanity. "It's much too cool to stay out here," she said very quietly. "Allan, if you'll take Jimmy up and put him in his bed, I'll bring a warm towel and a cup of tea—"

Then at last Jimmy subsided.

LATER, after I had carried Jimmy upstairs and he had had his tea, he lay back in a kind of dreamy, staring exhaustion. Kathie went to the boys' room for a final check and I got up from the edge of Jimmy's bed. "Go to sleep now, son," I said gently. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

I was almost at the door when I heard his voice. "Mr. Thomas—?"

"Yes, Jimmy?"

"Where was I going?"

"You went to the tree house, Jimmy."

Then he asked, his voice puzzled. "What did I want there?"

After a moment I said, "I don't know, Jimmy. I don't know."

I went slowly down the hall into our bedroom and sat heavily on the edge of the bed, staring out at the changing light beyond the window. I had the oppressive sense that all my actions were somehow inconsequential, somehow irrelevant, as if like a child in school I had struggled very hard to find the answer to a difficult question, only to discover that I had solved the wrong problem.

Kathie came in and went to the window. "Almost daylight," she said.

"Did you say goodnight to Jimmy?"

"I sat with him for a minute or two—I think he'll sleep now." She waited briefly before she asked, "Allan, what happened out there? What was Jimmy doing in the garden, in the middle of the night—in his pyjamas—?"

"He went up to the tree house—for some reason." I gestured uncertainly. "Who knows why? Maybe just because that's what it is—a house."

"I don't understand."

"He was asleep," I said, remembering again the sharp impact of my hand against his face, the shudder, the incredulous and terrified awakening. "He didn't know where he was—what he was doing. He was asleep."

There was no turning back, only the waiting. Millie and Franz had promised to return on the next Saturday and pick up Jimmy. As usual, Kathie met me at the station on Friday after my week in town.

Once again I was troubled by the visible price the prolonged tension was exacting from her. She

seemed thinner, more drawn, and there were shadows beneath her eyes. She was calm, but it was a forced calm. For the first time since I had known her, Kathie had lost some fine sureness she had always had.

I could imagine what the week with Jimmy had been like. On the previous Sunday I had talked with Jimmy—I had tried to explain, to make his departure seem a natural and casual event. I had ignored all that had happened the day before and hoped that he only vaguely remembered the hysterical awakening from his sleep-walking.

I told him we were most fond of him and wished to see him often,

not only during the few remaining days of summer but afterwards, and that if he ever had problems of any kind we wished he would feel free to talk to us about them—we looked upon ourselves as his friends and hoped he would, too.

I heard my voice go on, repeating the empty assurances, and I know that Jimmy didn't believe a word I said. He knew perfectly well that I had demanded Millie's return, yet he sat quietly in the chair opposite me, not once suggesting that I was speaking lies. He nodded his head and occasionally in his subdued voice he would say, yes, he understood.

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I realised then the awful and dismal truth that in the end the child knows he is at the world's disposal, that for all his rebellions, no matter how shrewdly conceived and put into action, the balance of power weighs against him. When the chips are down he is nakedly helpless, he must do what he is told to do, must go where he is told to go.

Perhaps the most tragic realisation of childhood lies in that moment when it knows it is powerless in the presence of the force that is going to destroy it — and knowing it, submits with a quiet acquiescence that stuns the heart. As we sat there I knew, and Jimmy knew, too, that quite simply we were sending him away.

And now a week later, with his belongings packed and waiting in his carefully tidied room, the Jimmy we had begun to glimpse as he emerged during the summer had withdrawn to that secret place in which he always

Continued from page 51

had hidden, and from which he might never again appear. We saw again the commanding charm, the formal manners, the icy competence—an unyielding little automaton who might never again trust his safety to anyone on earth. Jimmy had retreated beyond speech or calling.

They drove up, Millie and Franz, in the Cadillac convertible soon after lunch on Saturday. Jimmy, who had eaten little and had been moving restlessly about in his room all morning, came down when he was called. With a little smile of greeting he shook Franz's hand and submitted to his mother's embrace.

In a surge of emotion, Millie bent over and kissed Jimmy and hugged him tightly. The tears on her face as she exclaimed how much she had grown and how much she had missed him—already

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

her hands were fussing at his lapels, his hair—merely seemed to distress him. She seemed unsteady, distraught, forever on the verge of excessive emotion. Millie, I realised, lived at the edge of an abyss that seemed equally to terrify and to beckon her.

We exchanged dutiful greetings. There was the offer and refusal of a drink (though I felt Millie would have liked one) and their effusive thanks for our sheltering Jimmy during their trip. We asked a few questions about their plans and their answer was not surprising—in a few days they would return to New York and, much as it distressed them, make final arrangements for Jimmy's schooling before they flew to Chile and New Zealand in October to inspect ski sites there.

And then Jimmy was say-

ing goodbye, and Kathie was telling him to be sure and come to see us any time, any time at all, and suddenly bending down to kiss his cheek despite her resolve not to add to the emotion. Then Jimmy climbed into the back of the open convertible and Kathie and I and the boys waved again as the car drove off. Once, just before they passed the far corner of the lane, Jimmy turned rather stiffly and looked back. He did not wave, but again turned away so that only the small, carefully groomed head was visible. Then he was gone.

I brought the family back to town the first week in September, and with little changes our life returned to its old channels. Barnaby's hamster, on loan to friends for the summer, returned suspicious and crotchety with old age, we replaced the wall-

paper in Susan's room with a gayer design, and Sarah—once again able to spend days off with Swedish friends—was noticeably more cheerful of face. The boys were outfitted for the winter and were found to have grown half an inch during the summer.

Kathie again was offered, and this time accepted, the chairmanship of the school's parents' committee, which meant that approximately once a month I should find my living-room crowded with intense strangers. Once more our life had moved indoors—into apartment, school office, theatre, gallery—while around us rains darkened the grey city sidewalks and autumn brought its marvelous chill clarity.

We were, to all intents, back to normal.

And yet we were not. A new soberness, almost a kind of estrangement, had come upon us. The household seemed quieter, less shrill, and staccato. The boys arrived at meals clean and neat and without reminder, and for the first time in our family experience some general conversation was possible at the table.

When I returned from the office at the end of the day I often found, not the uproar of past years, but the boys quietly at work. I was discovering that in a family threatened by tragedy, or its unity in any way questioned, children study their lessons.

From time to time, Jimmy was mentioned in their talk. Already he had become a legend of their past, the boy who could do anything. But by some surprising insight, Steve and Barnaby quite independently had come to that other realisation—that for all his skill and glamor and command, Jimmy needed them more than they needed him.

Between Kathie and me, Jimmy remained a shadowy, incalculable presence which we seldom mentioned. Toward the end of September we had received a postcard from him, no doubt sent at Millie's insistence, reporting that he now was attending Stanton Meadow, a military academy in northern Virginia.

"So they're going to teach him to stand straight and keep his bureau tidy," Kathie had exclaimed, "when he's never unbent in his life—teach him to love God and country when he hardly knows what love is! Indeed what fools we are!" But then, as if she had closed her mind to it, she said no more. And because I knew it was sensitive with her I said nothing either. Only gradually did I learn that this restraint would extend to so many other areas of conversations which directly or indirectly could be related to Jimmy.

It was as if Jimmy were the name of some painful and unanswerable dilemma, and that to speak of him only increased our sense of futility. In some mysterious way he seemed linked not merely to the fact that there were fewer things we could freely discuss, but that we correspondingly had fewer things to share. It wasn't simply that the school committee involved more and more of Kathie's energies, or that her talk had become preoccupied with the school's responsibilities to less fortunate groups in the area, or that more than once after a sudden call from Kathie I found myself dining alone.

The separation was subtle. Even in our most intimate moments we were a little guarded and, as the days and weeks passed, the gap between Kathie and me remained and widened, not out of angry or

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Why children are

AFRAID of the DARK

**A father, ALVIN SCHWARTZ, offers advice
on how to help youngsters avoid the
tensions that lead to alarming nightmares**

● We were almost at the end of "Dr. Seuss's Sleep Book." "Ninety-nine zillion, nine trillion and two creatures are sleeping! So . . . How about you?"

"THAT," said Peter, "is a nice way of asking," "That is nice," I agreed and turned the page.

"When you put out your light then the number will be Ninety-nine zillion, nine trillion and three."

I turned another page.

"Good night," I read. "Good night," Johnny and Peter giggled. And upstairs we trooped, first to the bathroom and then to bed. I tucked the boys in, kissed them good night, and turned to other things. But not for long.

I had scarcely settled in my chair when somebody was in desperate need of water. Then there was a mysterious shadow to deal with. Then there was another trip to the bathroom. And finally there was a blanket that wouldn't stay put. It was Peter's.

"Peter," I said sternly, "do you remember what we were reading?"

"Good night," he said. I tucked him in again.

There are nights when children prefer almost anything to sleep and resort to all kinds of dodges to stay awake as long as they can. It isn't always just for fun.

A child who calls and calls may be lonely or fearful and in need of reassurance. After all, when his parents are off in another part of the house and the shades are drawn and the lights out, he is isolated from those he depends on, and in the dark, familiar objects look different and spooky. Sometimes more than fear of the dark is the reason a youngster resists going to sleep. Maybe the day hasn't gone well for him, or he feels he hasn't received enough attention.

Falling asleep may also be difficult if a child is angry with someone, or if he has recently had a bad dream and is afraid he will have another.

But though such difficulties are to be expected, things can be done to make bedtime smoother. One of the most effective preludes to sleep is a quiet period before bed. This is not only practical, but pleasant for everybody.

The other evening at dusk, I walked around the block with our children, noticed the changes night was bringing, and talked about how birds and other animals sleep. On the other nights we have gone around town and looked in lighted shop windows.

Depending on our mood and on the weather, we may stay home and play checkers, have a sing-song, or listen to records. About a half hour before bedtime we finish what we've been doing.

Then preparations for bed are made, and either my wife or I read to our youngsters. We try to steer clear of wicked witches and other frightening creatures.

At times, particularly if one of the children is tense, we read about sleep and the night. Then, after the youngsters are in bed and the lights out, we usually spend a few minutes talking things over.

This is the time for special requests and problems, for confidences and reminiscences. A few nights ago, Johnny and Pete and I talked about when they could have

two-wheeled bicycles, what their teachers were like, and some events of the day. After a while I said, "It's time to go to sleep. Does anybody want anything?"

Pete reached under his pillow for his flashlight and found it. "Nope," he said, "I have everything," shining the light on the ceiling, on his toy train, and on me.

Johnny wanted me to find his teddy bear so that he could put it under his blanket and warm his feet on it. I finally located the bear under a bed, bid the boys goodnight, and left. Within minutes they were asleep.

Such things as the flashlight and the teddy bear make bridges from the daylight world to the strangeness of a darkened room. When Johnny and Pete were younger and more anxious about the dark, we left their door open and a light on in the hallway until one day they told us that wasn't necessary any more.

Of course, the children don't always go to sleep so easily. After we have gone downstairs and they are on their own, they may feel lonely or frightened, and need to know we are nearby. Usually they call out and a reply reassures them. Sometimes it seems better to go up and see them; sometimes it takes two visits.

In such situations, we have found that the best thing to do is to try to be patient and sympathetic.

If a youngster is obviously upset one of us will stay with him until he feels more comfortable. On the other hand, if he doesn't seem to be seriously troubled, he is told firmly that the time to sleep has come, that we will be in a nearby room and available if really needed.

At times a fearful child, or one who is just lonely or bored or curious, may leave his bed seeking comfort and attention. Some weeks ago, close to midnight, our four-

It's all part of growing up

year-old came into our room and awakened us. "There's a big animal in my room," he sobbed.

We comforted him, carried him back to his room, and turned on the light to show him that whatever it was that had frightened him wasn't there any more. Then we stayed with him until he fell asleep.

Our children have told us of dreams in which they were falling from high places and in which strange creatures looked in their windows or chased them.

In one dream Peter was alone and called and called but nobody answered. In another, Johnny was riding a roller coaster that wouldn't stop.

Occasional bad dreams are regarded as a normal, if unpleasant, part of growing up. Essentially, a frightening dream reflects a child's anxiety about something. For the parent it serves as a signal that the child may have a troubling problem or pressures too great for him.

Children of all ages have nightmares, but they seem to occur most often among boys and girls between the ages of three and seven. These are the years when youngsters grow markedly more independent of their parents.

As a child's feelings of independence grow, however, he also becomes more aware of his behaviour and its consequences. The worry he may feel because he disobeyed his mother or father and is afraid he "ought to be punished" is the basis of many nightmares.

A bad dream may be caused by anything which produces fear and tension or reminds a child of something which is troubling him.

It may be a scolding, an illness, a problem with homework, a quarrel with other children, or any number of other possibilities, including scary radio or TV programs, comic books, or fairytales. However, some youngsters are more likely to be upset by frightening things than others.

Very young children who haven't yet learned the

difference between reality and fantasy are easily troubled by scary books and scenes, as are youngsters disturbed by some problem. Children who are more mature or whose lives are serene are not likely to be so easily upset.

Of course, not all dreams are unpleasant. But most of the dreams children report are the frightening ones, and these need special handling.

Dr. Aaron H. Esman, of a New York child guidance institute, suggests explaining to the child that whatever frightened him wasn't real; that although the dream was scary it's over, and there is no need to be afraid.

Dr. Esman advises parents to encourage the child to talk about the dream and about whatever is troubling him.

However, he cautions parents to avoid pressing for an explanation a youngster is reluctant to give or cannot give. Otherwise the child's anxiety may be increased.

What should you do if your child comes to your room after a nightmare and wants to crawl into bed with you? If it doesn't happen often, there's no harm in letting him lie by your side until he feels better. The chances are he'll be ready to be tucked into his own bed in a few minutes.

In most families, the likelihood of a child developing the habit of coming to his parent's bed is slight. Of course, if it happens often, it is best to take a youngster back to his own room, firmly but gently, and to stay with him there, if necessary, until his fears are quieted.

Occasionally a child may have the kind of nightmare known as a night terror. Extremely excited, he may walk about and even talk, all the while not really awake but still under the influence of his dream.

A year or so ago we were awakened by Johnny's screams. We ran to his room to find him sitting up in bed, terrified and incoherent, pointing at something only he could see.

We woke him up gently, by talking to him soothingly and turning on the light; then we went to the bathroom, where we washed his face, after which he felt better and back in the real world.

Sometimes a nightmare can be readily explained, as when a little girl dreamed of ghosts a few hours after her brother wrapped himself in a sheet and scared her silly.

But when the cause isn't that obvious, it makes good sense to look at what is going on in a child's life, and to be alert to any possible worries. If he has even a minor problem, do something about it rather than belittle it or permit it to drag on.

If his schedule is too crowded perhaps you can cut some of his activities out so that he has some free time in which to putter. Even if nothing seems amiss, it is always helpful to assure a child of your love and support.

When Peter was going through an unsettled period some months back, we contrived ways to remind him that even in a busy family he was very special. It helped.

It also helps to discourage nightmares and other night problems if a child has an easy outlet for feelings of anger and frustration which otherwise might be hard to express.

Here, play materials can be very useful. Paint and clay, blocks, dolls, hand puppets, toy soldiers, old clothes for dress-up—in fact, anything which helps a child re-create life's experience also helps discourage pent-up feelings.

Not long ago a puppet, operated by one of our children, thoroughly and vigorously laid down the law on how late (very late) a child should be allowed to stay up, a subject of periodic contention in our house.

Puppet: "Anybody who is put to bed at 7.30 is a baby and his father is mean! Everybody I know stays up late, and that's just what I'm going to do!"

If a child has frequent nightmares or persistent difficulty in getting to sleep, a talk with your doctor may help.

Usually, however, two general courses of action for parents help to deal with children's problems of the night.

The first is to make clear to the child that fear of the dark, problems in falling asleep, and bad dreams are experiences just about everybody has at some time or other. The second is to offer the youngster having bad dreams the patience and support to help him and eliminate them.

"The dark," Johnny once told us, "is sometimes the cosiest place in the world. But other times . . ." It's something to bear in mind.

Free leaflet on figure care for mothers-to-be

A FREE leaflet giving valuable hints on pre-natal and post-natal breast care is available to readers from our Mothercraft Service Bureau.

The leaflet, which includes some special exercises to assist mothers and mothers-to-be in figure control, has been published in response to many requests from young mothers.

To obtain the leaflet, write to the Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. NOTE: A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Tonight try
PEEK FREAN'S
GOLDEN PUFF
with beans 'n bacon.



and here are
7 more ways to prove
how good a cook you are



PIZZA PIE SNACK
Salami, topped with cheese,
tomato and green pepper.
Grill.

MUSHROOM SNACK
Fill with hot cooked button
mushrooms.

APPLE AND CREAM
Fill with stewed apple, top
with cream.

VANILLA SLICE
Fill with custard, top with
icing, sprinkle coconut.

TOMATO AND EGG
Top with sliced tomato
and boiled egg. Garnish
with salt, pepper.

STEAK & KIDNEY PIE
Fill with hot steak and
kidney, garnish with
parsley, creamed potato.

HAM & PINEAPPLE
Top with ham and sliced
pineapple. Grill.

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Now I really can claim that my habit of reading and pondering old newspaper clippings pays off! D'you remember some weeks ago I wrote about a newspaper clipping we found under the felt of an old desk we were doing up?

THE clipping told of a wedding in Quinta Congregational Church, a miraculous cure for spinal paralysis, and a nurse's experiences in some undated Liverpool riots.

As a result, I've had letters from every State in the Commonwealth; a letter from a reader who lives in Chirk, two miles away from Quinta Church, and is now staying temporarily with her daughter in Queensland; and a letter from a Victorian who spent her childhood in the area and whose Australian home is named "Quinta."

There have also been letters from readers who know the district well, and from those who have clues as to what was going on in Liverpool at the time.

Others have written to explain to me what a curb bracelet is. The happiest coincidence of the lot was a letter from Mr. Charles Shallard, who is obviously, either directly or indirectly, descended from the Margaret Valentine (Daisy) Clements and the Rev. Wilfrid Taylor Shallard, whose wedding was described.

He gets the prize! I have written to him and sent him my tattered old yellow cutting in the hope that it may be of interest to him for his family records.

Mr. Shallard writes: "My grandfather, William Shallard, and his brother married sisters, daughters of W. Taylor, of Bristol, England, who ran barges on the Avon River.

"Grandfather married Hannah and was very active in early times in the Maryborough district of Queensland, where his party of cedar-cutters were largely responsible for discovering Gympie goldfield. Also, he was active around Winchester and Timaru, N.Z. I think a daughter of the Rev. Wilfrid Shallard married a New Zealander."

I've tied myself in knots trying to work this relationship out, but it seems to me that if William Shallard and his brother married sisters called Taylor, then Wilfrid Taylor Shallard was probably a product of one of those marriages, and therefore the uncle of my correspondent, or his first cousin once removed (i.e. the son of his great-uncle).

The questions no one is going to be able to answer are who sent the cutting to the southern hemisphere; did it come via New Zealand; and who was the previous owner of our dilapidated old desk who preserved the cutting so carefully under the felt?

When curb bracelets

were status symbols...

A VICTORIAN reader thinks the cutting must have come from the *Oswestry Advertiser*, which is a Border Counties' weekly newspaper.

She says: "The Quinta is five or six miles from Oswestry and is or was the estate of the Quinta Hall — a great house in extensive grounds—and consists of houses in and on the outskirts of these grounds, including the church and Quinta schools. The Quinta isn't of any great age — around 1800—but the village of which it is really part, Weston Rhyn, is in the Domesday Survey of 1086."

A Western Australian reader writes: "A curb bracelet was usually a slender gold one which opened with a chain attachment, to guard against its falling off the wrist should the catch spring open.

"They flourished in the late 19th and early 20th century, which leads me to believe that the unusual events the Oswestry nurse describes may have been due to the dock strike in Liverpool in 1911-12, which occasioned bitterness and bad feeling. I have heard my father speak about it, but I didn't know that people went about with revolvers!"

Another correspondent writes: "The marriage at which the curb bracelet was presented probably took place about 68 years ago. About that time my eldest sister was married. Her gift from her bridegroom was also a curb bracelet, which was merely a length of gold chain, linked to wrist size by a tiny gold padlock.

"Later that style of bracelet was further ornamented by having the word 'Mizpah' engraved on the reverse side of the padlock. A curb bracelet was a very fashionable wedding or engagement gift for many years."

Now I can remember, as a child, seeing "Mizpah" engraved on a ring and supposing it was one of those frightfully old-fashioned christian names, like Esmerelda.

I've been chasing it round through the family's dictionaries and the children's encyclopedia, and I've finally pinned it down in Genesis 31, verses 44-49.

Jacob and Laban built a cairn of stones and Laban said: "This heap is a witness between thee and me this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed; and Mizpah; for, he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent, one from another."

So Mizpah, which I'd always thought would make a marvellous name for an amiable black cow, turns out to be a word signifying remembrance and loyalty.

I had several other letters from people who had come originally from Oswestry or Weston Rhyn, and the reader

visiting Queensland has sent the cutting to her husband in Chirk suggesting he pass it on to the local newspaper.

Now I begin to wonder who was the original newspaper reporter, probably long since dead, who went along to the wedding and carefully described the bride's and the bridesmaids' dresses, and noted down the names of the 30 guests entertained to luncheon after the wedding.

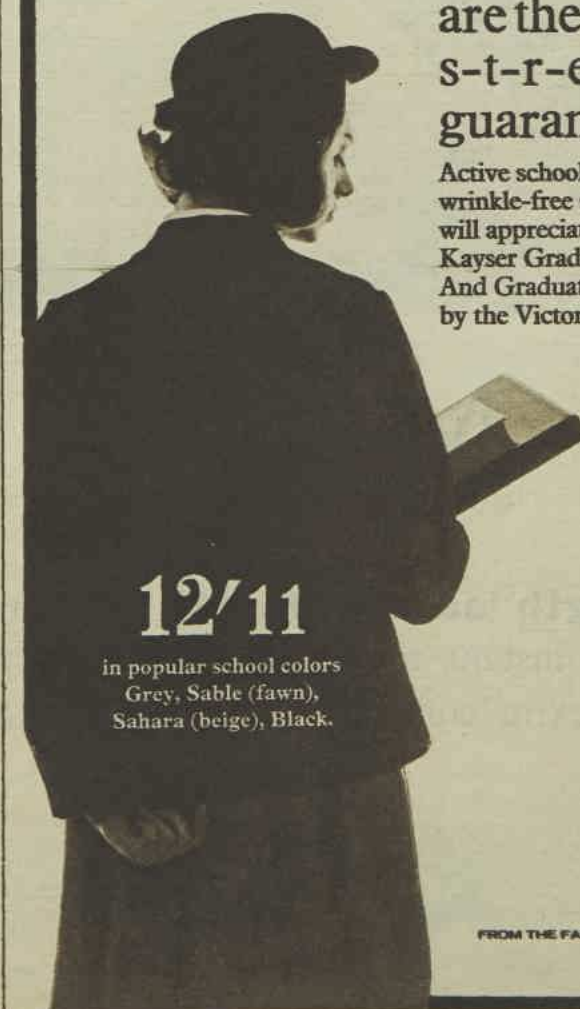
I expect it was just a routine job for him, and he'd have laughed if anyone had suggested that 50 or 60 years later there'd be all this discussion about his report.

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Active schoolgirls will love the smooth,
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Exclusive full-length 'safety shield' in

Regular, Super and Vee-Form by Modess

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New way to cook corned beef

● A recipe for tender corned beef, baked with an unusual pineapple juice and crumb crust, wins the main prize of £5 this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a family-style sago pudding, pancakes, and a cake.

CORNED BEEF WITH PINEAPPLE

Piece of corned silverside (3½ to 5lb.), 1 can pineapple pieces, 2 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins, 1 dozen whole cloves, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, 2 teaspoons mustard, pepper to taste.

Drain the pineapple. Cook corned beef slowly until tender in water to cover, adding syrup drained from pineapple during last hour of cooking time. When tender, place corned beef in casserole or ovenproof baking dish, stick surface with cloves. Mix together half the pineapple pieces and the brown sugar, mustard, vinegar, pepper, and raisins; pour over meat. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven, basting with pan juices. After last basting, sprinkle with fine browned breadcrumbs, remove to heated serving dish. Heat remaining pineapple pieces in hot syrup in the dish, pierce with toothpicks, and insert in beef as garnish.

First prize of £5 to Miss M. Rae, 31 William Edward St., Longueville, N.S.W.

SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Three tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, ½ cup sugar, 3oz. butter, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Wash sago, soak overnight in the milk. Cream butter, sugar, and golden syrup. Beat in the egg. Dissolve soda in milk and sago mixture. Add to creamed butter and sugar. Stir in the salt, spices, mixed fruit, and breadcrumbs; mix well. Put into greased mould, cover well with buttered brown paper or aluminium foil, tie securely. Stand in saucepan of boiling water, steam 3 hours. Turn out, serve with custard.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Reeves, 15 O'Neill St., Granville, N.S.W.

APRICOT CRUNCHY PANCAKES

Three-quarters cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 3 eggs, apricots, peanut brittle.

Add sugar and salt to the slightly beaten eggs, then add, alternately, sifted flour and milk. Beat thoroughly with rotary beater. Lightly grease small frying pan. Pour in about 2 tablespoons of batter; brown on both sides. Spread each pancake with apricot puree (which is made by first soaking dried apricots in hot water about 1 hour, then cooking them gently in

just enough water so they don't burn.) When soft rub through sieve. Roll up each pancake. Place in ovenproof dish, sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle, bake 2 or 3 minutes in very hot oven. Serve with ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Pemberton, 11 Millah Rd., Balwyn, Vic.

HUNGRY BOYS' CAKE

One cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup cold stewed apple, 1 tea-

spoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup warm milk.

Mix together the flours, sugar, chopped fruits, and spice. Stir in well-drained apple. Dissolve soda in warm milk in which butter has been melted, add to dry mixture. Stir until well mixed. Fill into 7in. or 8in. cake tin lined with 1 thickness of greased paper; bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours. If beginning to brown too much, reduce oven temperature. Leave a day before cutting.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Gentleman, 14 Young St., Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.



CORNED BEEF with a new-style crust. See recipe.



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Made of luxury, all white nylon, the revolutionary VEE-FORM* Belt lasts longer, washes and dries in minutes.

*Regd. Trade Marks

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OUR TRANSFER



PRETTY cross-stitch patterns for your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 200. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, C.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

Johnson-Johnson

Winter Complexion Beauty

Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant



THIS winter can mean more beauty for you.

The secret of beautifying and protecting the complexion in the harsh wintery weather is to saturate and nourish the skin with a tropical moist oil that smooths away all traces of wrinkle dryness. These beauty suggestions make it possible for every woman to promote a soft, flawless skin so that the complexion emerges into springtime with a younger-than-ever beauty.

Complexion Steaming

TO clear and freshen the complexion, ease away crows'-feet and unwanted expression lines, try complexion steaming. With a towel over your head, steam the face over a basin of hot water. Beforehand anoint the skin with oil of Ulan so that, as the hot vapour clears and relaxes the pores, the Ulan oil is able to penetrate and nourish. After steaming, pat dry and finish by smoothing in a further film of Ulan.

End Dry Skin

TEST your skin for signs of roughness by gliding the fingertips lightly over your face and neck as you apply your daily base of moist oil. Any dry or rough skin patches which may be evident should be gently massaged with the oil of Ulan to nourish and restore the smooth beauty of your complexion. This will also ensure that your make-up will blend evenly to give your complexion a radiant youthful bloom.

To Beautify the Neck

A SMOOTH, slender neck is truly a beauty asset, so, after nightly cleansing, massage with a vitalizing night cream. While you sleep the rich Ulan night cream will carry on the task of revitalizing and beautifying the skin tissue. For day-long care smooth in a film of oil of Ulan on the neck as well as the face to ensure that your neck retains its youthful beauty.

Soft Pretty Lips

TO keep your lips soft and pretty and to act as a foundation for the smooth and lasting application of your lipstick, give them a generous quota of oil of Ulan when making-up. Massaging the lips and surrounding areas with the Ulan oil will prevent those tiny mouth and lip lines from forming.

Continued from page 52

hostile acts but out of some curious sad impasse, as if we could not give comfort to each other because it was ourselves we were mourning. Our marriage had lost, and we both knew it, a kind of deep and quiet lustre.

There was at last that evening in late October when Kathie came home at ten o'clock, three hours after she had called to say she would be late, two hours after I had sat down to dinner alone. There was the perfunctory ritual kiss and Kathie patted my cheek as she gave me a quick, distracted little smile. She seemed restless and dispirited. "Are the boys asleep?" she asked.

"Long ago," she looked at me with sudden contrition. "I'm sorry, Allan—I just couldn't break away."

"I'm sure it was important."

HER eyes held on me as if she hadn't heard me. "Seven boys beat up an old couple less than six blocks from here. We were talking to neighborhood groups trying to cut down tension before the newspapers start to whip it up. So much hate! Sometimes I think the story of the human race is just the story of endless savage retaliation—even the murderer serves us because he gives us the legal justification to murder him!"

She lapsed into a troubled silence before she continued. "The old couple were out for a little walk before dinner. The boys had never seen them in their lives before. So far as the boys themselves know or can say, they had no reason for the attack—just a whim—no reason at all."

No reason at all. Looking out the north windows I could see the lights of the Triborough Bridge and remembered that just before dark I had watched a flight of ducks winging across the Bronx, perhaps about the time that two old people had started on their evening walk. I felt haunted by the fear that beneath all the recurrent senselessness we were being carried, uncontrolled, to unsuspected destinations.

At last I stirred. "I've had a bit of a day, too," I said.

Kathie gave me a quick, questioning look. "Oh?"

"I had lunch with Millie."

"I thought she and Franz had left for South America weeks ago."

"That seems to be off. She's all mixed up."

"Is she drinking?"

"Yes. She ran the whole range—laughter, tears, anger, gratitude, cajoling. Her marriage is getting unstuck."

"Millie is hardly young enough," Kathie said with a kind of weary fatalism, "to keep trading in husbands for new ones."

"Millie has got that point," I said. "I imagine that's part of what scares her."

For a moment we both were silent. At last Kathie asked in a voice deliberately flat and casual, "How's Jimmy—did she say?"

"No—" I said, "but she did make an amazing proposal."

Kathie's great dark eyes turned toward me as I added, "She offered us Jimmy."

Nothing changed in Kathie's expression. After a moment she said, "She was serious?"

"Very. She'd give him to us for adoption—with a shrewd little extra touch. If we took him she'd set up a trust fund for our children."

An almost imperceptible grimace of pain crossed

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Kathie's face. "Poor Millie," she said, low-voiced. "She must be desperate indeed."

"I guess," I felt a moment of uneasiness and I said with a sudden impatience, "Damn it, one doesn't shove people's lives about like that. A family's not a club—with initiation fees, memberships for sale!"

"Is that what you told her?"

"Well—not in those terms, of course."

"But Allan, you're quite right. A family isn't a club. It belongs to those who accidentally acquired or inherited membership through no effort of their own."

I looked at her with sudden sharpness, her voice had been so toneless. And now she gave me a quick, meaningless little smile. "I do have a dreadful headache," she said. "I think I shall go to bed."

Later we lay for a long time side by side in the darkened bedroom, sleepless but separate. I felt a desire to touch and hold Kathie, if only to obliterate this sterile silence. Her hand lay in mine in cool submission, not refusing nor eagerly accepting, but the distance remained. I must have gone to sleep then—for how long I do not know, but when I awoke the bed was empty beside me. Rain had begun to beat softly against the bedroom windows. I pulled on a robe and prowled through the corridor to the living-room.

"Allan?" I heard her say. "I'm over here."

I saw her then in the big leather chair, her legs tucked under her long white satin robe, like a little girl, staring out at the rain-streaked dark-

"We're all at the mercy of those we love. It takes courage to share your life with someone else—to relinquish some part of your personal sovereignty."

"Do you regret it?"

"Never," her voice said softly. For a moment there was only the drumming of the rain against the window. Then abruptly she said, as if something pained her, "Oh, Allan—Allan—"

"What is it, Kathie?" I asked. "Is it Jimmy?"

"Much more," Her eyes, shadowed and deep, held on me. At last she asked, "When you told Millie at lunch yesterday that we couldn't take Jimmy, surely you knew that Jimmy's best chance for survival was with us—that, with psychiatric help, probably we alone can prevent his being destroyed?"

"Nothing is that certain, Kathie."

"Allan, be honest—it's what you believe!" She hesitated, and then said, "Everything was so strange and difficult last summer. I knew you were quite right insisting that we could not intervene in Jimmy's life. I was at a disadvantage. Somehow—Jimmy, to me, had become the child we couldn't have. I knew even then that it was terribly wrong, to let myself feel that way about another—someone else's—child. But there was another question, Allan, that kept coming into my mind—a question that wouldn't be silent. And only tonight did I begin to see the answer."

"What kind of answer, Kathie?" I asked.

"Just how convenient it was that Jimmy did have other parents. It saved us

can back into and that's into yourself—into some private inner room where no one, especially someone you love, can see how small and weak and self-protective you really are!"

"Is that what you think we are?" I asked. "Contemptible? We're human, Kathie. Don't you think you're being unduly hard?"

"Not hard enough!" she flung back. Then, after a moment, she said more gently, "Allan, I shall love you as long as I live. That's what is at stake here. What's at stake is how good is our marriage, what is the quality of it, how strong is it, what it really worth when the chips are down. I guess what's been wrong between us these past weeks and months is that somehow I haven't wanted to face that moment of truth, tried to postpone measuring us against our lovely human image of ourselves and discovering the terrible reality that we're really trivial, dreadfully trivial, people!" Suddenly she stretched out her hand.

"Please be patient with me, Allan. I guess it's always a bit of a shock to find out that your life isn't quite as big as you'd imagined it. Let me get used to it, will you?"

I started to answer and found that there was nothing, nothing at all, that I could say at that moment. I was unconscious of time as we sat there, holding hands in a numb sort of way, staring at the rain and the city. When at last we went to bed and to sleep it seemed but a moment before I was awakened in the first light of morning by the telephone. It was Franz. It took me a moment to understand that he had come home very late during the night and made a terrible discovery. Millie was dead. It was quite clear that she had taken an overdose of sleeping pills.

THE drive to Jimmy's school in Virginia was a longer journey than Kathie or I had expected. Yet I was glad to be moving, and at least we were moving toward, not away from, some moment of action and clarity, and the knowledge allowed us a kind of calm.

All day, as we travelled across the billowing Pennsylvania countryside with its brimming granaries and frost-struck fields, Kathie and I had talked with a random and easy freedom we had not known since summer. Now in the waning afternoon, winding southward from the Cumberland to the Blue Ridge, and the Shenandoah, we gradually grew silent.

What, I wondered, awaited us at the end of our journey? Jimmy knew only that we were coming, no more. It was difficult to imagine what questions and thoughts he might have at this moment—so much had happened in the weeks since Millie's funeral. We had seen him only briefly then, a drawn and ghostly face lost in the arching shadows of the church.

As he and Franz sat side by side, sole occupants of the family mourners' pew, he had gazed toward the altar and the closed coffin with a kind of perfect detachment, as if already he were somewhere else, perhaps exploring some private landscape to which only he ever came. Afterward, dry-eyed, he had accepted the sympathy of one or two of the sparse group of mourners who had come forward to press his hand.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 14, 1965

Interesting
people read
The
Bulletin
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CAKE DECORATING

Send postal note or cheque to the value of 5/- for a very informative and new book on cake decorating.

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With this book you will receive entirely FREE equipment valued at 9/-, which will enable you to decorate a birthday cake with real professional skill. No experience what ever is required to use this equipment.

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MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Continued from page 58

For Steve and Barnaby, who had wished to come for Jimmy's sake, there had been a flicker of pleased recognition. For Kathie and me there had been time only for a muted greeting and the word that he would be returning to military school that night.

We had not begun then that final sequence of events which would set aside all my previous resolves. I had not then received Millie's note, written after our lunch, delayed because it was incorrectly addressed. I had not begun then that round of meetings with Millie's attorneys, judges, official agencies — nor had that odd, almost comic, meeting with Franz as he tried to convey distress in the face of his overwhelming relief.

I hadn't begun then, with Kathie, the search for clinical advice or the answer to the agonising question of whether or not we had the right to commit the safety of our sons in battle for Jimmy's survival.

Our final decision was made when Dr. Blenheim assured us that he would examine Jimmy, and promised to secure whatever psychiatric therapy might be needed. I remembered, too, his curiously encouraging statement at the end of our meeting: "Our sick can fully recover, not in some institutionalised icebox for human beings, but in a living environment. It involves risk—but so do most human goals."

THEN he had added, with only the lightest touch of irony: "Actually, if all of us could be fully warned of all the hazards of existence, and if we then had the choice to live or not to live, I think very few of us would consider the risks prohibitive."

Millie, of course, had been one of the few. Because of it, I suppose, her decision had been simplest of all. She had made an urgent request, then turned her back before it could be refused. Her note, written with several others in the few hours after our luncheon, was in a hand surprisingly firm and clear:

Dear Allan, it said, I was serious, you see, about Jimmy. Oh, please take him — do! He deserves so much better than he's had.

Franz will not interfere. He'll be relieved, no matter what he pretends. He is an actor whose show closed unexpectedly. He'll go on to other performances, though I doubt he will ever be better paid.

Forgive me for deceiving you, for not telling you our lunch was bon voyage, and that I'm off on the only really safe journey. I guess I was selfish enough not to want to spoil it. You are such a kind and patient man, and the Martins were bliss. Ever, Millie.

And so Kathie and I were driving south. Ahead, the quadrangle and main building of Stanton Meadow military academy stood like a fortress against the red November twilight — cement block structures unsoftened by the aging ivy matted against the walls, or by the lights which glimmered dimly from a window here and there. As we approached, we saw one or two dark figures of students hurrying across the dusk-shrouded parade — all else seemed vacant.

I drew up in the gravelled parking area near the administration building. For a few moments after the car had stopped, Kathie and I stared at the cheerless surroundings. Remotely, we could hear someone practising reveille on a bugle. I felt a twist of doubt. "Kathie," I asked slowly, "what do you think — is it going to be too little and too late?"

"Is it ever soon enough, Allan?" she said. Then, as I started to open the door, I again heard her voice. "Would you greatly mind kissing your wife?"

I turned quickly and embraced her. Afterwards I searched her

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

AFTER washing and wiping cake tins that are not aluminium, place them back in the still-hot oven for a few minutes. This will dry them thoroughly and also prevent rusting.—B. Cox, North Rockhampton, Qld.

Sharpen blunt sewing-scissors or pinking-shears by cutting a packet of steelwool pads in halves. Not only will this action make the scissors sharper but it will help you economise on the use of the steelwool pads.—Mrs. R. Phillips, 30 Charlotte St., Basin Pocket, Ipswich, Qld.

● These hints, to help in your housework, cooking, and gardening, win £1/1/- for readers.

To prepare onions for sauce or pickles, put them through the mincer. There are no large pieces in the finished product, and far less tears for the maker. — Mrs. L. Greaves, 134 Gordon St., Traralgon, Vic.

From one packet of cake mix, mixed as dry as possible with a well-beaten egg and a little milk, you can make biscuits. Roll mixture into small balls, flatten with a fork, and bake on greased tray

in moderate oven.—Mrs. E. J. Napper, 130 Cambridge St., South Grafton, N.S.W.

If a roller-blind has been pulled down too far and you have difficulty getting it up again try this: Take the cord and walk away with it from the window, so the blind is at an angle. Then pull the cord and you will find that the blind goes up readily.—R. Lewis, 32 Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

Do not discard old, colored, bent knitting needles. Use them in the garden to mark the rows when you sow seeds. They are easily seen and are much more durable than sticks.—Mrs. M. Eastley, 27 Glengala Rd., Sunshine, Vic.

Sometimes you will find you have small amounts of different jams left in various jars. It is a good idea to use these up by making small tarts and filling them with the mixed jams.—Miss M. Troth, "Camp Hill," Rylstone, N.S.W.



What is it
about this girl
that puts
men in a
frenzy?



Frenzy, by Goya.

Can you blame him for being hot blooded, when you light the flame with Frenzy? Teasing, tantalizing, tormenting — the unforgettable fragrance. Wear Frenzy perfume wherever a pulse beats. Wear Frenzy Talc — where, just everywhere!

eyes for a moment. "Scared?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Proud, I think," she said.

I smiled. "Let's go."

Two grey-uniformed cadets directed us to the headmaster's drab outer office on the main floor. Through the open doorway the inner office seemed hardly less hospitable with its fading carpet, its heavy furnishings and dark panelling.

Beyond the massive desk, flanked by the flags of the United States and of the academy, a three-quarter-length portrait of a Confederate general—the school's founder, certainly—dominated the room. It dominated also the present incumbent, Major Lucius Winfield, a greying watery-eyed man in his late fifties who came toward us as we peered through the door. "Ah—come in, if you please!"

His eyes blinked nervously. He seemed somehow both shy and disenchanted, an older soldier finally shunted into this backwater with nothing

Continued from page 59

more cheerful than his duty and his thin recollections to sustain him.

"We're Kathie and Allan Thomas," I said, and stretched out my hand to shake his.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "I've been waiting for you." He moved up a chair for Kathie. "You've had a pleasant journey, I hope."

We assured him that we had.

"Splendid." The Major expended his store of polite inquiries and he returned to his chair behind the protective bulwark of his desk. I felt sure that he found any human problem faintly embarrassing, involving, as it did, some degree of intimate personal exposure. He opened a drawer and removed from it a folder which he spread upon his desk. Among the documents I could see my own letter sent ten days earlier.

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

"Major Winfield," said Kathie, becoming restless, "how is Jimmy?"

The Major considered the question a moment, then said, with reassurance, "He seems to be adjusting quite normally, Mrs. Thomas. Quite normally, I would say."

"I'm not quite sure, Major Winfield, what one would consider normal, under the circumstances."

The Major gave Kathie a faintly distrustful stare. "I don't follow, Mrs. Thomas," he said.

Kathie paused, then said with quiet seriousness, "I'm sure you know that Jimmy has had a sometimes difficult and confusing history. His mother has died, barely a month ago. Certainly it would be 'normal,' wouldn't it, for him to express some sort of emotional response?"

After a moment Major

Winfield said coolly: "How—Mrs. Thomas?"

"Good heavens," Kathie said, suddenly bewildered, "in—in a thousand possible ways. Depression. Self-isolation. Lack of interest in his studies. Or perhaps the compulsion to be perfect—or maybe just to be emotionally mute, unable to express his feelings at all..."

The Major gave me an utterly non-committal look that nonetheless clearly asked whether or not I put up with this sort of nonsense. Then he carefully studied several records and reports in the file.

"No, Mrs. Thomas," he said finally, shaking his head. "I'm afraid there's nothing here except a perfectly normal record. Good marks in his studies, good achievement record, co-operative—no problems there. Not a joiner, it's true, but that's

hardly unusual among boys who come here for the first time." He spread his hands on the desk, watched as he drew them slowly together.

"Sometimes I suspect that we tend to exaggerate these events," Mrs. Thomas—modern parents are apt to think a great deal in terms of neuroses and trauma and a lot of other theory. We don't pay much attention to that sort of thing here. We go by the record. If the boy does the job he's been sent here to do, then we feel reasonably sure that he's in good shape otherwise. After all, tragedy isn't unusual, and it's my belief that the best way to get over it is to get on with a job. We don't baby our boys here, Mrs. Thomas. Our job is to make men of them."

I looked at my watch. I wished to avoid an extended and futile discussion. "I'm sure Mrs. Thomas and I agree with you on much of what you say, Major. But at the moment I think we'd best get on with speaking to Jimmy."

"He's standing by, I believe," Major Winfield motioned to an upperclassman who had appeared at the desk in the outer office. "Would you bring young Schuyler to the office, please?" the Major asked.

I interrupted. "If you don't object, Major, we'd prefer to see Jimmy alone in his room."

"As you wish," Major Winfield seemed somewhat relieved. He turned to the cadet. "Please guide this lady and gentleman to Schuyler's room."

The upperclassman led us briskly out of the administration building, across the parade, then up three flights of stairs. Our guide stopped down the corridor and rapped lightly at a closed door which bore at eye level a white card with the typewritten name, CADET SCHUYLER, James. We waited. After a moment the door opened and Jimmy—pale, slim, perfectly groomed in grey uniform slacks and shirt, black necktie tucked between the third and fourth button—stood there.

"Schuyler," the upperclassman said, with just the proper note of condescension to a younger student, "your parents are here." Then, ignoring Jimmy's startled glance, he nodded and left us.

Jimmy stood back and asked, "Would you like to come in?" He closed the door after us and responded with a grave, detached courtesy to our smiles and murmured greetings. As we sat down, I had looked about the room, a modest cell with a single window overlooking the parade, its furnishings an iron cot with an army blanket, a desk, a chest, a pair of straight-backed wooden chairs. Otherwise there was nothing—no pictures or photographs,

no trophies, no pennants, nothing.

It was as if Jimmy Schuyler at last had found the only sensible equation between himself and the world—he was nothing to it, and it was nothing to him. And I looked across now at this slender, almost fragile, boy sitting so erectly on the edge of the cot and I thought: What can we say that he will hear? How far away is he—beyond how many crevasses and icefalls?

I became aware of Kathie's voice saying words, "How have you been, Jimmy?"

"Fine."

"How're the other fellows in your class? You like them?" I asked.

Jimmy made the slightest of shrugs. "About the same as anywhere else," he said.

"The school has a good rating," I said. "I imagine they push you pretty hard, don't they?"

"They don't give us very much free time."

"Major Winfield has told us what fine marks you've been getting," Kathie said. "I think that's wonderful after—well, just wonderful."

KATHIE'S

mark didn't seem to require a reply and Jimmy simply acknowledged it with a glance. For a moment we sat there, not speaking. Then I took a deep breath and said slowly, "What we're trying to ask, really, is do you like it here?" Jimmy stared at the floor near his feet. "It's all right."

I glanced at Kathie and turned back to the boy. "Jimmy," I said, "we've got to talk as simply with each other as we can. That's why Kathie and I came down this weekend..."

Suddenly he was acutely attentive. His eyes shifted warily between Kathie and me. "Talk?" he asked guardedly. "What about?"

"We've been appointed your guardians, Jimmy."

"Franz asked you," he said. "No. Your mother."

"Mother?" He seemed confused. "In letters to us, and to the people who managed her affairs."

A slight flush crept over his face, and his mouth tightened. "Was that the last thing she did?" he asked. "Give me away again?"

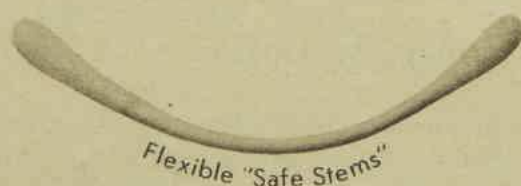
"No one can give you away, Jimmy—not really."

I said quietly. "Of course, now you need someone to take care of you. But in the long run you belong to yourself—you decide the kind of man you'll be."

Briefly his eyes raised to mine. "It doesn't matter," he said quickly, and I remembered the morning of our first meeting, and the lost sailboat and Jimmy saying in the same tone of voice, "It's gone."

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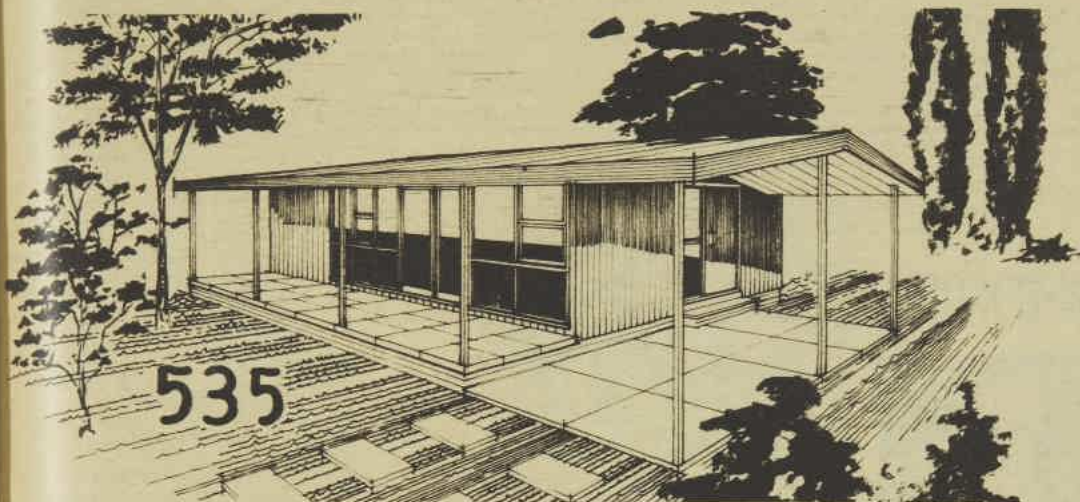
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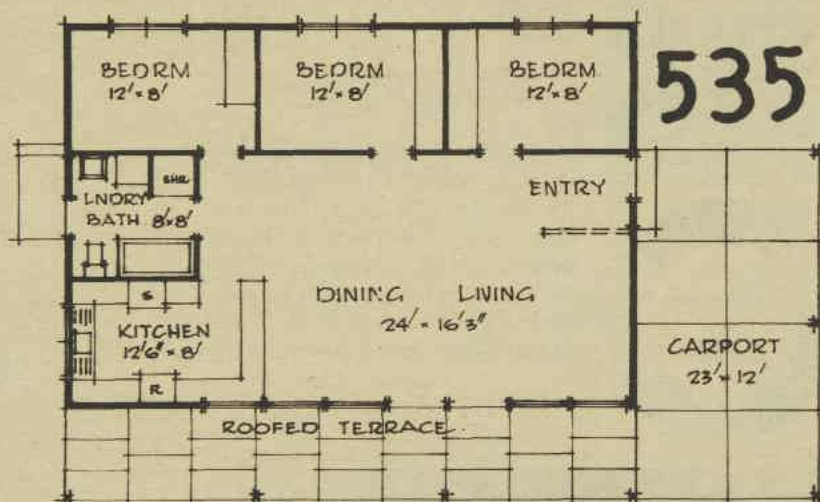
Home Plans Service

- This week's Home Plan No. 535 provides for a three-bedroom economy home in less than ten squares.



SKETCH (above) shows the hip roof which extends to cover the paved terrace and carport. The terrace could be used for summer outdoor parties.

FLOOR PLAN (right) shows how the living space is increased by omitting conventional halls or corridors. Bedrooms open directly off combined living-room.



WITH rising costs, many people find difficulty in financing a home which allows for three bedrooms and a reasonably sized living area as well.

This week's plan No. 535, however, solves the problem of a small budget by showing how the varying needs of a small family can be satisfied in a home with an area of less than ten squares.

No corridors

The economy in the house design is achieved by the architect in two ways.

First, the hallway or entry is not a constructional feature; it is provided simply by a screen wall, giving adequate privacy to the living area.

The entry area is located in the least-used part of the living area, and it has direct access to the carport—a boon in wet weather.

Second, there are no corridors, which do, in more conventional houses, take up a considerable amount of the total space.

This corridor arrangement can be handled very well by using a different floor covering from about

3ft. 6in. wide along the bedroom-wall side.

The bedrooms, which have provision for built-in cupboards, open directly to the combined living-dining room.

Plumbing costs are reduced by placing the bathroom and kitchen side by side.

The laundry is combined with the bathroom and at a future date could be placed at the rear of the carport.

The kitchen, which features adequate built-in storage space and cupboards, is planned in a U-shape.

This is an excellent work pattern for the housewife, because it allows no through or cross traffic to other rooms.

To increase the general feeling of spaciousness in the small home, a buffet-unit divider separates the kitchen from the combined living area.

One of the most attractive features of the house is the roofed terrace, which extends the spacious feeling of the entire living area. It could be used successfully for outdoor summer entertaining.

The house, which may be built on an average size block, has an area of 9.6 squares in timber and 10.2 squares in brick.

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Continued from page 60

"It does matter," I said. "Your mother always wanted the best for you, even when she knew she was failing you. Are you going to be angry at her for that, too, Jimmy?"

He stared uncomfortably ahead of him while beyond the quadrangle the bugler again tried for the high note, again missed it.

"I don't know," he said at last wearily, and after a moment repeated: "I don't know. Sometimes I wish people would just —"

"Leave you alone?"

He nodded quickly. "Yes."

"It would be easier all round, wouldn't it?" I asked, purposely sharp. "We didn't have to take responsibility for you, Jimmy. We

could have walked away. But we're not going to."

He watched me uncertainly, puzzled by my tone. "What do you want?" he asked at last.

"We want you to go back with us."

He waited before he said hesitantly, "Live with you?"

"It won't always be easy, Jimmy," I said gently. "Not for you, not for us. But it's what we want — all of us, Steve and Barnaby especially."

Again he waited before he spoke. "I better stay here," he said simply.

Kathie looked quickly at her hands in her lap and then raised her head.

"We sent you back to your

mother last summer," she said. "Do you want to stay here because you still feel hurt about it? Or is it because you're afraid?"

Jimmy's eyes lost focus briefly. "Afraid?" he asked in a quiet, uncertain voice. "Afraid — of what?"

"I don't know," Kathie said slowly. She smiled and went on. "Maybe afraid you'll always have to prove you're someone worth loving. Maybe just afraid of the dark."

A little smile touched his lips. "I'm not afraid of the dark."

"I mean the darkness inside, Jimmy," she said, her voice low and pure and beautifully distinct. "The darkness in you, the darkness

in us, in everyone — the things we don't know about ourselves that frighten us anyway. You are a good and wonderful person — but Allan and I want you to know that even you were bad, really bad, it wouldn't matter at all. We'd help you just as we'd help Steve or Barnaby."

Their eyes held, gentle and direct each to the other.

Then Jimmy's voice, almost a whisper, "Why?"

Kathie smiled again. "Because you are one of us."

I thought to myself, that's it. Kathie has said it and there isn't any more to say, not now, anyway. I was waiting for Jimmy, but Jimmy didn't answer. For a few moments he sat quite still, then suddenly restless he got up and moved toward the window. He seemed to be reflecting on what had been said, but gradually I realised that he was listening instead to the bugler, still fluting his high notes.

"Trooper Jones," he said and shook his head. "He isn't going to play that bugle!"

I thought: We have lost him. But Kathie said calmly, "I'll make you a small bet he does." While I watched uncertainly Kathie got up and looked about. "Tell you what," she said, and her voice had a new note of cheerful confidence, "we have rooms reserved in the village. You could pack now or we all could come back in the morning and do it. Which would you rather do?"

Jimmy looked at Kathie in mild surprise. "It doesn't make any difference."

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FROM THE BIBLE

● *The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*

— Psalm 24:1.

"In that case, let's do it now."

Then once more we were back at the station wagon and I was stowing Jimmy's bags in the luggage space while Jimmy got into the back seat, which he had chosen rather than the front seat between Kathie and me. As I closed the door, I paused — I saw Kathie's dark figure standing a few feet away watching the night sky. Coming across the parade a few minutes earlier a passing cadet had looked in surprise at Jimmy and called: "Schuyler — you going home? Hey, that's great!" For a moment then Kathie had fallen behind Jimmy and me, and I suppose that was what she was doing now, cooling off a little.

"Allan," she said low-voiced as I approached. She took my hand, held it with a firm, steady pressure. We were silent, watching the constellations drift overhead.

"I wouldn't have thought it would be so clear," I said.

"Nor I," Kathie replied. Then she asked slowly, "Do you suppose victories are always like this?"

"Like what, Kathie?"

"Just the assurance that one hasn't lost?"

I turned to her. In the dim light her cheek was damp. "It's a lot, Kathie."

"Indeed it is."

As we got into the car Kathie tucked a handkerchief into her purse and then she became aware that Jimmy — pale, alert, silent — was watching her. "Tears," she admitted cheerfully. "I suppose it's weak and silly, but once in a great while they do help — don't you think?"

For a moment Jimmy continued to watch Kathie as he might have gravely observed the behaviour of some quite strange creature, regarding her from those dark and icy distances we had yet to cross. Then, quite unpredictably, Jimmy smiled at Kathie's admitted frailty — it was a quiet and gentle smile, as if perhaps for the first time he could afford it.

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TS183

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 14, 1965

THE LAST DANCE

awareness of fashion would whittle their figures away.

But that had been at first glance only. They had turned out to be widely dissimilar and already personalities.

There was the beauty, Maria Teresa, who was Portuguese, the bad one, Abigail Stone, who had climbed out of a window and been threatened with expulsion, there was the fast one, the silly one, the clever one, the bold one, the shy. Antonia was the shy one. Perhaps it was because she had such a beautiful mother, whose photograph always drew forth such breathless ohs! and ahs! when she showed it to the girls.

For, although Antonia was undeniably pretty, her looks were of a gentle, unemphatic kind. She was fair, with hair that curled naturally on to her shoulders, and she had long-lashed eyes of a rare golden brown. She was convinced that however long she lived she would never be as striking as her mother.

TONIGHT she felt more conscious than ever of her inferiority, for her mother, who had come to Italy to fetch her, had been invited to this dance that marked the closing of the school year.

Now, hesitating in the doorway, Antonia wondered if she could slip away. She was quite alone, for although she had started the evening with a partner, she had lost him almost at once. He had been introduced to her by the Marchesa herself, who had gone away afterwards leaving the two young people standing together. The young man was handsome and apparently bored.

Antonia had seen that immediately, to her dismay. He cleared his throat and touched his tie in a haughty manner. He made no attempt to speak. His expression remained sullen and his eyes inattentive, and he seemed to be searching for someone in the room behind.

He found this someone at last, and with a cool little smile said, "Excuse me if I leave you a moment, I have seen a friend." And with a slightly apologetic movement had turned away.

A few minutes later Antonia saw him dancing with Prue Buck. Prue Buck, of all people, she thought desperately. Plain and by general consent the commonest girl in the school, with her screwed-up eyes and her screaming laugh and her way

of swinging her hips as she walked. To Antonia there seemed to be something particularly dreadful in being abandoned for a girl as plain as Prue Buck.

But the dance in the meantime was going on wonderfully according to plan. With the girls dancing gaily with their partners, but so far decorously, and looking like flakes of confetti in their colored dresses, twirling and turning against the dark splendor of the ancient room, and the orchestra almost hidden by the bright bank of flowers and shrubs.

The head of Antonia's tall mother was now visible as she moved lightly amongst the older people who had been invited to lend importance to this last dance. Smoothing down the full skirt of her dress with both hands, Antonia eased herself between a pillar and a huge flowering azalea at the edge of the ballroom, sighing deeply, and anxiously wondering how long she could stay there without being seen.

Everyone, it seemed, was now on the dance floor. The music teacher was dancing with the Mademoiselle, and even the elderly professor of Renaissance history was hopping around quite gaily with the chaperon. The Marchesa, too, after a minute or so of hesitation, lowered her large lace-covered figure into the arms of a short, retired ambassador and danced an old-fashioned waltz.

Antonia felt hurt and at the same time absurdly guilty, as though because of some terrible shortcoming in herself she had been left all the evening alone. Oh, it was all turning out so badly in spite of all her plans, and all the good resolutions she had taken. Only that morning, watching the preparations, she had caught the spirit of the festivities and made a silent promise to herself not to be shy.

The happiness in the air at ten o'clock had been contagious and the servants had sung as they worked. Every room, it seemed, had to be shaken up and the furniture furiously beaten and the floors polished until the terracotta tiles shone like brown glass. In the courtyard, dozens of tables and chairs had to be set out.

It was romantic and cool in this courtyard, and far enough away from the dancing for the sound of the music to be softened into a steady rhythmical beat. Water trickled with a soft tittering

noise from the mouth of a fountain that was in the shape of a marble faun's head. There were trails of variegated ivy against the apricot-pink walls and groups of dark-leaved plants and pots of maiden-hair fern.

Baskets of carnations and roses had been sent up from the town earlier, for the buffet, as well as trays of sweets, petit fours, little pastries, and eclairs so light that they nearly blew away.

Antonia had been astonished to see the solemn, rather forbidding old house so full of life. Nor was she alone in her surprise, as it happened, for many local people — peasants, the parish priest, small shopkeepers — seeing all the confusion and bustle, had become more fully aware of the Villa's existence that morning.

"Is it possible?" they asked one another, and their voices as they said it ranged from contempt to a kind of awe. "Is it possible that in this age of scientific progress, of men being sent into space,

the overcoming of English shyness and the achievement of poise.

And now it was ending so badly, as her mother, who was observant, would not fail to see. Her mother would not scold her, she never did. But what was far worse in a way, she would mention Antonia's shyness jokingly to other people.

She would say, "There was my poor child completely deserted. What have I done to deserve such a shy little duckling, when I particularly asked for a swan?"

And Antonia's elder sister would look disapproving, and Robin would say, "Hard cheese!" Dear Robin, how friendly he was, funny and friendly! In fact, Robin, her brother, was the only person in the world with whom Antonia never felt shy.

Maria Teresa floated by with her partner, her long neck looked more graceful than ever, and she had three gardenias, pinned in her up-swept hair. Triumph made her sorry for Antonia, however. She waved in Antonia's direction and with her full lips shaped "Poor you!" Antonia bent her head

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



and that sort of thing, that there are people who still think of sending their daughters to finishing schools?"

It is quite possible, and there are people who still send their daughters to finishing schools, as Antonia knew to her cost. For although she had learned to make herself understood reasonably well in Italian, and remembered the dates of Michelangelo, and had seen the place where Giuliano Medici was slain, she had missed what the Marchesa only a few days ago had said was the chief value of a foreign education,

down and looked at the plant leaves as earnestly as if she were looking for greenfly. What else could one do except hide? She could hardly go and eat and drink alone, or venture without a partner on that exposed-looking dance floor.

The girls and their partners were hurrying toward the buffet. They were noisier now and getting excited, and the noisiest and the most excited of all was Marisol, the Venezuelan. Marisol, who washed only when the Marchesa herself stood over her and made her, who lied and cheated in class — oh! the injustice of it — was having a wonderful time. She was chattering and clinging to the arm of her partner, who was gazing down devotedly at her smooth black head.

All at once Marisol caught sight of Antonia. She laughed and, reaching up to her tall partner, whispered something in his ear. Antonia saw him glance in her direction, smile disdainfully and look away.

A deep flush flamed Antonia's cheeks. Escape from this room, that was the only thing that mattered.

She looked round and then, purposefully, as though she had received an urgent and important summons, she came out from behind the azaleas and, threading her way through the couples, walked across the ballroom to the drawing-room.

But this was no better. For here sat the ladies and gentlemen of Florence, the more elderly of the professors, two American painters, and an English novelist of note. They looked bored to extinction and as watchful as cats.

Their eyes seemed to pierce

holes in her, but only the novelist spoke to Antonia. He said, "Hello, young lady. Why aren't you dancing? You're only young once, you know!" Antonia, confused, did not reply.

Throwing one leg jauntily over a chair arm, the novelist rattled his fingers like castanets. "Dance, dance, dance, little lady," he sang. His voice was flat and mournful, like an echo from a bygone age.

There was nothing for Antonia to do in this room but pretend to admire the large vases of flowers that the gardener arranged so well. One vase stood away from the wall on an antique metal stand, so she slipped behind it and in this way put a floral screen between the novelist and herself.

Then she leaned forward to look at the flowers more closely. "How ugly roses and carnations are," she said to herself. "With their stiff paper-like petals and their sweetish smell." She touched them with the tips of her fingers disdainfully.

The gilt clock in the corner struck ten. The whole carefully thought-out move to the drawing-room had taken less than five minutes, then. How many five minutes in two hours? Antonia thought in despair.

She tried to reason philosophically and began. "This time tomorrow I shall not be here. I shall be —" But it was no good. No leap into the future could wipe out the discomfort of here and now.

Suddenly she saw her mother, standing quite near. Panic-stricken, she drew back sharply behind the flowers, but her movement was too brusque, her shoe caught in the base of the metal stand, and the whole flowery structure tottered and threatened to fall. Antonia shot out her hands and closed her eyes instinctively.

When she opened them another pair of hands had got there first. When these hands had pressed the flowers back into place, they hovered a moment, putting a leaf or bud or two straight. They were long-fingered hands and they had deliberate, unhurried movements, and they belonged to a tall man who, it seemed to Antonia, had appeared from nowhere.

As she turned from the flowers he bowed slightly and said, "Allow me to introduce myself." And he rattled off a name she could not catch. He had a distinct but very attractive accent. Antonia smiled shyly and waited for him to go, but he seemed in no hurry. He remained at her side but did not speak. It flashed through her mind that here was someone who perhaps was as shy as she was. Surprise made her hold her breath.

Just then the tall man cleared his throat nervously and said, "Will you dance?" As he spoke he took her hand and drew it within his arm, folding her fingers gently over his sleeve.

Antonia could hardly reply, "You must be mad, no one asks me to dance!" So, trembling with excitement, she remained silent, and they moved toward the dancing together.

The music rolled out of the ballroom in a rich flood to meet them, and now they were on that floor whose treacherous surface had been so hard to cross.

While they danced, Antonia timidly looked at her partner.

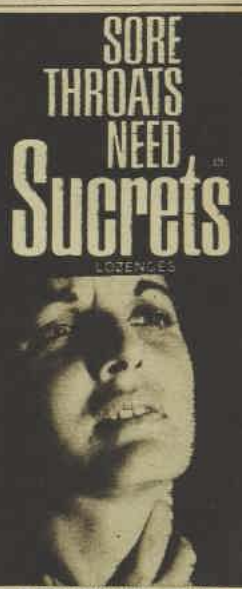
"Terribly good looking. Lucky, lucky Antonia!" the other girls were to say about him later that night, as they sighed romantically and asked Antonia to tell them his name again.

To page 66



Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (or water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and harsh weather. To bring life again to your skin and smooth away wrinkle dryness, ask your chemist for a little oil of Ulan and, before you make-up, smooth over the face, neck and hands. This will nourish the skin at depth and give it a new life and delightful dewy bloom.

Margaret Merril



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You will find Binaca Toothpaste superior to any you have ever used. Its formula of sulpho-ricinoleate not only cleanses and deodorises, it also strengthens gums and tissues and definitely prevents formation of tartar. Your mouth feels utterly clean and the protection lasts for hours. Binaca Mouthwash has the same purifying, deodorising action. Handbag or pocket size, 5/-. Larger size, 21/-. Binaca Toothpaste and Mouthwash are imported from Switzerland for the fastidious. From chemists and department stores.

The magazine of brighter 16 reading Everybody's

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 285.—BOWLS FROCK

Smart and easy to wear bowls frock is available cut out to make in white drip-dry poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/6; 40, 42 and 44in. bust, 41/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

No. 286.—ORGANDIE APRON

Pretty apron is available cut out to make and embroider in white, pink, lemon, and blue organdie. Price is 12/6 plus 9d postage and dispatch.

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Practical maternity top is available cut out to make in brown, green, royal, and wine silk-finished corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4089, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





Tonight! Hurry up a hearty meal with Imperial Irish Stew



When you're fresh out of time, take a fresh approach—begin with Imperial. You can serve Imperial menus-in-a-can straight. Or you can add a dash of imagination for delicious menu variations like these—all with the Good Cook Look. Imperial, great meats • canned • fresh • smallgoods.



INSTANT GOULASH—so quick with Imperial Irish Stew! Open a can of Imperial Irish Stew, pre-cooked to good cook perfection. Add 1 tablespoon of paprika, 8 oz. of tomato sauce. Bring to boil, and simmer for 10 minutes.

CRISP CRUNCH CRUST—new topping for a 10-minute pie! Place contents of can of Imperial Irish Stew in a Pyrex pie plate. Heat in a moderate oven for 5 or 10 minutes. Crumble potato chips on top, return to oven for a further 5 minutes.

Imperial

Collectors' Corner



● Three views of a Copeland jug, with mirror-shaped panels and family monogram (centre).

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers a reader's query about her Copeland jug.

DURING the war I corresponded with an Englishwoman in Devon — a Miss Berry Tor. When my daughter met Miss Tor on a visit abroad she asked her to bring me back a gift. Miss Tor chose a Copeland jug from among her treasures, as we bear the same name — Copeland. The jug, which had been given to the Tor family by an old friend, had, originally, it is believed, been owned by a Mr. John Erskine Potterton — hence the initials J.E.P. The jug is one of a pair presented to Mr. Potterton by Alderman Copeland, of the Copeland china makers. We do not think we are connected with the Copeland family in any way but would be interested in the Copeland china history. — Mrs. F. M. Copeland, Mosman, N.S.W.

The beautiful sporting jug illustrated exemplifies the fine quality of porcelain produced at the Spode factory during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

The Spode factory was founded by Josiah Spode (born 1733 — died 1797) in 1770. Josiah Spode was first apprenticed to Thomas Whieldon, of Fenton, in 1749. (It is worth noting that Josiah Wedgwood, the illustrious eighteenth-century potter, was in partnership with Whieldon from 1754 until 1759.) Josiah Spode became manager of the pottery works owned by John Turner and R. Bankes in Stoke at the age of 29. When Bankes died in 1770, Spode took over the works on mortgage. Within six years he was making fine earthenware in his own name.

During the 1780s he developed a superior cream-colored earthenware, decorated with blue transfer printing under the glaze. So successful was the new decoration that he opened a London warehouse managed by William Copeland.

Spode specialised in domestic ware and by 1796 he was producing a stronger, whiter, and more translucent porcelain, which contained bone ash in its composition.

It is recorded that the profit for the first year (1796) exceeded £15,000! — an enormous turnover by today's standards. Mr. Copeland received £1000 as a gift, at the same time becoming a partner in the firm which was now styled Spode, Son and Copeland. Upon the death of J. Spode in 1797, the pottery came under the directorship of his son, Josiah Spode II, with William Copeland responsible for sales. William Copeland died in 1826 — Josiah Spode II died in 1827. Both were succeeded by their sons, W. T. Copeland and Josiah Spode III.

Josiah Spode III died in 1829. The firm was purchased from his executors in 1833 by W. Taylor Copeland.



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RKJ/10/WW/JPC

Page 65

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 7

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, jade.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tan, silver.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, pink, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continued from page 63

THE LAST DANCE

But looking back afterwards, she could never remember his features very distinctly, never imagine him in any setting but this, where the weak electric light was helped out by flickering candles that carved handsome hollows in his cheeks and lit flames in his deep-set eyes. She only would think of him always as her saviour and her friend.

"I have watched you all the evening," he said in a voice close to her ear. "I asked myself whether you despised dancing."

"No," said Antonia, truthfully. "I was alone because no one asked me."

"And that hurt?"

Antonia shivered and felt a sudden pang of pity for that other self that had been hiding behind the flowers.

"When you are seventeen or eighteen these things hurt," he continued. "But when you are a year or two older you will enter a ball-room and men will beg you to dance with tears in their eyes."

Antonia looked at him sharply, but he was not even smiling.

She said, "What makes you say this to me?"

"You are sympathetic," he said.

"Sympathetic?"

"Yes, sympathetic, charming, attractive, I don't know how you would translate it. You are so natural and spontaneous, you see."

He went on, "You are not like that dark, unfeeling girl there." He nodded in the direction of Maria Teresa, holding her classical head proudly, indifferent to everyone in the room.

"Or that one who moves so badly."

They had now drawn level with Prince Buck, who gazed at Antonia with a kind of surprised envy in her eyes.

"Or that noisy young lady."

Antonia's partner was looking straight at Marisol disdainfully.

"You have great charm," he continued. "If only you would let go a little and let yourself be happy."

"Happy?" Antonia repeated.

"Yes, dancing is fun. It exists only for happiness. There is nothing to be afraid of here."

Suddenly she believed him. As though released by a spring, happiness surged up inside her, her taut muscles loosened, and a light breeze seemed to flow through her hair. Looking down, she saw the panels of her dress flying out like petals as she moved in the dance.

She had heard of partners who hold you lightly and sweep you breathlessly away. But this was far better. Her partner held her in a clasp that was firm and sustaining, and as each dance ended he asked her to dance again.

That was the best thing of all, Antonia decided, as the azaleas and ferns revolved about her and the candle flames flew past, for now in the slight pause between

dances she noticed that many of the couples were breaking up. The men were drifting back to the buffet, leaving the girls standing about in forlorn little groups.

Only her partner, attentive and indefatigable, danced on, until at last they danced out on to the terrace and, breathless and a little giddy, stood together looking down into the garden that was velvety with night.

By daylight it was full of box hedges and shining magnolias, lemon trees in huge flower pots, pink and scarlet geraniums, lavender tassels of wisteria, bird calls, and butterflies. Now, by night, the garden seemed to be haunted by the phantoms of these things, flowers that appeared like a delicate blur of color, perfumes that were hardly recognisable, and ghostly moths that brushed gently against the cheek.



They walked along to the end of the terrace, where a magnificent climbing rose reared itself between them and the dark blue sky. Antonia put out her hand and touched the roses.

"Lovely, lovely flowers," she murmured, letting her fingers hover over the petals. Then she turned and looked up fearfully at her partner, who was watching her.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Prince Andrea of Marepadula," he answered with a smile.

Antonia sighed with delight. A prince, only this had been needed.

"Kiss me," said the Prince, whose eyes never left her face.

She said slowly, "Yes, I will, because you've given me something." But she could not have explained what she meant.

The Prince misunderstood her, however. He thought she said, "Yes, if you will give me something." And he quickly picked three or four of the roses, and with a graceful little bow put them in her hand. Composedly, as though this was the most natural thing in the world, Antonia leaned forward and kissed him gently on the cheek.

"When may I see you again?" said the Prince, pressing home his advantage.

"Never," she said.

"Never?"

"Never." Triumphantly, mournfully, Antonia shook her head. "No, you see, I'm going back to England. I'm leaving early tomorrow morning with my mother. We have to catch the plane from Milan."

The Prince looked disappointed. All this charm vainly expended, all these compliments thrown away, he might have been thinking, without the possibility of any future in which to deepen their acquaintance. But he took his defeat gracefully.

"You are Cinderella," he observed. "After midnight I see you no more!"

As he spoke, the clock in the drawing-room struck twelve, and they waited in silence until the last stroke had died away in a ripple of silvery sound. Then, gently taking her arm, the Prince led her back into the ball-room.

The Marchesa had risen already from her chair as a sign that the dance was over, and was smoothing the creases out of her dress.

The Prince raised Antonia's hand to his lips and kissed it, once, twice, passionately; whispered, "Addio, then," and went quickly away.

If Antonia had not been feeling a little dizzy with dancing and emotion she might have observed that he left hurriedly by the side door instead of joining the dribble of people standing about, waiting to say goodbye to the Marchesa.

"I have never seen you look better!" Antonia's mother had found her, and was proudly re-tying her daughter's sash. "Everyone noticed you — you and your tall, good-looking partner. You must tell me all about him afterwards. But first, come and thank the Marchesa for giving you such a lovely time." As she spoke she was drawing Antonia toward the line of waiting guests.

"Shall I tell Antonia?"

It was the Marchesa now who was speaking. She whispered this in an aside, between smiling at one departing lady and holding out her hand for a gentleman to kiss. She spoke to her daughter who did the housekeeping.

"Tell her what?" said the daughter a little tartly.

"Why, the truth about her partner, of course. Shall I tell her that he is a souvenir-

shop salesman who crashed the party and who tried to pass himself off as a prince?"

"She seemed so happy," sighed the daughter. "She is leaving tonight, you know."

"What if she comes back?" said the Marchesa. "What if that hard-faced mother starts asking questions? What will she think of us?"

"She won't ask. She won't take the trouble. And Antonia won't come back, at least not yet. Perhaps after some years, when she is older and happier. It may have given her a little self-confidence, you know, all the attention that he paid her tonight. In the meantime, no harm is done, and it may be a *dolce ricordo* for her to take away."

Antonia and her mother came up at this moment. They were to spend the night at the Grand Hotel in town.

"It's been wonderful!" said Antonia happily, as the Marchesa held her hands and kissed her on both cheeks.

"It's been a wonderful year!" she repeated, and she meant it. Homesickness and shyness now forgotten, she felt the glow still of the last two hours. "But the best of all," she said as the Marchesa released her, "the thing I'll remember for ever is this last dance."

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Is your baby breast fed?



Soon you'll be weaning baby. Most authorities recommend a test with similar softness to a mother's breast. Only Maw's teats are made by a special 'dipping' process which gives them this unique softness and resilience — allowing baby to control the flow just like natural feeding. Maw's 1-hole teat is in four alternate hole sizes. For baby's 'little' drinks like boiled water and fruit juices — try Maw's Dinky Feeder.



Ask your family chemist for Maw's nursery supplies.

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"By following the Menthoid Diet Chart Slimming Plan," —states Mrs. R.V., of Richmond.

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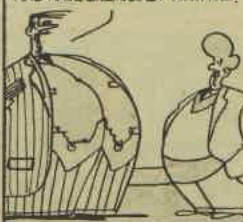
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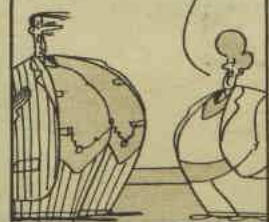
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FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

WHY DON'T YOU STAY OVERNIGHT AND HAVE BREAKFAST WITH ME!



I'D LIKE TO,



BUT I'M ON THE WAGGON!!!



THAT AWFUL QUESTION: "Have you got a boyfriend?"

● Surely every teenage girl has been faced with this one, and it's hard to find a perfect answer.

LOTS of girls find it a necessity to always be seen in the company of a boy (it doesn't really matter who) and to have a constant string of admirers to take them out and spend money on them.

They are the "status seekers," who care only what others will think if they haven't got a boyfriend.

They can readily answer "yes" to the question.

There are, of course, those who are genuinely interested in one boy and find pleasure in sharing the same interests.

These girls take pride in saying "yes."

Being free

Then there is the girl who hasn't met a boy she cares to go out with regularly, but who is quite happy as she is—playing the field and enjoying her freedom.

Many girls of this type don't want to be tied down

to just one boy and find more pleasure in the company of many boys.

They do not feel the need for a constant male companion, and are perfectly content to wait till their "someone" comes along.

When posed the question, this girl finds no trouble in naturally replying, "Oh, nobody special."

The girl who is embarrassed by the question "Have you got a boyfriend?" is the girl who hasn't a boyfriend but fervently wishes she had.

She sees a girl less attractive than herself with a steady and says, "If she can get a boyfriend, I should be able to."

She hasn't found anyone she likes well enough and, rather than accept this fact, she blames herself.

She picks fault with herself (and everyone else, especially those with a steady). She makes herself miserable yearning to be like all the other girls going steady.

The problem is how to answer this question without sounding like her.

You can, of course, go to extremes and say you wouldn't have a boyfriend for anything—they're too much trouble, worry, tears, etc., but no one believes

you, and, anyway, you're only fooling yourself.

This type of answer only makes others sure that you do want a boyfriend.

You can also lament the fact and have everyone pity you. You, the sweet little thing that nobody appreciates—and you're right, they won't!

Non-committal

If the question is asked with a smug and catty tone, a flippant answer is quite in order. Something like "A boyfriend? Why, my dear, don't tell me you only have one? How positively medieval!"

This is sufficiently non-committal and confusing.

One of the best replies is a casual, off-hand, almost interrogative "No?" as if implying "A boyfriend? Whatever for?" (But don't actually say that, or it may have the same effect as the violent condemnation of males.)

If the question has been annoying you, first work out why it annoys you, then work out a suitable reply. There are many good reasons for not having a boyfriend. Don't let people make you feel embarrassed about it.

—SUE RUSSELL



Teenagers' WEEKLY

No one hurries on Kwato

● Two Australian girls were thrilled when they heard they could work as teachers on the picturesque island of Kwato in Papua-New Guinea, but were disappointed to learn that their home there was to be a huge colonial mansion staffed by 20 domestic girls.

"WE had visions of living in grass houses and really being part of the community," one of the girls, Ceryl Hall, of Melbourne, said, "and there we were, living in luxury—being waited on hand and foot."

Ceryl, 27, and fellow Melbourne Carole Fraser, 26, spent a year in Kwato teaching at the island's school as members of the Australian Volunteers Abroad scheme.

"We were in the first batch of AVA recruits to be sent abroad," Ceryl said. The girls left Australia for Kwato in January, 1964, returning early this year.

AVA works on the same principle as the U.S. Peace Corps. Its object is to help developing countries in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific Islands.

"Any person over 18 years of age with reasonable qualifications—tradesmen, university graduates, teachers, nurses, or clerical workers—is eligible for AVA," Ceryl said.

"Volunteers are sent overseas for one- or two-year periods. Their return fares are paid by AVA and they are assured of board and keep for the time they are away.

"The Papuans always referred to our mansion as 'The Big House,' and when we discovered we were

to live there we were upset. We thought living in this house would be a handicap."

But Carole and Ceryl were accepted by the Kwato Islanders.

"And much later we discovered why they had chosen to give us 'The Big House' to live in," Ceryl said. "It was the only empty house on the already crowded island."

The house was built in 1890 and is said to be the oldest colonial home in the New Guinea-Papuan territory.

By
JENNY IRVINE

Carole and Ceryl were teachers at the Kwato school. "We arrived at the end of the children's six-week summer holidays," Ceryl said.

"On our first day we rang the school bell at 8 a.m. . . but there was no indication that anyone heard it.

"We waited, rang the bell again, called, whistled, clapped. Eventually two or three children appeared, but it was a good hour before the whole school was assembled.

"The Kwato Islanders just have no idea of time. It was useless to say 'be here at 8 a.m.'—they would just think that was

sometime in the morning and amble along at any time.

"On Kwato no one hurries—not even for school," she said.

"But we eventually accepted the fact that no one on Kwato is ever on time and adopted their philosophy of taking things as they come . . . 'Why fuss or worry? What isn't done today can be done tomorrow.'"

As well as teaching school five days a week, Ceryl and Carole—

● Organised Brownie and Girl Guide troops.

● Ran a youth group which met weekly.

● Supervised road repairs.

● Trained six Papuan students to become teachers.

● Made five patrols to 15 village schools under their supervision in the Milne Bay district.

● Ran the only taxi service on the island.

"There was only one vehicle on the island—a 1948 jeep," Ceryl said. "Carole and I were the drivers, and we carried everything on that jeep—pregnant women going to hospital, loads of white coral to be put on the roads, seven-year-olds on a joyride, fish—just about anything.

"We even drove the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, round the island when he visited Kwato. "We had a wonderful year."



CAROLE FRASER supervises morning assembly at Kwato school. Everyone, including Carole, has bare feet. The 300 Papuans on Kwato are quite westernised through long association with Europeans.



CERYL HALL in class with her pupils. The children did not compete with each other at all, and would only answer questions as a class. This dislike of being singled out was typical of the Papuan children.

Letters

Teenagers want more say

WHY do teenagers have such little say in this country? Why are we not allowed to vote?

As soon as we turn 13, we automatically are called teenagers and cease being called children. Children have privileges, and so do adults — but what about us? What privileges do we, as teenagers, enjoy? We earn our own money, work as hard as adults, pay taxes, abide by the laws, but what say have we in our country? If we pay taxes to the Government why shouldn't we be allowed to vote for the type of government we want?

Then what about those teenagers who are married? They, even if they have a child to care for and his future to worry about, are not allowed to vote till they turn 21.

We teenagers will be governing this country eventually. We want a good future to look forward to. We are not prejudiced. We do not want racial discrimination — as do some adults of today. We want a free country and a happy future. We don't want wars. We are willing to accept new ideas. We want more say in our country and our future.

Do other teenagers agree? — "Teenager," Geebung, Qld.

More playtime

I'M fed-up with people who say life is all work and no play. We have 168 hours a week. We spend an average of 40 at work; 56 in bed; 20 eating. This leaves us with 52. This gives more playtime than worktime. — Paul Howse, Kensington, S.A.

Dating age

MANY parents lay down a specific age at which their daughters should date. This attitude is, in my opinion, unrealistic. Some girls mature earlier than others. Obviously, therefore, the dating age that would be right for one girl would not be right for another.

I think that the important rule to be observed is that the girl bring the boyfriend home to meet her parents. A boy is more likely to respect a girl when he is already acquainted with her parents. And if she has a protective older brother, so much the better. — "Realistic," Camp Hill, Qld.

Grandma's gear

GO through Grandma's old knitting and crochet books for fabulous patterns of stockings, dresses, and jackets. Also many ideas can be obtained from old photographs.

If you are lucky there may be a chest or two tucked away, where there are wonderful mod clothes just waiting to be worn again. — S. C. Allen, Blair Athol, S.A.



"After this dinner in town, baby, I'll take you to see the alley cat fights in Argyle Lane."

Trusting father

I AM proud to say that, unlike many other teenagers, I have a father who trusts me.

He has placed few restrictions upon me, left all decisions to me, and has always tried to teach me to be independent and responsible. Knowing this, I have taken few liberties and am frank and truthful with him.

I respect and love my father, and I feel sure that it is his principle of upbringing which fosters the

harmonious relationship which exists between us. — J. Whallin, Rose Park, S.A.

Career choice

AS I am a high-school student contemplating leaving school, I have begun to realise the difficulty of choosing a career.

It is quite likely that the choice you make will affect the whole of your life. The choice of your career is not one that can be made on the spur of the moment, and the earlier you begin to think about it, the better your chances of making a sound choice. In fact, many boys and girls don't realise that decisions they make throughout their schooling can affect their future. In order to make a sound choice of career, you need to obtain information on two important subjects; yourself and jobs. — Miss M. Reid, Oatley, N.S.W.

Science mad

HAS the world gone science mad? It certainly seems that way. Today the emphasis is unduly placed on science and mathematics, while the humanities are forgotten immediately after the completion of a school examination.

Also, today there is an emphasis on "education." A young man must be "educated" if he is to make a "success" of his life. Education is a working knowledge of life; being able to understand the difference between an atom and an electron does not mean one is educated. How do the humanities contribute to one's education? They are the study of life.

So wake up, mathematicians and scientists, stop mumbling to yourselves in equations and start conversing in terms of life — in terms of the humanities. — Mark Thackray, Maroubra, N.S.W.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Best friends

AT school there was a new girl and she was not pretty by miles. She had braces and straight hair and my girlfriends and I used to make fun of her. One day she came over to me and asked if she could walk with us and we (very rudely) said "no." She said she would tell us about herself, and, honestly, we are the most sorry kids. We fixed her hair and helped her along a bit and now she is my best friend. You just can't tell a person by their looks! — "Friend," North Perth.

The vulgar waltz

MY girlfriend has a book, "Etiquette for Young Ladies," which was written last century and which advises young ladies not to do a vulgar dance called the waltz. A girl can waltz only with her fiancé or husband, and then only in public. — J. Williams, Bute, S.A.

NEXT WEEK

• Using the cheapest materials and lots of imagination, a young Adelaide girl, Mieke Smit, makes all her own clothes. Story and color pictures.

Turning 20

AT 19 one is still a teenager, but sometimes I realise that when I turn 20 I won't be a teenager ever again in my life and dread the thought of my next birthday. I wonder if every girl goes through this "aging" stage? I would love to stay a teenager forever, but I guess I will eventually tire of "playing the field," going to rock dances, teen parties, etc., and think toward settling down to marriage. I wonder if I'm just worrying unnecessarily or whether most girls my age are thinking seriously of marriage. I would be interested to read others' views on the subject of leaving their teen years behind. — "Misery," Mornington, Vic.

Helping Malaysia

AFTER reading a letter from Malaysia in "The Teachers' Journal," we, the history class, decided to do something to help the education of the Malaysian children.

The education over there is absolutely shocking! In one particular primary school of about 200 children, one of the teachers has a grade-six education! Some of the others have been educated to grade two or three!

The children sit four or five to a desk and have no textbooks whatever. The blackboards are pieces of lino tacked on to the wall. One stick of chalk is all a teacher is allowed for two days. (Some of our teachers use about three sticks a day.)

These children learn a considerable amount from magazines and would dearly love to see pictures of Australian animals.

We were so deeply touched that we sent a box of magazines, writing paper, chalk, old pencils, story books, and pictures to them.

So, spark up fellow students! Just think how fortunate we are. Why not ask your teacher to organise a collection of things to send to Malaysian schools. You'll be surprised how wonderful you will feel, to think that your effort, no matter how small, is aiding one of the most vital things in this modern world — education. — Miss K. Shephard, Kin Kin, Qld.

Dreary essays

I AM sick and tired of the utterly uninspiring essay topics which we, as students, are given to write about in an original manner. Ever since I was in the lower grades at school, I have been asked to write essays entitled either "The Olympic Games" or "Sport." Quite candidly, I would hate to be the teacher correcting the same old stuff year after year. If they want original ideas they ought to come up with a few themselves and set us some interesting and varied essays to do. — "Student," Toowoomba, Qld.

Donating eyes after death

• Miss R. Merrick, of Broadway Valley, Qld., recently wrote saying that her family and friends were shocked at her decision to donate her eyes after death. They said it was against Christian beliefs and inconsiderate.

THE people who are condemning your donation of your eyes do not realise it but it is they who are being un-Christian. If they had any thought for others they would donate their eyes, too. What use are their eyes going to be to them when they have died? Why is it inconsiderate to your parents? After all, they should be proud of having a daughter willing enough to donate her eyes. — Denise Ryan, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

I'M all for the idea and would be very interested to find out how to go about donating my own eyes after death. I fail to see how people can condemn her on the ground that it is against Christian beliefs. To my way of thinking, the whole principle of Christianity is one of selflessness and a concern for the welfare of others. — Rae Chisholm, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

I AGREE with her action entirely. We see all the wonderful sights of this world with our eyes, and to

me it seems only fair to others who would not see them otherwise. Although only thirteen, I feel strongly on this subject because of a true story of a little Canadian girl, Janis Babson, donating hers. Also, I do not think it is either against Christian beliefs (I am a Catholic) or unfair to your parents. — Anne Yately, Roseville, N.S.W.

WHY should a person who has been born with such a handicap be deprived of the chance to see again? Didn't Christ cure the blind, heal the sick, and restore life to the dead? People who criticise these actions should think again and should be grateful that God has given them a healthy life. — Sonja Grgacic, North Balwyn, Vic.

I THOUGHT of a sign I saw a few weeks ago. It was about the same thing, and I was quite interested, but the friends I asked all condemned it. Why, I don't know — maybe because they had never looked into the matter deeply.

To quote the Bible: "And if ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Doesn't this speak for itself? — "Complete Agreement," Balwyn, Vic.

I WAS very interested to read the letter about donating eyes, for there is a possibility that I will need an operation in which someone else's eyes (or actually a part of them) will be grafted to my own. Could I, through your magazine, please appeal to those who are not in favor of donating eyes to consider the matter from the point of view of the receiver, whose eyesight may be improved 50 percent by the forethought of someone who has died a short time before the operation? This improvement in sight means a great deal to a teenager like myself.

The act of donating eyes is not, in my view, anti-Christian. I am an active Christian and think it little different from giving a kidney or donating blood. — "Meg," Woodville, S.A.

THE CLASSICS

FAURE: Chamber music

THE history of French music provides a number of examples of composers whom no one calls "great," but who wrote music that is highly personal and highly finished.

Gabriel Faure, who lived from 1845 to 1924, was one of the best examples of this French "little master" type. He wrote in a refined, poetic style, and although he seldom attempted anything "big" and dramatic he is more assured of immortality than many who did.

Two chamber works of Faure which show his delicate, lyrical style at its best are played with great sympathy by four of his countrymen on a disc issued by the Record Society.

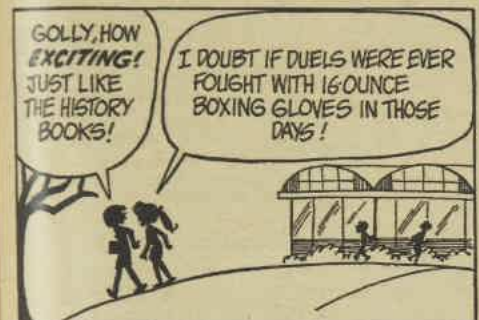
They are the second quartet for piano and strings, written in 1886, and the trio for violin, cello, and piano, written in 1923, the year before the composer's death.

Though written so far apart in time, the two works are more notable for their likeness than their difference. But the earlier work is generally richer in harmony and more impulsive in feeling.

The players are the Pasquier Trio and pianist Jean Doyen. — MARTIN LONG

PONYTAIL

BY LEE HOLLEY



A FUNNY (HAIR-RAISING) THING HAPPENED (TO THREE OF OUR GIRLS) ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICE!...

They're in every office — friends who really shouldn't be let out together. Some people manage to spur others on to heights of madness they would never attempt alone.

ON our way back to the office from our fourteen-and-threepenny lunch (we had 14/4 between us, and kept the waitress waiting while we did sums), we walked by a wig shop.

Almost BY, that is—but, instead: IN.

In we went, drab end-of-the-week hairdos and all, face to face with the beautifully tinted wigs perched atop fancifully painted mannequin heads.

Kerry Yates's mousy locks were transformed to long

red tresses; my long brown hair was camouflaged by a swooping platinum grey creation; and Jenny Irvine's dark French roll was tucked under a sleek, shoulder-length honey mass.

Most of the wigs we tried were unset—ready to be cut and set to suit the face of each individual buyer.

"No, I don't like this one at all," Kerry insisted. "But if I had THAT one I'd plait it for the beach."

Wavy-haired Jenny was struck dumb by the sight of herself in a silky dead-straight wig. With a bouffant style I looked like a peculiar cross between Joan Sutherland and Mavis Bramston. Our office mod Kerry headed straight for a short black dolly-wig.

We rang the office. A few minutes later, in walked one

of the most patient photographers on the staff—looking out of place in the ultra-feminine decor.

"Aw, you can't wear that one, Jenny," he said. "Makes you look like a straw broom." (Jenny thought she looked like Jean Harlow.)

"I adore this grey one—I may be dreary now, but I'm going to be fabulous when I'm middle-aged," I said. "I want a photo of this as a testimonial to any beau—that I'll improve with age."

"I'd want one the same color as my own hair," Kerry said. "No, no, no!" Jenny disagreed. "If I were to spend the money, I'd want it to LOOK like I had a wig!"

None of us has ever had the nerve to dye her hair, so it was a brand-new experience seeing ourselves—we felt like new women. As therapy, a spree of wig-trying-on beats the old hat—modelling sessions by a long shot!

—Jude Ainsworth



● From left, Kerry, Jude, Jenny: Outside, bewitched.



● Recognise the trio now? Inside, bewigged!

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

WIG UPKEEP

WIGS, pin-on hairpieces, applied eyelashes, phony fingernails and the like can be a real blessing, especially to the dash-about girls who are on the go and want to look immaculate all the time.

In other words, a little fakery is a good thing when it adds a touch of glamor or gives your spirits a lift.

The trick with a wig or hairpiece, whether real or fibre, is to keep it looking spruce and real enough to fool most observers, or at least keep them guessing.

Like natural hair, wigs have to be cleaned, combed, set, and generally coddled by you all the time; an occasional trip to a hairdresser for expert sprucing is also a "must."

You can brush and comb real-hair wigs yourself and dry set on rollers. Never use water. Nor is it wise to spray lacquer on a wig, because this can be difficult to remove in dry cleaning.

Wigs, whether real or fibre, worn on an average of three times a week, need to be cleaned about every six to eight weeks by a hairdresser.

Wigs should be kept on a special block and preferably under a light covering when not in use.

—CAROLYN EARLE

THE LAUD OF THE MANNERS

ROUND ROBIN

● I must give the lie, once and for all, to the vicious libel levelled at Australian males' manners.

I AM heartily sick and tired of sneers at our gallantry toward girls — and the boosting of overseas fellows'.

The plain fact of the matter is that Australian girls

are unable to accept courtesies, and boys soon get uninterested in offering them.

The truth of this was driven home to me recently.

I heard a girl, who has travelled on an overseas ship and continually raves about the charm of Frenchmen, paid a flattering, polished, home-grown compliment.

Her reaction? A nervous guffaw. Not even a feminine giggle, mind you.

Start to help a girl on with a coat or stole and it's snatched out of your hands with the speed and fervor of a mother picking up a crying baby.

Step behind a girl you meet in a street to walk on the kerbside and she'll usually whirl around with a "where did you get to?" look.

Get out from behind the wheel of your car to let out your pretty passenger and you're on the other side just in time to see the door slam and her retreating back.

Move to a restaurant chair in readiness to seat your date and, hey presto, she's down in the opposite one getting out her calorie-counter.

Yes, the answer is that not only are overseas men more gallant — but that their women are more receptive.

—Robin Adair

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Leaving home

"I AM 17 years old and wish to move into a flat with two girl-friends. This is against my mother's wishes, and she threatens to make me a ward of the court if I go. Is she able to do this? I intend to live respectably."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Under British Common Law you can leave home at 16, providing you can prove that you are able to support yourself and live decently.

However, it would be a great pity to do this against your mother's wishes. It could mean a permanent estrangement—something you may later regret deeply. You should ask advice from some older relative or reliable friend.

Parental pressure

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I have a serious problem and I am in need of advice. When I become 17 next year I have to marry a boy who my parents have chosen for me. I have no say in this, as my parents made this decision when I was 13. The boy is the son of my parents' closest friends. He treats me with little respect and I do not like him. He tells me he loves me and that he can hardly wait for us to be married, but I do not want to spend the rest of my life with him. Is there any law that says I have to marry this boy against my wishes? Please help me."

"Desperate," Vic.

There is no law in Australia

that says you have to marry anyone you don't want to marry. All you have to do is refuse and stick by it. If you feel you need help, go to the Chamber Magistrate at your local court and ask for his advice.

Disgraceful build

"I AM now 16 years old and have a physique that is a disgrace to mankind. My growth only seems to be upwards and not outwards. What should I do?"

"Skinny," S.A.

Wait. Just wait. You'll be amazed what the next few years will do to fill you out. I know a boy who even at 18 and in the last year at school was too small and weak to make the football team. Now he is over six feet tall and very strong. You can help nature along a bit by regular exercise and sport.

Maturity at 15

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl. I am fairly immature in some ways for my age—and I like a boy of 19 very much. I know I don't stand a chance at the moment, but perhaps in a few years' time when I am older and more mature I might win this boy's affection. How can I become a more mature person with a broader outlook on life and people?"

"Teena," N.S.W.

Unfortunately there is no quick "maturity without tears" course that I can suggest. And, anyway, at 15 there isn't such a rush, is there? But time is an important factor in maturity (although some people are not mature after 40 years). Use the next few years wisely. Read all the good books and good newspapers you can get hold of, and think about what you are reading. Look at and listen to everything that is going on around you. Then apply your knowledge and convictions to your own life. I cannot promise you that this will win the boy's affections, or that you will be instantly mature, but it is a good start.

Bringing boy home

"I AM 16 years old and I recently met a very nice boy, but I am not allowed to go out with him till my parents meet him. I'm too scared to bring him home because our house is always untidy and very dirty. My mother has arthritis and can't do much housework and, as I am working every day, I can only do a limited amount. Most of the money my father earns is spent on beer. He comes home drunk every night and I couldn't let this boy meet him in this state, because he comes from a very nice family. Can you help me as I love this boy very much?"

"Worried," Vic.

You could ask him to come to meet your parents at the weekend when you would have time to tidy the house. But this would really only be avoiding the issue, and you are going to see more of him the time will come when he drops in unexpectedly.

In situations like this you can only be completely honest and natural. Tell the boy that your mother is ill and cannot cope with the housework and that your father drinks, and ask him to help you make the meeting pleasant.

Try not to sound as if you are apologising, but explain things to him and ask him to understand. If you talk as if you consider him mature and understanding enough to handle it, he will probably react that way.

Then make yourself look as nice as possible, and during the meeting show your parents kindness and respect. I'm sure he will be impressed.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

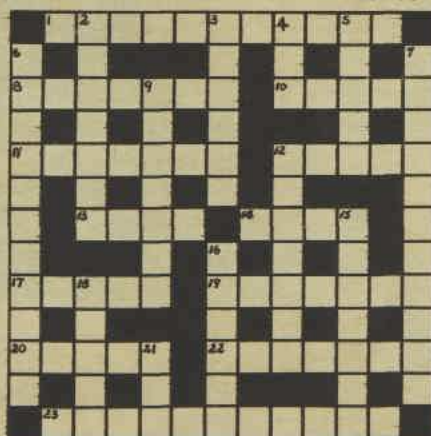
TWO Eskimo hunters chase a bear on an Arctic iceberg. One hunter sees a huge human figure trapped in the ice. The hunters flee. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. They lack knowledge (11).
8. A musical composition, usually of three or more movements, chiefly for solo instrument (7).
10. Consumed (5).
11. Rare-earth metallic element; try it mixed for a start (7).
12. Russian river (5).
13. Nine inches (4).
14. Lay hands on, using a big rabbit (4).
17. Showing greatness of character (5).
19. Study shape to adapt (7).
20. Upright (5).
22. Famous from its nights' entertainment (7).
23. Where vans glisten there are lean, hungry persons (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Entrance to the windpipe (7).
3. Arouses to sense of danger (6).
4. Employ for a purpose (3).
5. Praise enthusiastically (5).
6. An idle kangaroo could be called so (4, 7).
7. Result of making too much of a picture (11).
9. To enliven (7).
12. Roofed gallery ran in ancient Hindu scriptures (7).
15. Puffing, though it could fly with its end (7).
16. Abrade mostly with a fragment (6).
18. Table (anagr., 5).
21. A sailor in starvation (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 14, 1965

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3102



3102.—Shift dress with V-neckline and large roll collar. Pattern also provides sleeveless version, plus an overblouse and slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3447



3447.—Slightly A-line maternity dress with raglan sleeves and overdress with side tab-button closing. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3113



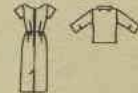
3113.—Step-in, sleeveless shift dress and front-buttoned blouse with roll collar and three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

9970.—Shallow-necked dress (below) with gathered slim skirt and boxy jacket, semi-fitted in front. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.



9970



2894.—Little girl's slightly A-line dress (below) with front pleating detail. Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

2894



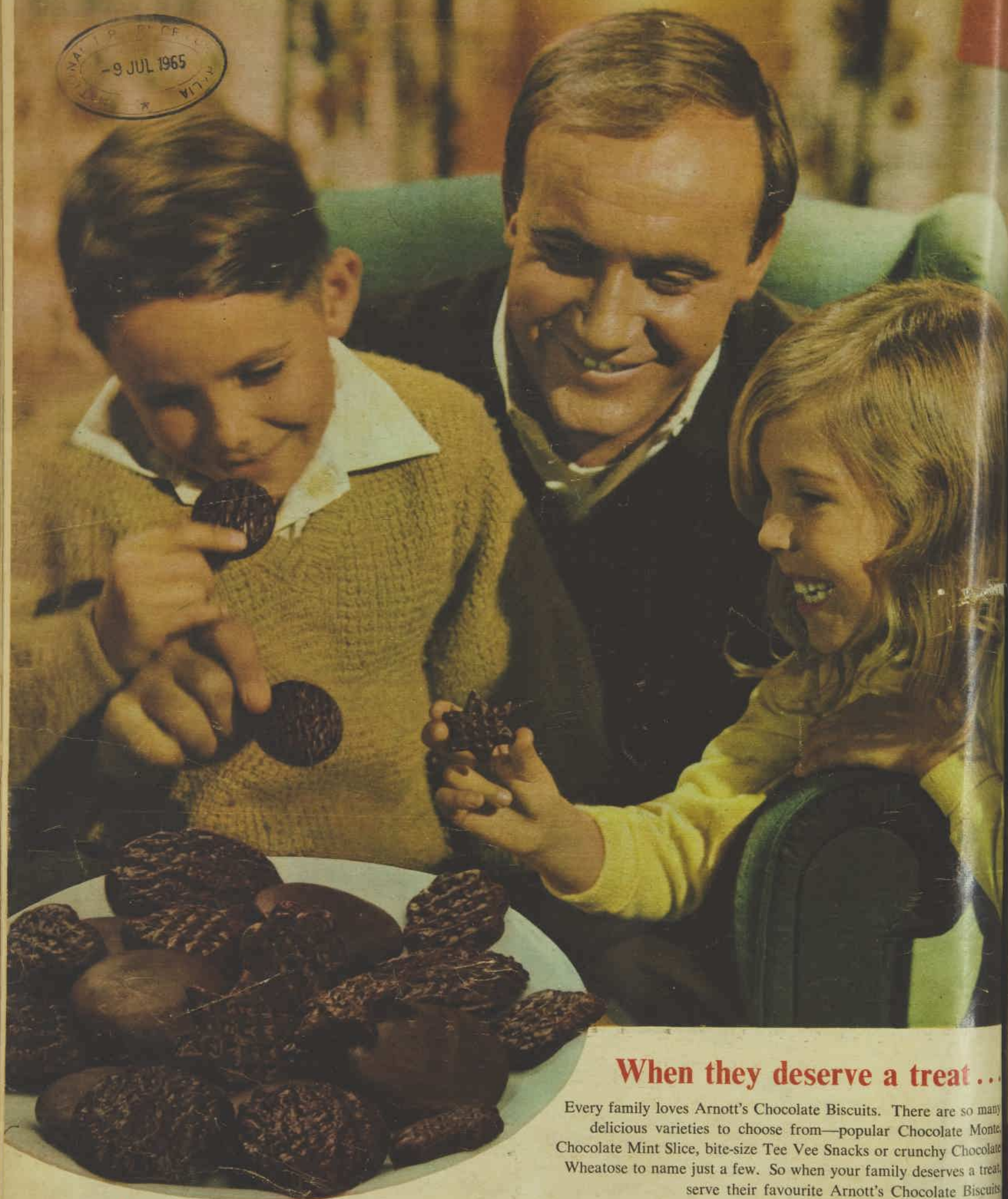
2824



2824.—Girl's V-necked jokin (below) with pressed box-pleated skirt and long-sleeved blouse. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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